

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1823.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

Our August Obituary announced the untimely death of a friend, the early-
Contributor to the LONDON MAGAZINE, Octavius Graham Gilchrist:—
another is now added to the list

Of precious friends hid in Death's dateless night

The following notice appeared in the daily papers:—

Died at his apartments in Upper Conway-street, on the 8th of September, Richard
Apton, Esq. aged 37, fourth son of the late W. Apton, Esq. of Macclesfield.

Who will not feel sorry to hear that the above paragraph records the
Death of our R. A. ? While his description of Johnny Wofgar was delight-
ing every heart, his own was becoming cold even as that Old Sea Rover's
Many sense, and an original turn of thinking, with a slightly graphic man-
ner of telling his story, and a vigorous, yet unobtrusive style, were the char-
acteristics of R. A. as a writer. His virtues as a Man are a theme for his
friends to muse on, too sacred at present for the language of panegyric. The
most natural expression of our opinion on such a subject would be thought
too strong, and would be perhaps liable to the imputation of proceeding from
an undiscriminating regard. We shall leave therefore to a future time, when
his essays will be collected, and published together with some of his letters,
the full record of his character: he put so much heart and head into all his
writings, that every scrap of them is valuable.

He died of atrophy, which in proportion as it consumed his body seemed
to emancipate his noble mind, which was never displayed more fully than
towards the last.

The gentle and sensitive Robert Blomfield, another friend and Contri-
butor, though not of the London Magazine, ought not to pass to the grave
unmourned. We are obliged to one of our oldest Contributors for affording
us the means of doing justice to his memory, a tribute the more valuable
because it is so rare among Brother Poets.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF BLONFIELD, THE UNKNOWN POET.

BY HENRIAD BARKON.

<p>Now shouldst not to the grave descend Unmourn'd, unknown, or unnamed; Could harp of mine record thy end, For thee that rude harp should be strung— And plaintive sounds as ever ring Should all its simple notes employ, Lamenting unto old and young, The Bard who sang The Farmer's Boy.</p>	<p>The merry HOBART'S evening cup Should pause—when that last hour was heard; The Widow torn her hour-glass up, With tenderest feelings newly stir'd; And many a pit-waken'd wail, And sighs that speak when language fails, Should prove thy simple strain's power; To prouder Poet's lofty tales.</p>
<p>Could Eastern Angels boast a lyre Like that which gave thee modest fame, How justly might its every wire Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim: And many a stream of humble name, And village-green, and common wild— Should witness tears that knew not shame, By Nature won for Nature's child.</p>	<p>Giving the OLD OAK TANK young, Whose moral worth thy measure owns, Heroes and heroines yet are found Like ARNOLD AND THE WIDOW JONES; There GILBERT MILDRED'S stern tones In Virtue's cause are bold and free; And even the patient sufferer's moan, In pain, and sorrow—plead for thee.</p>

THE LION'S HEAD.

Our August Obituary announced the untimely death of a Friend, the earliest Contributor to the LONDON MAGAZINE, Octavius Graham Gilchrist:—another is now added to the list

Of precious Friends hid in Death's dateless night.

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Died at his apartments in Upper Conway-street, on the 8th of September, Richard Ayton, Esq. aged 37, fourth son of the late W. Ayton, Esq. of Macclesfield.

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VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF BLOOMFIELD, THE SUFFOLK POET.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOU shouldst not to the grave descend
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung;
Could harp of mine record thy end,
For thee that rude harp should be
strung,—
And plaintive sounds as ever rung
Should all its simple notes employ,
Lamenting unto old and young,
The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S
Boy.

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
Like that which gave thee modest fame,
How justly might its every wire
Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim:
And many a stream of humble name,
And village-green, and common wild—
Should witness tears that knew not shame,
By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry HORKEY's passing cup
Should pause—when that sad note was
heard;

The WIDOW turn HER HOUR-GLASS up,
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;
And many a pity-waken'd word,
And sighs that speak when language fails,
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
To prouder Poet's lofty tales.

Circling the OLD OAK TABLE round,
Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
Heroes and heroines yet are found
Like ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES;
There GILBERT MELDRUM's sterner
tones

In Virtue's cause are bold and free;
And e'en the patient suff'rer's moans,
In pain, and sorrow—plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roof'd cot,
Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade
Hearts which confess thee unforget,
On heathy hill, in grassy glade;
In many a spot by thee array'd
With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
Thy memory lives!—in EUSTON'S
shade,

By BARNHAM WATER'S shadeless stream!

And long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy song, and thee:—
While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free;
While Childhood's innocence and glee
With green Old Age enjoyment share;—
RICHARDS and KATES shall tell of thee,
WALTERS and JANES thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd
A Doric Lay so sweet as thine,
Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd
Around thy modest name to twine:—
And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
To bid thy minstrel honours live,
The praise my numbers can assign,
It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
To yield thy Muse her homage due;
The praise her loveliest charms inspire
Should be as artless, simple too;
Her eulogist should keep in view
Thy meek and unassuming worth,
And inspiration should renew
At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name
To win the smile of letter'd pride,
Yet is their noblest charm the same
As that by CASTALY supplied;
From AGANIPPE'S chrystal tide
No brighter, fairer waves can start,
Than Nature's quiet teachings guide
From feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to THE HEART Song's noblest power—
Taste's purest precepts must refer;
And Nature's *tuot*, not Art's proud dower,
Remains its best interpreter:
He who shall trust, without demur,
What his own better feelings teach,
Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
But to the hearts of others reach.

It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its power unletter'd minds to sway,
But 'tis not these that most display

Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
Words, phrases, fashions pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre
Its truest, and its tenderest spell;
These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell:
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproach'd thee not.

To feel that thou hadst not incurr'd
The deep compunction, bitter shame,
Of prostituting gifts conferr'd
To strengthen Virtue's hallow'd claim.
How much more glorious is the name,
The humble name which thou hast won,
Than—"damn'd with everlasting fame,"
To be for fame itself undone.

Better, and nobler was thy choice
To be the Bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains;
To paint with feeling in thy strains
The themes their thoughts and tongues dis-

cuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste THEOCRITUS.

For this should SUFFOLK proudly own
Her grateful, and her lasting debt;—
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care, and keen regret,—
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to bear;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her Poet's grateful prayer.

'TIS NOW TOO LATE! the scene is clos'd,
Thy conflicts borne,—thy trials o'er;—
And in the peaceful grave repos'd
That frame which pain shall rack no
more;—

Peace to the Bard whose artless store
Was spread for Nature's lowliest child;
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
Was lowly, simple, undefil'd.

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy verse and thee;—
While nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free.
While SUFFOLK PEASANTRY may be
Such as thy sweetest tales make known,—
By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,
Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride their
own!

Some Articles promised this month, and Answers to numerous Correspondents, are unavoidably postponed for want of room.

The sweetest pleasure, the gentlest grief,
The words, phrases, fashions pass away;
But truth and nature are forever all.
These things have given the rustic joy
In rural, and in tenderest sleep;
These words Britain's careful choir
Shall give the peasant's name to dwell;
And when I read a shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy welcome earthly lot,
I feel that joy thy heart might swell
To feel that thou art not alone;
The deep communion, dear friend,
Of poet and philosopher;
To see that thou art not alone;
The human name which thou hast won,
To be the world's great name.

For the beneath the straw-roof'd cot
A home—should be the place
Where which comfort and repose
In happy hills, in sunny fields
In many a spot by the river's side
With love of thought, with fancy's gleam,
The memory lives!—in Euston's
shade,
The name of WATER'S shadowy stream!
And long may England's heart preserve
The memory of thy name and face;
While Nature's heart, in every breeze
The arm of labor, in every field
While Childhood's innocence and glow
With green Old Age's enjoyment share;
The name of WATER'S shadowy stream!
The name of WATER'S shadowy stream!

THE London Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1823.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

No. II.

MALTHUS.

"Go, my son,"—said a Swedish chancellor to his son,—*"go and see with how little cost of wisdom this world is governed."* "Go," might a scholar, in like manner say, after a thoughtful review of literature, *"go and see—how little logic is required to the composition of most books."* Of the many attestations to this fact, furnished by the history of opinions in our hasty and unmeditative age, I know of none more striking than the case of Mr. Malthus, both as regards himself and his critics. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Malthus wrote his *Essay on Population*, which soon rose into great reputation. And why? not for the truth it contained; that is but imperfectly understood even at present; but for the false semblance of systematic form with which he had invested the truth. Without any necessity he placed his whole doctrine on the following basis: man increases in a geometrical ratio—the food of man in an arithmetical ratio. This proposition, though not the main error of his work, is one; and therefore I shall spend a few lines in exposing it. I say then that the distinction is

totally groundless: both tend to increase in a geometric ratio; both have this tendency checked and counteracted in the same way. In every thing which serves for the food of man, no less than in man himself, there is a *positive* ground of increase by geometrical ratios: but in order that this positive ground may go on to its effect, there must in each case be present a certain *negative* condition (i. e. *conditio sine qua non**): for the food, as suppose for wheat, the negative condition is soil on which it may grow, and exert its virtue of self-multiplication; for man the negative condition is food: i. e. in both cases the negative condition is the same—*mutatis mutandis*: for the soil is to the wheat what the wheat is to man. Where this negative condition is present, both will increase geometrically; where it is absent, neither. And so far is it from being true that man has the advantage of the wheat, or increases according to any other law, as Mr. Malthus affirms, that on the contrary the wheat has greatly the advantage of man (though both increase according to the same law). But, says Mr. Mal-

* Once for all let me say to the readers of these memoranda that I use the term *negative condition* as equivalent to the term *conditio sine qua non*, and both in the scholastic sense. The negative condition of X is that which being absent X cannot exist; but which being present X will not *therefore* exist, unless a positive ground of X be co-present. Briefly,—If not, not: if yes, not therefore yes.
Oct. 1823. 2 A

thus, you would find it impossible to increase the annual supply of wheat in England by so much as the continual addition even of the existing quantity; whereas man might, on a certain supposition, go on increasing his species in a geometric ratio. What is that supposition? Why this—that the negative condition of increase, the absence of which is the actual resistance in both cases to the realization of a geometric increase, is here by supposition restored to man but *not* restored to the wheat. It is certainly true that wheat in England increases only by an arithmetic ratio; but then so does man: and the inference thus far would be, that both alike were restricted to this law of increase. “Aye, but then man,” says Mr. Malthus, “will increase by another ratio, if you allow him an unlimited supply of food.” Well, I answer, and so will the wheat: to suppose this negative condition (an unlimited supply of food) concurring with the positive principle of increase in man, and to refuse to suppose it in the wheat, is not only contrary to all laws of disputing—but is also on this account the more monstrous, because the possibility and impossibility of the negative concurring with this positive ground of increase is equal, and (what is still more to the purpose) is identical for both: wheresoever the concurrence is realised for man, there of necessity it is realised for the wheat. And, therefore, you have not only a right to demand the same concession for the wheat as for the man, but the one concession is actually involved in the other. As the soil (S) is to the wheat (W), so is the wheat (W) to man (M); i. e. $S : W :: W : M$. You cannot even by way of hypothesis assume any cause as multiplying the third term, which will not also presuppose the multiplication of the first: else you suffer W as the third term to be multiplied, and the very same W as the second term not to be multiplied.—In fact, the coincidence of the negative with the positive ground of increase must of necessity take place in all countries during the early stages of society for the food of man no less than for man: this coincidence must exist and gradually cease to exist for both simultaneously. The negative condition, without which the positive principle

of increase in man and in the food of man is equally inefficient, is withdrawn *in fact* as a country grows populous: for the sake of argument, and as the basis of a chain of reasoning, it may be restored *in idea* to either; but not more to one than to the other. That proposition of Mr. Malthus therefore which ascribes a different law of increase to man and to the food of man (which proposition is advanced by Mr. Malthus and considered by most of his readers as the fundamental one of his system) is false and groundless. Where the positive principle of increase meets with its complement the negative ground, there the increase proceeds in a geometrical ratio—alike in man and in his food: where it fails of meeting this complement, it proceeds in an arithmetical ratio, alike in both. And I say that wherever the geometrical ratio of increase exists for man, it exists of necessity for the food of man: and I say that wherever the arithmetical ratio exists for the food of man, it exists of necessity for man.

Lastly,—I repeat that, even where the food of man and man himself increase in the same *ratio* (viz. a geometrical ratio), yet that the food has greatly the advantage in the *rate* of increase. For assume any cycle of years (suppose 25) as the period of a human generation and as corresponding to the annual generations of wheat, then I say that, if a bushel of wheat and a human couple (man and woman) be turned out upon Salisbury plain—or, to give them more area and a better soil for the experiment, on the stage of Canada and the uncolonized countries adjacent,—the bushel of wheat shall have produced its cube—its 4th—10th—Mth power in a number of years which shall always be fewer than the number of periods of 25 years in which the human pair shall have produced its cube—its 4th—10th—Mth power, &c.—And this assertion may be easily verified by consulting any record of the average produce from a given quantity of seed corn.

II. The famous proposition therefore about the geometrical and arithmetical ratios as applied to man and his food—is a radical blunder. I come now to a still more remarkable blunder, which I verily believe is the greatest logical oversight that

has ever escaped any author of respectability. This oversight lies in Mr. Malthus's view of population considered not with reference to its own internal coherency but as an answer to Mr. Godwin. That gentleman, in common with some other philosophers,—no matter upon what arguments,—had maintained the doctrine of the 'perfectibility' of man. Now, says Mr. Malthus, without needing any philosophic investigation of this doctrine, I will overthrow it by a simple statement drawn from the political economy of the human race: I will suppose that state of perfection, towards which the human species is represented as tending, to be actually established: and I will show that it must melt away before the principle which governs population. How is this accomplished? briefly thus:—In every country the food of man either goes on increasing simply in an arithmetical ratio, or (in proportion as it becomes better peopled) is rapidly tending to such a ratio. Let us suppose this ratio every where established, as it must of necessity be as soon as no acre of land remains untilld which is susceptible of tillage; since no revolutions in the mere science of agriculture can be supposed capable of transmuting an arithmetic into a geometric ratio of increase. Food then increasing under this law can never go on *pari passu* with any population which should increase in a geometric ratio. Now what is it that prevents population from increasing in such a ratio? Simply the want of food. But how? Not directly, but through the instrumentality of vice and misery in some* shape or other. These are the repressing forces which every where keep down the increase of man to the same ratio as that of his food—viz. to an arithmetic ratio. But vice and misery can have no existence in a state of perfection; so much is evident *ex vi termini*. If then these are the only repressing forces, it follows that in a state of perfection there can be none at all. If none at all, then

the geometric ratio of increase will take place. But, as the arithmetic ratio must still be the law for the increase of food, the population will be constantly getting ahead of the food. Famine, disease, and every mode of wretchedness will return: and thus out of its own bosom will the state of perfection have regenerated the worst forms of imperfection by necessarily bringing back the geometric ratio of human increase unsupported by the same ratio of increase amongst the food. This is the way in which Mr. Malthus applies his doctrine of population to the overthrow of Mr. Godwin. Upon which I put this question to Mr. Malthus. In what condition must the human will be supposed, if with the clear view of this fatal result (such a view as must be ascribed to it in a state of perfection), it could nevertheless bring its own acts into no harmony with reason and conscience? Manifestly it must be in a most diseased state. Aye, says Mr. Malthus, but "I take it for granted" that no important change will ever take place in that part of human nature. Be it so, I answer: but the question here is not concerning the *absolute* truth,—Is there any hope that the will of man can ever raise itself from its present condition of weakness and disorder? The question is concerning the formal or logical truth—concerning the truth *relatively* to a specific concession previously made. Mr. Malthus had consented to argue with Mr. Godwin on the supposition that a state of perfection might be and actually was attained. How comes he then to 'take for granted' what in a moment makes his own concession void? He agrees to suppose a perfect state; and at the same time he includes in this supposition the main imperfection of this world—viz. the diseased will of man. This is to concede and to retract in the same breath; explicitly to give, and implicitly to refuse. Mr. Godwin may justly retort upon Mr. Malthus—you promised to show that the state of perfection should generate out of itself an in-

* What is the particular shape which they put on in most parts of the earth—furnishes matter for the commentary of Mr. Malthus on his own doctrine, and occupies the greater part of his work. The materials are of course drawn from voyages and travels; but from so slender a reading in that department of literature, that the whole should undoubtedly be re-written and more learnedly supported by authorities.

evitable relapse into that state of imperfection: but *your* state of perfection already includes imperfection, and imperfection of a sort which is the principal parent of almost all other imperfection. Eve, after her fall, was capable of a higher resolution than is here ascribed to the children of perfection; for she is represented by Milton as saying to Adam

miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
—Our own begotten; and of our loins to
bring

Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster: in thy power
It lies yet, ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest—to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain:—

P. L. Book X.

What an imperfect creature could meditate, a perfect one should execute. And it is evident that, if ever the condition of man were brought to so desirable a point as that simply by replacing itself the existing generation could preserve unviolated a state of perfection, it would become the duty (and, if the duty, *therefore* the inclination of perfect beings) to comply with that ordinance of the reason.*

III. Thus far on the errors of Mr. Malthus:—now let me add a word or two on the errors of his critics. But first it ought in candor to be acknowledged that Mr. Malthus's own errors, however important separately considered, are venial as regards his system; for they leave it unaffected, and might be extirpated by the knife without drawing on any consequent extirpations or even any alterations. That sacrifice once made to truth and to logic,—I shall join with Mr. Ricardo (Pol. Econ. p. 498, 2nd ed.) in expressing my persuasion “that the just reputation of the Essay on Population will spread with the cultivation of that science of which it is so eminent an ornament.” With these feelings upon Mr. Malthus's

merits, it may be supposed that I do not regard his critics with much sympathy: taking them generally, they seem to have been somewhat captious, and in a thick mist as to the true meaning and tendency of the doctrine. Indeed I question whether any man amongst them could have begun his own work by presenting a just analysis of that which he was assailing; which however ought always to be demanded peremptorily of him who assails a systematic work, for the same reason that in the old schools of disputation the respondent was expected to repeat the syllogism of his opponent before he undertook to answer it. Amongst others Mr. Coleridge, who probably contented himself *more suo* with reading the first and last pages of the work, has asserted that Mr. Malthus had written a 4to. volume (in which shape the second edition appeared) to prove that man could not live without eating. If this were the purpose and amount of the Malthusian doctrine, doubtless an infra-duodecimo would have been a more becoming size for his speculations. But I, who have read the 4to. must assure Mr. Coleridge that there is something more in it than *that*. I shall also remind him that, if a man produces a body of original and eminently useful truths, in that case the more simple—the more elementary—the more self-evident is the proposition on which he suspends the chain of those truths,—the greater is his merit. Many systems of truth, which have a sufficient internal consistency, have yet been withheld from the world or have lost their effect simply because the author has been unable to bridge over the gulph between his own clear perceptions and the universal knowledge of mankind—has been unable to deduce the new truths from the old *precognita*. I say therefore that our obligations to Mr. Malthus are the greater for having hung

* Mr. Malthus has been charged with a libel on human nature for denying its ability even in its present imperfect condition to practise the abstinence here alluded to—provided an adequate motive to such abstinence existed. But this charge I request the reader to observe that I do not enter into. Neither do I enter into the question—whether any great change for the better in the moral nature of the man is reasonably to be anticipated. What I insist on is simply the *logical* error of Mr. Malthus in introducing into the hypothesis which he consents to assume one element which is a contradiction *in terminis* to that hypothesis. Admit that Mr. Malthus is right in denying the possibility of a perfect state of man on this earth; he cannot be right in assuming an enormous imperfection (disorder of the will) as one constituent of that perfect state.

upon a postulate, so simple as that which Mr. Coleridge alleges, so much valuable instruction both theoretic and practical as his work contains. Is it nothing for our theoretic knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught us to judge more wisely of the pretended depopulations from battle, pestilence, and famine, with which all history has hitherto teemed? Is it nothing for our practical knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught the lawgivers and the governors of the world to treat with contempt the pernicious counsels of political economists from Athenian days down to our own—clamouring for direct encouragements to population? Is it nothing for England that he first has exposed the fundamental * vice of our Poor Laws (viz. that they act as a bounty on population), and placed a light-house upon the rocks to which our course was rapidly carrying us in darkness? Is it nothing for science and the whole world that, by unfolding the laws which govern population, he has given to political economy its complement and sole desideratum; which wanting, all its movements were insecure and liable to error; which added, political economy (however imperfect as to its developement) has now become, as to the *idea* of its parts, perfect and orbicular?—Is this, and more that might be alleged, nothing? I say, Mr. Coleridge,

— Is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is
nothing:

The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia no-
thing. *Winter's Tale.*

Others, who have been more just to Mr. Malthus than Mr. Coleridge, and have admitted the value of the truths brought forward, have disputed his title to the first discovery. A fuller developement and a more ex-

tensive application of these truths they concede to him: but they fancy that in the works of many others before him they find the outlines of the same truths more or less distinctly expressed. And doubtless in some passages of former economists, especially of Sir James Steuart, and in one work of Wallace (*Views of Providence, &c.*) there is so near an approach made to the Malthusian doctrine—that at this day, when we are in possession of that doctrine, we feel inclined to exclaim in the children's language of blind-man's-buff—Lord! how he *burns*!—But the best evidence that none of these writers did actually touch the central point of the doctrine—is this; that none of them deduced from it those corollaries as to the English poor laws—foundling-hospitals—endowments of cottages with land—and generally of all artificial devices for stimulating population, which could not have escaped a writer of ability who had once possessed himself of the entire truth. In fact, such is the anarchy of thought in most writers on subjects which they have never been led to treat systematically—that it is nothing uncommon to meet with a passage written apparently under Malthusian views in one page of a writer who in the next will possibly propose a tax on celibacy—a prize for early marriages—or some other absurdity not less outrageously hostile to those views.—No! let the merit of Mr. Malthus be otherwise what it may, his originality is incontestable—unless an earlier writer can be adduced who has made the same oblique applications of the doctrine, and in general who has shown with what consequences that doctrine is pregnant; separate from which consequences the mere naked doctrine, in and for itself, is but a meagre truth.

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth: it was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account: the effect was—that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity: yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this,

* Fundamental, I mean, for the political economist: otherwise for the philosopher they have a still profounder vice, in their obvious tendency to degrade the moral character of their objects in their best elements of civic respectability.

for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.—

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophic purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science—as for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why?—For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence.

He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But, to return from this digression,—my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it.—At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with any thing that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his: and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, “There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that’s worth speaking of.” But this is wrong: for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams.—Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakspeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare’s suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable

to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with him; (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy* of pity or approbation:) in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion,—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred,—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar

energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, i. e. the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man,—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it should naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity*; and hence, instead of saying, "sympathy with another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy for another."

of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulph from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done—when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which

we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Oh! mighty poet!—Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

N.B. In the above specimen of psychological criticism, I have purposely omitted to notice another use of the knocking at the gate, viz. the opposition and contrast which it produces in the porter's comments to the scenes immediately preceding; because this use is tolerably obvious to all who are accustomed to reflect on what they read. A third use also, subservient to the scenical illusion, has been lately noticed by a critic in the LONDON MAGAZINE: I fully agree with him; but it did not fall in my way to insist on this.

X. Y. Z.

THE NEGRO'S EUTHANASIA.

Translated from the Introductory Stanzas to a Greek Prize Ode of Mr. Coleridge.

FLING wide thy gates of darkness, Death!

Speed to the race with misery yoked:

No mangled cheek or howling breath

Shall greet thy presence, long invoked.

But circling dance shall beat the ground;

The joy of song shall burst around;

Stern tyrant! dreadful though thou be,

Thy dwelling is with Liberty!

They, wafted on thy dusky wings,

Look down upon the ocean swell;

Their wandering foot on ether springs

To their own land beloved so well:

And there the lovers to their loves

By fountain brink, in citron groves,

Recount the deeds of wrath and scorn

Which they as men from men have borne.

OLEN.

PICTURES AT WILTON, STOURHEAD, &c.

SALISBURY PLAIN, barren as it is, is rich in collections and monuments of art. There is, within the distance of a few miles, Wilton, Longford castle, Fonthill-abbey, Stourhead, and last, though not least worthy to be mentioned, Stonehenge, that "huge, dumb heap," that stands on the blasted heath, and looks like a group of giants, bewildered, not knowing what to do, encumbering the earth, and turned to stone, while in the act of warring on Heaven. An attempt has lately been made to give it an antediluvian origin. Its mystic round is in all probability fated to remain inscrutable, a mighty maze, without a plan: but still the imagination, when once curiosity and wonder have taken possession of it, heaves with its restless load, launches conjecture farther and farther back beyond the land-marks of time, and strives to bear down all impediments in its course, as the ocean strives to overleap some vast promontory!

Fonthill-abbey, which was formerly hermetically sealed against all intrusion,* is at present open to the whole world; and Wilton-house, and Longford-castle, which were formerly open to every one, are at present shut, except to *petitioners*, and a favoured few. Why is this greater degree of strictness in the latter instances resorted to? In proportion as the taste for works of art becomes more general, do these Noble Persons wish to set bounds to and disappoint public curiosity? Do they think that the admiration bestowed on fine pictures or rare sculpture lessens the value, or divides the property, as well as the pleasure, with the possessor? Or do they think that setting aside the formality of these new regulations, three persons in the course of a whole year would

intrude out of an impertinent curiosity to see *their* houses and furniture, without having a just value for them as objects of art? Or is the expense of keeping servants to show the apartments made the plea of this churlish, narrow system? The public are ready enough to pay their servants for the attendance, and those persons are quite as forward to do this who make a pilgrimage to such places on foot as those who approach them in a post-chaise or on horseback with a livery servant, which, it seems, is the prescribed and fashionable etiquette? Whatever is the cause, we are sorry for it; more particularly as it compels us to speak of these two admired Collections from memory only. It is several years since we saw them; but there are some impressions of this sort that are proof against time.

Lord Radnor has the two famous Claudes, the *Morning* and *Evening of the Roman Empire*. Though as landscapes they are neither so brilliant nor finished nor varied as some of his, there is a weight and concentration of historic feeling about them which many of his allegorical productions want. In the first, half-finished buildings and massy columns rise amidst the dawning effulgence, that is streaked with rims of inextinguishable light; and a noble tree in the foreground, ample, luxuriant, hangs and broods over the growing design. There is a dim mistiness spread over the scene, as in the beginnings of things. The *Evening*, the companion to it, is even finer. It has all the gorgeous pomp that attends the meeting of Night and Day, and a flood of glory still prevails over the coming shadows. In the cool of the evening, some cattle are feeding on the brink of a glassy

* This is not absolutely true. Mr. Banks the younger, and another young gentleman, formed an exception to this rule, and contrived to get into the Abbey-grounds, in spite of warning, just as the recluse proprietor happened to be passing by the spot. Instead however of manifesting any displeasure, he gave them a most polite reception, showed them whatever they expressed a wish to see, asked them to dinner, and after passing the day in the greatest conviviality, dismissed them by saying, "That now they might get out as they had got in." This was certainly a good jest. Our youthful adventurers on forbidden ground, in the midst of their security, might have expected some such shrewd turn from the antithetical genius of the author of *Vathek*, who makes his hero, in a paroxysm of impatience, call out for "the Koran and sugar!"

stream that reflects a mouldering ruin on one side of the picture; and so precise is the touch, so true, so firm the pencilling, so classical the outline, that they give one the idea of sculptured cattle, biting the short, green turf, and seem an enchanted herd! They appear stamped on the canvas to remain there for ever, or as if nothing could root them from the spot. Truth with beauty suggests the feeling of immortality. No Dutch picture ever suggests this feeling. The objects are real, it is true; but not being beautiful or impressive, the mind feels no wish to mould them into a permanent reality, to bind them fondly on the heart, or lock them in the imagination as in a sacred recess, safe from the envious canker of time. No one ever felt a longing, a sickness of the heart, to see a Dutch landscape twice; but those of Claude, after an absence of years, have this effect, and produce a kind of calen-ture. The reason of the difference is, that in mere literal copies from nature, where the objects are not interesting in themselves, the only attraction is to see the felicity of the execution; and having once witnessed this, we are satisfied. But there is nothing to stir the fancy, to keep alive the yearnings of passion. We remember one other picture (and but one) in Lord Radnor's Collection, that was of an *ideal* character. It was a female head by Guido, with streaming hair, and streaming eyes looking upwards—full of sentiment and beauty.

There is but one fine picture at Wilton-house, the *Family Vandyke*, and a noble Gallery of antique marbles, which we should pronounce to be invaluable to the lover of art or the student of history or human nature. Roman Emperors or Proconsuls, the poets, orators, and almost all the great men of antiquity, are here "ranged in a row," and palpably embodied either in genuine or traditional busts. Some of these indicate an almost preternatural capacity and inspired awfulness of look, particularly some of the earlier sages and fabulists of Greece, which we apprehend to be *ideal* representations; while other more modern and better authenticated ones of celebrated Romans are distinguished by the strength and simplicity of common

English heads of the best class.—The large picture of the *Pembroke Family* by Vandyke is unrivalled in its kind. It is a history of the time. It throws us nearly two centuries back to men and manners that no longer exist. The members of a Noble House ('tis a hundred and sixty years since) are brought together *in propria personâ*, and appear in all the varieties of age, character, and costume. There are the old Lord and Lady Pembroke who "keep their state" somewhat above the other groups—the one a lively old gentleman, who seems as if he could once have whispered a flattering tale in a fair lady's ear, his help-mate looking a little fat and sulky by his side, probably calculating the expence of the picture, and not well understanding the event of it—there are the daughters, pretty, well-dressed, elegant girls, but somewhat insipid, sentimental, and vacant—then there are the two eldest sons, that might be said to have walked out of Mr. Burke's description of the age of chivalry, the one a perfect courtier, a carpet knight, smooth-faced, handsome, almost effeminate, that seems to have moved all his life to "the mood of lutes and soft recorders," decked in silks and embroidery, like the tender flower issuing from its glossy folds; the other the gallant soldier, shrewd, bold, hardy, with spurred heel, and tawny buskins, ready to "mount on barbed steeds, and witch the world with noble horsemanship"—down to the untutored, carrot-headed boy, the *Goose-Gibbie* of the piece, who appears to have been just dragged from the farm-yard to sit for his picture, and stares about him in as great a heat and fright as if he had dropped from the clouds—all in this admirable, living composition is in its place, in keeping, and bears the stamp of the age, and of the master's hand. Even the oak-pannels have an elaborate, antiquated look, and the furniture has an aspect of cumbrous, conscious dignity. It should not be omitted that it was here (in the house or the adjoining magnificent grounds) that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *ARCADIA*; and the story of Musidorus and Philoclea, of Mopsa and Dorcas, is quaintly traced on oval pannels in the principal drawing-room.

It is on this account that we found fault with Fonthill last year, and must still do so, because it exhibits no picture of remarkable eminence, that can be ranked as an heir-loom of the imagination,—which cannot be spoken of but our thoughts take wing and stretch themselves towards it,—the very name of which is music to the instructed ear. We would not give a rush to see any Collection that does not contain some single picture at least, that haunts us with an uneasy sense of joy for twenty miles of road, that may cheer us at intervals for twenty years of life to come. Without some such thoughts as these riveted in the brain, the lover and disciple of art would truly be “of all men the most miserable:” but with them hovering round him, and ever and anon shining with their glad lustre into his sleepless soul, he has nothing to fear from fate, or fortune. We look, and lo! here is one at our side, facing us, though far-distant. It is the Young Man’s Head, in the Louvre, by Titian, that is not unlike Jeronymo della Porretta in Sir Charles Grandison. What a look is there of calm, unalterable self-possession—

Above all pain, all passion, and all pride; that draws the evil out of human nature, that as we look at it transfers the same sentiments to our own breasts, and makes us feel as if nothing mean or little could ever disturb us again! This is high art, the rest is mechanical. But there is nothing like this at Fonthill (oh! no), but every thing which is the very reverse. As this, however, is an old opinion of ours, and may be a prejudice, we shall endeavour to support it by facts. There is not then a single Titian in all this boasted and expensive collection—there is not a Raphael—there is not a Rubens (except one small sketch)—there is not a Guido nor a Vandyke—there is not a Rembrandt, there is not a Nicolo Poussin, nor a fine Claude. The two Altieri Claudes, which might have redeemed Fonthill, Mr. Beckford sold. What shall we say to a collection, which uniformly and deliberately rejects every great work and every great name in art, to make room for rarities and curiosities of mechanical skill? It was hardly necessary to build a cathedral to set

up a toy-shop! Who would paint a miniature-picture to hang it at the top of the Monument? This huge pile (capable of better things) is cut up into a parcel of little rooms, and those little rooms are stuck full of little pictures, and *bijouterie*. Mr. Beckford may talk of his *diamond Berchem*, and so on: this is but the language of a *petit-maitre* in art; but the author of *VATHEK* (with his leave) is not a *petit-maitre*. His genius, as a writer, “hath a devil:” his taste in pictures is the quintessence and rectified spirit of *still-life*. He seems not to be susceptible of the poetry of painting, or else to set himself against it. It is obviously a first principle with him to exclude whatever has feeling or imagination—to polish the surface, and suppress the soul of art—to proscribe, by a sweeping clause, or at one fell swoop, every thing approaching to grace, or beauty, or grandeur—to crush the sense of pleasure or of power in embryo—and to reduce all nature and all art, as far as possible, to the texture and level of a china dish—smooth, glittering, cold, and unfeeling! We do not object so much to the predilection for Teniers, Gerard Douw, or Ostade—we like to see natural objects naturally painted—but we unequivocally hate the affectedly mean, the elaborately little, the ostentatiously perverse and distorted, Polemberg’s walls of amber, Mieris’s groups of steel, Vanderneer’s ivory flesh;—yet these are the chief delights of the late proprietor of Fonthill-abbey! Is it that his soul is “a volcano burnt out,” and that he likes his senses to repose and be gratified with Persian carpets and enamelled pictures? Or are there not traces of the same infirmity of feeling even in the high-souled Vathek, who compliments the complexion of the two pages of Fakreddin as being equal to “the porcelain of Franguestan?” Alas! Who would have thought that the Caliph Vathek would have dwindled down into an Emperor of China and King of Japan? But so it is.—

Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, did not answer our expectations. But Stourton, the village where it stands, made up for our disappointment. After passing the park-gate, which is a beautiful and

venerable relic, you descend into Stourton by a sharp winding declivity, almost like going under-ground, between high hedges of laurel trees, and with an expanse of woods and water spread beneath. It is a sort of rural Herculaneum, a subterranean retreat. The inn is like a modernized guard-house; the village-church stands on a lawn without any inclosure; a row of cottages facing it, with their white-washed walls and flaunting honey-suckles, are neatness itself. Every thing has an air of elegance, and yet tells a tale of other times. It is a place that might be held sacred to stillness and solitary musing!—The adjoining mansion of Stourhead commands an extensive view of Salisbury Plain, whose undulating swells show the earth in its primeval simplicity, bare, with naked breasts, and varied in its appearance only by the shadows of the clouds that pass across it. The view without is pleasing and singular: there is little within-doors to beguile attention. There is one master-piece of colouring by Paul Veronese, a naked child with a dog. The tone of the flesh is perfection itself. On praising this picture (which we always do, when we like a thing) we were told it had been criticized by a great judge, Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, who had found fault with the execution as too coarse and muscular. We do not wonder—it is not like his own turnery-ware! We should also mention an exquisite Holbein, the Head of a Child, and a very pleasing little landscape by Wilson. Besides these, there are some capital pen and ink drawings (views in Venice), by Canaletti, and three large copies after Guido of the *Venus attired by the Graces*, the *Andromeda*, and *Herodias's Daughter*. They breathe the soul of softness and grace, and remind one of those fair, sylph-like forms that sometimes descend upon the earth with fatal, fascinating looks; and that “tempt but to betray.” But after the cabinet-pictures of Fonthill, even a good copy of a Guido is a luxury and a relief to the mind: it is something to inhale the divine airs that play round his figures, and we are satisfied if we can but “trace his footsteps, and his skirts far-off behold.” The rest of this collection is, for the most part, trash:

either Italian pictures painted in the beginning of the last century, or English ones in the beginning of this. It gave us pain to see some of the latter; and we willingly draw a veil over the humiliation of the art, in the age and country that we live in. We ought, however, to mention a portrait of a youth (the present proprietor of Stourhead) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is elegant, brilliant, “though in ruins;” and a spirited portrait by Northcote, of a lady talking on her fingers, may perhaps, challenge an exception for itself to the above general remarks.

We wish our readers to go to Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont, where they will find the coolest grottos and the finest Vandykes in the world. There are eight or ten of the latter that are not to be surpassed by the art of man, and that we have no power either to admire or praise as they deserve. For simplicity, for richness, for truth of nature, for airiness of execution, nothing ever was or can be finer. We will only mention those of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord Newport, and Lord Goring, Lord Strafford, and Lady Carr, and the Duchess of Devonshire. He who possesses these portraits is rich indeed, if he has an eye to see and a heart to feel them. The one of *Lord Northumberland in the Tower* is not so good, though it is thought better by the mob. That is, there is a subject, something to talk about, but in fact, the expression is not that of grief, or thought, or of dignified resignation, but of a man in ill-health. Vandyke was a mere portrait-painter, but he was a perfect one. His forte was not the romantic or pathetic; he was “of the court, courtly.” He had a patent from the hand of nature to paint lords and ladies in prosperity and quite at their ease. There are some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds in this collection, and there are people who persist in naming him and Vandyke in the same day. The rest of the collection consists (for the most part) of *stair-case* and *family pictures*. But there are some admirable statues to be seen here, that it would ask a morning's leisure to study properly. W. H.

[*Blenheim in our next, which will conclude this series of articles.*]

A CHIT CHAT LETTER

ON MEN AND OTHER THINGS.

*From Ned Ward, jun. a Fellow in London, to Anthony Wood, Jun.
a Fellow at Oxford.*

DEAR Anthony! thy old friend Ned
Is at his desk, and not a-bed.
'Tis twelve o'clock,—a chilly night,—
My chamber fire is full and bright;
And my sinumbra, like the moon
Upon a summer afternoon,
Smiles with a pale and cloudless ray
In tiny mimicry of day,—
Shedding thin light, assoil'd from gloom,
O'er the horizon of my room.
'Tis twelve o'clock,—the watchman goes
Lulling the hour into a doze,—
Leading Time *by*, and *through* the nose;—
Wrapping his voice in his great coat,
And 'plaining in a woollen note,
Of weather cold, and falling showers,
And cloudy skies (for ever ours!)
And the decay of drowsy hours.
In gusts of wind, down comes the rain,
Swooping like peas upon the pane;
Loud is the music of the sashes,—
And through the solitary splashes,
Dull hackneys waddle from the play,
A rugged eighteen-penny way,—
The driver wriggling on his seat,
With haybands round his head and feet.

I, slipper footed, sit and send
These nothings to my college friend,
Who now perchance,—a counterpart
To me in idleness of heart,—
Leans at his books,—with toasted knees
Against the grate,—and hears the breeze
Ransack the midnight college trees—
Hears bell to bell, from tower to tower,
Sullenly murmur "the damn'd hour;"
And who (so dreaming thought will be!)
May now be tilting pens with me.

Oh Anthony,—as Brutus said,—
How idle 'tis to be well read!
What stults are men to screw their looks
Into the musty wood of books,—
To pass their days on dry dry-land,
In studying things at second hand.
Of what avail is learning?—What?
But to *unparadise* man's lot!
A book, that apple worse than Eve's,
Comes with its bitter fruit in leaves,
And tempts each college Adamite
To cut his learned tooth, and bite!
What is the scholar's gain, for fooling
His time with a perpetual schooling?

One of the old dramatists says, "If there is any thing damned on earth, it is twelve o'clock at night." Some of our modern Farce writers think the same.

For parting with all kith and kind?—
 A dusty, cabineted mind,
 A forehead scored like pork,—a pair
 Of legs that stutter every where—
 Nerves, ever trembling,—as one sees
 Bell-wires at public offices,—
 A black dress browner than the berries,
 And fit but to befriend the cherries;
 A gait that offers food for candour,—
 Two eyes for Mr. Alexander;*
 And, to complete this thing inhuman,
 The devil a bit of love from woman.
 Up! from thy books!—come—come—be idle!
 Up! up!—as saith the sage of Rydal!
 The sage alone—no poor abuse
 By adding to the sage, the goose.

Oh Tony! Tony! if thou thus
 Strugglest with tragic Æschylus,
 If thus thine eye by night-light sees
 The page but of Euripides—
 The leaves of Plato, dry as those
 Which Autumn withers as she throws
 With her burnt hands on Isis' marge:—
 By heavens! man, thou wilt ne'er enlarge
 Experience of the gallant world,
 Through which life, when 'tis life, is hurl'd;
 A sense of breathing joy—a heart
 To take thy own and others' part.
 Leave books and learn a wiser plan,
 Read that strange work, thy fellow man!

Awake!—thou art awake in eyes,—
 Well then, poor fallen spirit, arise!
 Shake off this mustiness of nature,
 Book thyself in the Regulator—
 And hither come to brighter ease
 Than slugs in fret-work colleges!
 Come to thy friend—oh! come to all
 That makes this London magical!

Oxford I know is dear to thee,
 (As thou hast often said to me,)
 For all its aged imagery,—
 Its sainted carvings of old stone,—
 Its air so learned and so lone,—
 Its fretted windows and calm men,
 And antique wealth of press and pen,
 Its pleasant Isis, sweet to see,
 So reeded and so watery!
 Its bosky banks, enriching well
 With green, old Learning's citadel!
 Yet, after all, 'tis solitude
 Of stone, of water, and of wood,
 Of leaf, of river, and of brook,
 Of trencher-hat, and gown, and book:—
 Oh! life at Oxford is but death
 Allow'd a little,—little breath!

Come up to town!—come up to me—
 I have a knife and fork for thee,—
 A little room,—a sofa bed,—
 A platter, and a crumb of bread,—

* The great oculist. *Alexander the Great*, in the eyes of men.

An easy chair,—a merry fire,—
 And say,—What more can heart desire?—
 Beneath my stairs in snug repose,
 Immured in sawdust, lie two rows
 Of those dark gentry, who inherit
 Long heads of cork, and hearts of spirit.
 They shall our moralizers be,
 And hold the glass to thee and me!
 And we will see ourselves, as free as
 Ourselves should see, not others see us.
 The postman's knock each morn shall shake
 Thy married eyelids wide awake:
 And if a little bilious (bottles
 Will raise the bile in lazy throttles),
 A taste of soda shall *unyellow*
 The eye-light of my Oxford Fellow.
 Then for a breakfast, slow and sure,
 (A hasty one I can't endure,)
 A chat on Britain's own Fitzgerald,
 A lounge upon the Morning Herald,
 Where Mr. White the fancy courts
 In his divine Police Reports.
 —The cloth removed—the cups from *the* board
 (You know, we now expel the tea-board)
 A turn or two about the room;
 Or if perchance the morning's gloom
 Be prevalent—a game of draughts
 To exercise each other's crafts.—
 We'll none of chess!—I hate the name
 Of that old Tabernacle game,
 That "intellectual amusement,"
 Meant half for fun, and half for use meant,
 That odious tedious mode of *slothing*,
 O'er which you hang and play for nothing—
 That bitter patience-teazing food—
 That sober gambling for the good.
 We'll have a hock of ham for lunching—
 A pair of muffled gloves for punching—
Two sticks to play at *single stick*—
 To try if heads be thin or thick,
 A pair of foils for button pinking—
 All things in short that lead *from* thinking!

Dinner shall come—and we will beat
 Two aldermen in what we eat:
 Not in our quantity,—but in
 The dainties slid'd o'er the chin—
 The little lamb, the bright slim bean,
 The thin wine in the glass of green,—
 The cherry-tart full of the fruit,
 The Stilton, with the ale to suit,
 And the cool crimson store that keeps
 Its steady flow, till either sleeps!

Brief, and yet pleasant be our slumber,
 For tinkling cups, just two in number,
 And steaming kettle,—singing long
 And whisperingly its vesper song,
 Shall call us to our sweet bohea,
 And freshen us o'er fragrant tea!
 You shall tell tales of sober college,
 And libel old and gowned knowledge;
 And I'll beguile the Chinese hour
 With English stories, bright in flower!

What for the night?—My friend inquires :—
 Two candles, and the best of fires—
 A pleasant game at double dummy,
 With cards not new, nor yet too *thumby*;
Spicy the points—a stirring bet
 Our spirit in the game to whet ;
 Then hey ! for thrifty play, and care,
 Shuffling and sorting—here and there—
 The cautious spade led through the king,
 The sniff'd revoke—the “ No such thing,”—
 The powers of candid dummy scann'd,
 The playing up to the weak hand—
 The gentle heart—the thundering club—
 There—double, single, and the rub !

Put by the cards, my gallant Tony,
 (Let me conclude you've paid the money,)
 The supper's here, quick at the call had,
 Stale bread—old beer—a lobster—salad.
 These set the appetite a-raving,
 Yet satisfy the fiercest craving :—
 And let me tell you—when you've pass'd
 An idle day from first to last,
 And labour'd hard at doing little,—
 The stomach hungereth after victual.

'Tis getting late :—Oh, that's no matter—
 Here ! stay—there's brandy—there's the water—
 The sugar,—mix, yourself !—no doubt
 (Some drink “ warm with,” some “ cold without,”)
 You'll take what best your taste delights :—
 But something must be had a-nights !

Then sitting, lad, behind the glass,
 While the late moments mutely pass,—
 We whiff the fragrant mild cigar,
 And mount upon the silver car
 Of its bright clouds, in spirits then,—
 And dream into ethereal men !
 —To bed—to bed—as Macbeth's wife
 Whisper'd in sleep :—the springs of life
 Are gone down with the sunken day ;—
 And, we must rest.—To bed—away !

Such be your in-door pastime :—can
 A tidier be contrived for man ?—
 If you *would* read ;—Ned Ward (not I)
 The wit ;—Tom Brown—Arbuthnot—lie
 In a recess mahogany ;—
 With Swift—and Congreve—Vanbrugh—all
 That made our language magical !—
 The less of reading, though, the better—
 This is the burden of my letter.

No more—now write, and say you come,
 Change your book cell for a warm room ;—
 With London spirits all about you,
 And one with you,—who's nought without you !

NED WARD, Jun.

P. S.—Should you not “ stir at this,” I'll write
 More wonders on another night ;—
 And show you “ London Town” outright !

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAETANA PASSERINI.

GENOVA mia ! se con asciutto ciglio
 Piegato e guasto il tuo bel corpo io miro,
 Non è poca pietà d'ingrato figlio,
 Ma rubelle mi sembra ogni sospiro.

La maestà di tue ruine ammiro,
 Trofei della costanza e del consiglio ;
 E ovunque volgo il passo, e il guardo giro,
 Incontro il tuo valor nel tuo periglio.

Più val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire !
 E contra gli osti la vendetta fai
 Col vederti distrutta, e nol sentire :

Anzi girar la Libertà mirai,
 E bacciar lieta ogni ruina, e dire,
 Ruine sì, ma servitu non mai !

Lov'd * Genoa ! if thus with tearless eye,
 Thy beauteous form in ruin sunk I view,
 'Tis not from lack of filial sympathy ;
 Methinks that sighs would prove thy sons untrue.

These awful ruins seem as trophies new,
 That tell of constancy and purpose high ;
 Where'er I gaze, whatever way pursue,
 Thy valorous deeds around recorded lie.

More than triumphant deem th' eventful day,
 When foemen saw thee crush'd, but not subdued,
 And victors, not the vanquish'd, felt dismay :

Yea !—Liberty I saw in joyful mood
 Go round, and kiss each mould'ring heap, and say—
 HAIL RUINS ! HAIL !—AUGHT, AUGHT, BUT SERVITUDE.

C. S.

* Written after the bombardment of Genoa by a French fleet in 1684.

THE LUCRECE OF FRANCE.

It was a grand and stately building, that castle of Argentueil, where once resided the gentle lady of Carogne ; where she lived long in her beauty and her youth, a faithful wife to her brave lord ; and was loved, and looked up to by her menials, and many attendants, both male and female. The knight of Carogne had been for a while absent upon an enterprize beyond sea for the advancement of his honour. Alas ! it seemed not, in one plain sense, to have been for the advancement of the brave knight's honour,

Oct. 1823.

that he had departed from his castle in the marches of Perche, and from his fair and sorrowful lady. The time of his return drew nigh, and the lady Aline had been apprised thereof. There was a tall narrow tower, which stood out from the front wall of the castle, and rose far above the loftiest roofs of the ancient pile. On the summit of that tower the noble lady was used to stand for hours, watching for her lord's approach, and looking with anxious eyes far, far over the distant country. Ah, what a beauteous vi-

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sion did she seem, when standing alone there in calm and earnest dignity, motionless for many minutes: when her eyes were wearied with gazing vainly for the dearest object of her earthly love, and when the abstraction of her mind had drawn away her thoughts from all external objects. Almost like a statue of pure marble did she appear, when the wild breeze had for a short space died away, and lifted not her long hair, and ceased to flutter in the folds of her white garments. But if aught like the figure of him whom she sought appeared, and gathered in its approach a nearer resemblance to his loved person, how quickly the trance of her stillness was broken, how every feature, and every limb, woke into expression, while eagerness and joy that was half indulged darted like a sun-beam into her eyes, and the crimson blood rushed over her pale cheeks, and glowed in her parted lips! Then most carelessly her soft white arms were flung over the rough parapet, and her tender bosom pressed against the cold stones with heavings of tumultuous delight. Now, the knight of Carogne looked in vain, as he rode along, for the well-known form of his loving wife. Anxiously he strained his sight, but she stood not as usual on the high tower. Aline had received the messenger that told of his approach, and she afterwards left not the hall till her husband arrived. With slow and trembling steps she traversed the upper end thereof, and sometimes she stopped and leaned against the wall in the thoughtfulness of sorrow. There was no colour upon her wan cheek, save the flitting tints which were thrown from the stained glass of the casements toward the west, and her eyes were seldom raised from the veiling of their heavy lids. The shouts of her rejoicing domestics told her that the knight was at hand, and the lady Aline hastened to meet him. The joyous knight sought to clasp her in his embrace, but silently she glided from his arms, and when he raised her tenderly from the ground, the life seemed to have parted from her feeble frame. He bore her out into the open air, and gradually she revived. "Thou art not well, my

own dear love," said the knight, and tenderly he pressed her to his bosom. Still the poor lady resisted with quiet meekness the eagerness of her lord's affection. "I do suffer in the sickness of my heart," she replied, "I am not altogether well, my dearest husband.—Forgive my weakness, and believe how joyed I am to see thee.—Yes," she repeated mournfully, "overjoyed, although I weep." "I will kiss away those tears, my best beloved," replied the knight, as he beheld the tears trickling over his lady's face; but Aline withdrew herself gently from his arms, and said, "Not yet, my husband, not yet.—I have a vow upon me.—Ask nothing now.—Thou wert ever kind and tenderly indulgent to thy wife.—Bear with her seeming coldness now.—Enter again the hall of your castle, refresh yourself, and let me lean upon your arm as I go in with you." There were guests at the castle that day, who had come to meet with the knight of Carogne, and the lady Aline strove to call up somewhat of her wonted dignity as she sat beside her husband at the banquet. Yet looked she rather like one in a dreary dream, as she smiled so piteously at the lively discourse held by her husband and his friends, and took the cup which all had courteously kissed to her health ere they drank from it.

The sleeping chamber of the knight and his gentle dame adjoined to a little oratory, where the young and faithful pair were ever wont to kneel beside each other, before they lay down to rest; to kneel beside each other, and to pray in a mild and thankful spirit to their God. When the knight went up that evening to his bed-chamber, he found not his wife there. She was kneeling in her prayer-closet, and he knelt down beside her, and having prayed in silence, he arose. He stood there awhile ere he turned towards his chamber, and gazed upon his wife; but still were her pale hands uplifted, and her lips gently moving in her prayers. The knight lay down, but often did he raise up his head to look for the coming of his wife. She came not, till his voice had oft-times tenderly besought her, and then Aline slowly entered with the lamp

in her trembling hand, and placing it on a settle, she knelt down by her husband's side. The knight started as the first sound of his lady's voice broke upon his ear, there was so deep a sorrow in its tone. "Let me kneel here," she said, "I am not wont to kneel but to our blessed Lord, and now I only kneel before Him—beseeching Him to witness to the truth of every word I speak. My husband, do not seek to raise me, take little notice of me with your eyes, let your ears only regard me. Nay, do not touch me yet," she added, as he held forth his arms towards her. "Oh! my beloved, I cannot have the strength to speak if you do. I have need of more than woman's strength of soul, and so you will soon confess. It was but five days since the present time, when I was sitting in my greenwood bower; it was at the quiet even-tide, and I had dismissed my maidens from attending me, that I might indulge in many thoughts; blissful they were, for I thought upon my dear husband, and melancholy withal, because thou wert absent. Thou knowest there is a low wall enclosing the small green-sward court to which my apartments open: although this wall is low on the side next the court, yet it rises high above the moat surrounding the castle, so that I have sat in my bower and walked on that terrace-walk fearless at all hours. The sun was sinking slowly in the sky, and the shadows deepened where they fell; but I heeded nothing, till it seemed to me as if a man's figure rose above the wall; I did not stir, but fixed my eyes earnestly upon the intruder. Once he gazed fearfully about him, and then passed quickly to the place where I sat. 'I am in danger, I am pursued,' he cried, with a fearful and smothered voice; 'I must speak to thee alone.' 'I am alone,' was my reply. 'I would risk no chance of being discovered here,' he said; 'noble kinswoman, my life is in danger, wilt thou save me? I know the knight of Carogne is absent, but wilt thou refuse me?' All this time as he besought me, the squire Jaques le Grys (for it was he) almost groveled at my feet, and strove to seize my hands as if im-

ploring for his life. I knew not what to do, as, confused with the surprise of his appearance, I stood regarding him. Methought that once his eyes shrank beneath my steady gaze, but instantly he spake with greater energy. 'What wouldst thou have me to do? Where could I shelter thee?' I said at length to him, scarce knowing what I did say. He caught me by the wrist, and looking me full in the face, muttered with a voice which seemeth yet in my ear, 'The dungeon;'—he led the way, and trode with stealthy pace, stopping to listen at every step he made—no ear heard us, no eye beheld us." The lady faltered as she spoke, she clung for support to the bed, and bit her nether lip which quivered with the agony of her feelings; then turning away her face farther from the gaze of the knight, she spoke as if every breathing of her voice were torn forcibly from her bosom. At last she declared to him her misery, and at last her husband comprehended her sad words. "There is a tale which thou hast read to me," she said, "the story of a young and gentle lady's woes. A matron she was, and famous in Old Rome. She was like me, a faithful wife, faithful and happy, but not always—you did not chide me when I wept at her sad story." Again the lady paused; but her husband speaking not during her silence, she said, "Thou art waiting for the name of that Roman lady, whose woes resembled mine; knowing her name, you will know my shame too well—Lucrece, the wife of one lord Collatinus."

The lady of Carogne said no more, but bowed her face upon her bosom, and one blush of deepest scarlet spread over that face and bosom. Neither did the knight reply to her woful words, but he lay breathless it seemed in the stillness of his wrath: the which when his lady perceived, fearing that a fit or swoon might be upon him, she rose up from her knees with a trembling haste, and bending over the bed gazed upon his face. His eyes were wide open, but he stared upon her like one under the forceful spell of some horrid dream. The sweat-beads started from his brow, and the poor lady wiped them away, her tears

falling all the while. She could not, as she passed her hand over his broad forehead, she could not bear to turn from him; and so she stood beside him, with her fingers parting away his thick hair, and sometimes pressing her soft, cold palm upon his burning temples. Soon his chest began to heave violently, and deep long sighs burst from him, and the large tears gushed into his eyes. He rose up, and clasped his poor dishonoured lady to his bosom, who lay there and yielded to the weakness of her womanly anguish. But the force of her grief relieved her, and she arose, and listened to the questions of her husband, replying to them with a calmness that surprised herself. It was break of day ere their conference had finished; and then the poor lady who had resolutely but quietly refused to lie down by her husband's side, lay at his feet and slept; yea, slept like an innocent babe on the bosom of its mother. The knight feared to disturb her tranquil slumber; he could not sleep, but never did he hang with more admiring fondness over her lovely countenance, than when he now gazed upon it, and felt himself a heart-broken and dishonoured husband. It was noon ere the lady of Carogne awoke, and though thoughts of agony darted across her mind with the waking of her memory, she struggled in her prayers for the mastery over her wretchedness, and the grace of God prevailed. Her shame was known to her husband, and now she shrank not from the notice of the whole world. Pity and censure were become indifferent to her. To clear his honour she resolved to expose herself to indignity and public disgrace. Secret her wrongs had been, but they had torn her from the husband of her youth; and as she could not in common justice conceal her dishonour from him, she felt it a duty to publish abroad the story of her indignity, and the name of the wretch who had dishonoured her. "Summon together," she said to the knight of Carogne, "summon with all haste, my friends and kinsmen, and bear me along with them to the earl of Alençon, your liege lord. Tell to him what I have suffered, and let him call me, if he will, to his pre-

sence. Let him confront me with the wretch whom I would gladly never behold again. Then you shall hear that wicked squire humbly confess his guilt, and then shall he entreat the pardon which he deserves not to receive, but which I know that thou wilt grant. The bill of our divorce shall so be given; and another lady of Carogne of spotless chastity, and faithful as I have been, shalt thou bring back to this castle. I will henceforward seek no spouse but thy memory, and my hope of heaven; and I will pray for thee till I may meet with thee again in heaven, where there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." The knight of Carogne and the squire Jaques le Grys, were both of the land and household of the earl of Alençon, and the squire was in constant attendance on the earl his lord, and well beloved by him. The knight knew how great an influence the squire had obtained over his lord, and he determined to lose no time in following that part of his lady's counsel which he approved; he therefore set off to the castle of the earl, but he left the lady Aline in the protection of her own kinsmen, whom he had called together at her desire. Accompanied by a few of his own nearest friends, the knight obtained an audience of his lord; but he seemed to speak in vain, when he recited the tale of his wife's dishonour to the earl; so perfect was his affection and confidence in the squire Jaques, that the earl would give no credence to what he heard. He commanded that the lady should herself appear in person to accuse, if she would dare to do so, his beloved squire. As I have before related, the young and tender lady of Carogne, since the night when she revealed her shame, had shaken off all feeble timidity, and possessed herself through the power of God with a wondrous composure, and dignity of mien and manner. The dishonour which had been done to her body, and the weakness of the mere woman, had been forgotten amid the deep and more solemn feelings which now occupied her soul. She came into the presence of the earl of Alençon, led, but not supported, by her own aged father, and she sat down with the quiet dig-

nity of one who appeared there rather to command than to be questioned and judged. As soon as she had raised her veil from off her fair sad face, the meekness and purity of expression which adorned her loveliness of feature, and the graceful delicacy which dwelt in all her gentle movements, touched the heart of every person who beheld her, so that many wondered within themselves, and believed not that such a pure and delicate lady was in fact a defiled, though an unwilling adulteress. When she was called upon by the earl of Alençon to speak, the lady stood up, and a faint flush came over her face, but passed instantly away. "It is not my own dishonour," she said with a slow clear voice, "which hath brought me hither. I forgive him for myself, as I hope to be forgiven by my God; but I have a husband whose honour hath worn no stain till now, and for whose sake I come forth from the privacy in which I would fain hide myself, and my shame for ever: I come into the presence of men, and under the eye of God, to proclaim myself a pollution to my husband's bed, a disgrace to his house and name, and all through the brutal violence of the squire Jaques le Grys. I accuse him by name as the ravisher of my weak and unwilling person. Here do I stand in the presence of the lord of Alençon and this noble company, to declare the time and manner of the aforesaid shameful deed, and to recount, should it be required, every particular of his most atrocious conduct. Let Jaques le Grys be called to answer for himself, for I do not see him here," she continued, after she had gazed inquiringly around her. "Bid Jaques le Grys to come hither," said the earl of Alençon to one of his attendants. Most unlike a guilty person appeared Jaques le Grys as he entered the hall, bearing himself with cheerful carelessness towards all but the lord of Alençon, and the lady of Carogne; to them he bowed with every expression of courteous respect; and then stood modestly but manfully before the earl, as if waiting for his commands. No one spoke for some seconds, and when the knight of Carogne was about to break the reigning silence, the squire

interrupted him, to ask one who stood next him, for what purpose so many were assembled together, remarking, with a smiling look, that he had but an hour since returned from off a journey, and that no such convocation had been mentioned before his departure. "Thou canst inform me perchance," he said to the knight of Carogne; "I think thou wert about to speak, and I must entreat thy pardon for my preventing thee. Now I do bethink me, thou hast been across the seas, good knight of Carogne, permit me most heartily to welcome thy return. Ah, it may be to celebrate thy coming, that our noble lord hath called together all this goodly company. It shames me to appear so late to bid thee welcome—Fair lady of Carogne, I must turn to thee,"—"Silence, silence, I command, loose caitiff," shouted the furious knight as he strided to the centre of the hall, his face burning and his eyes flashing with rage. "My lord of Alençon, I demand your interference to stop at once this gentle squire's parleying. I will tell the young gentleman why we have assembled here,—I will tell him of my wife's dishonour and her husband's vengeance;—yes, tell him of the time which he hath so conveniently forgotten." Silence was again commanded, and by the earl of Alençon himself, who gravely rebuked the intemperate warmth of the knight; and then called upon the lady of Carogne to bring forward her accusation against the squire Jaques le Grys.

At the first appearance of her ravisher, the poor lady had felt as if the sickly chills of death were creeping through her frame; an oppressive langour seemed to bear down beneath it every faculty of her mind. All motionless and silent she sate, and she had not a wish to attempt the concealment of her feelings, for their flow seemed frozen within her; but when the shameless squire turned to her, and addressed her by her name, every power and hope of farther exertion seemed to desert her, and she felt almost as if she were in fact the guilty one, sinking under the weight of the conviction which had overtaken her. Her husband's violence aroused her; and as her self-

possession returned, she smiled within herself at her own weakness. With a look of fearless composure she raised her eyes, and pushed back her hair from her brow, and the true eloquence of truth and virtue spake in her words. But the squire was not to be confounded; by turns he affected to be surprised, indignant, nay amused by the strangeness of the accusation brought against him. With apparent attention he then listened to the details which the lady was obliged to give: he listened but a short time, for at last he seemed unable to restrain himself. "This must proceed no farther," he said solemnly. "My lord," he added, "I beseech you to interfere. I should treat this charge with the contempt which it deserves, were my own character alone concerned; but the relation in which I stand to yourself, the office which I hold near your person, call upon me to come forward and to challenge the strictest inquiry, as to this most valorous adventure which is charged upon me. My lord of Alençon, there is a question I must beg to ask of thee. Canst thou recal the day on which thy noble cousin and his bride were entertained in state within this castle?" The earl of Alençon thought within himself, and named the fourth of April. "And on that day," replied the squire, "I was at the castle of Argentueil? So we are told. Let me ask again—Who was in attendance on thy person on the fourth of April?" The earl answered without hesitation. "Thou wert, Jaket, most certainly; and now that I remember me, thou wert at my side during the whole of that day, saving for the space, I should think, of three hours. Was not this the case? About three hours?" "It was, my lord," replied the squire Jaket. "Account then, for the way in which those three hours were employed, and we must be satisfied." The squire coloured deeply as he bowed, and then entreated to be excused replying to that question; but he begged to remark, that the distance of the earl's castle from that of Argentueil was above three and twenty miles. He begged to know if his entrance to the castle of the knight had been perceived by any persons;

if by any of the servants, who must, he thought, have seen him during some part of his sojourn at Argentueil. He had been seen by no one but the lady herself; and there were no witnesses to confirm her assertion. The lady of Carogne now calmly reminded the earl of the question he had put to the squire. In what manner those three hours had been employed? Deeper still was the colour that mounted over the countenance of Jaques le Grys. He drew near to the earl his master, and murmured a few words in an under tone. The earl paused awhile, and then said, "Yes, it will be the surer way of discovering the truth. One intrigue may perchance confound the other." He commanded three of the noblest gentlemen present to go to the lodging of Berina Lunaro, and to conduct her immediately to his presence. They returned within ten minutes, accompanied by the wanton Italian, and she confessed, with an assumed reluctance, that three hours, on the fourth day of April, had been passed by the squire Jaques le Grys in her society. Would it have been supposed, that with little farther investigation, with no other evidence than that given by Berina Lunaro, an Italian courtesan, the earl of Alençon declared his squire innocent of the crime whereof he was accused? He said to the lady, that she did but dream it; wherefore that he would maintain his squire.

The lady of Carogne had not spoken while the Italian remained in the hall. She waited till the earl had delivered all his judgment, and then she rose with the same self-possession which had before distinguished her, and turning to the company, spake to this intent: "It was for justice that I came hither, and now I will depart, for I may seek justice here no longer. My lord of Alençon, listen to these my words, for I would speak thus plainly even in thy presence; I have not been justly dealt with, and this your spirit will tell you, if you ask it faithfully. Before I leave you I would call these facts to your remembrance. I have dwelt within your notice since my early youth. My father's name hath ever been revered, and while I lived with him and my own mother, I was unblamed by

you, and by my parents' many friends. My honoured father hath come hither leading his child with his own hand. Would he have done thus if I were the loose shameless wretch you take me for? With my husband I have lived happy, and in sweetest confidence of heart; I never have deceived him, and I would not be less honest than heretofore, when I last met him, a dishonoured wife. You know, from what you have heard, as to the secrecy of your false squire's plans, that had I pleased to seem so, I might now have seemed an undefiled wife; he would have kept his secret perchance as closely as he keeps it now. But here I stand, and openly proclaim my shame. Here I renounce my husband and my home; and here I solemnly repeat, that Jaques le Grys, your squire, was indeed the brutal ravisher of this vile body. The time may come when you will give full credence to my words. Methinks it was almost too hard on me, fallen as I am, to call into my presence that bold Italian wanton, and then to hear her as a more faithful witness than myself. This was poor justice, it was unkind, unpitying, to believe that common courtesan before the wife, the honest and devoted wife, of this brave knight your servant."

When the lady had thus spoken, she turned away, and waited not for a reply. Warned she might be by the look of unconcern which still remained upon the earl of Alençon's face. But as she went, she stopped some few times and clung to her old father's arm more closely, and once she bowed her face upon his shoulder, and an hysteric sob was heard; her veil concealed her countenance, and afterwards she betrayed no sign of agitation; but with a firm step, and with much dignity she left, in company with her husband and kinsman, the castle of the earl of Alençon.

The knight of Carogne was not to be silenced, although thus dismissed by the earl his master. He well trusted and believed his wife, and so he went to Paris and showed the matter unto the parliament there; and he there appealed Jaques le Grys, who did appear, and answered to his appeal.

It was said that the earl of Alençon

was sore displeased at the determined conduct of the brave knight, and oftentimes would he have had him slain, but that the matter was in the parliament. But the knight of Carogne was of great courage, and he persisted that he would maintain his quarrel to the death; and because the lady could make no proof against Jaques le Grys but by her own words, judgment was given by the parliament, that mortal battle should be done at Paris, between the knight and the squire; and it was judged that if the knight of Carogne should be overcome in that battle, and yet survive, that he should be hanged; and the lady his wife was judged, in such a case, without remedy, to be burnt. It was in a place called St. Katherine, behind the Temple, in Paris, that the lists were made. And thither the king repaired with his uncles, and the duke of Burgundy, and his great lords, and much people, so much that it was a marvelous sight to behold them. Then the two champions came into the field, armed at all points. The earl of St. Poule governed John of Carogne, and the earl of Alençon's company was with Jaques le Grys. There was a perfect silence commanded, and the knight walked up to that part of the field where his lady was sitting in a chair covered with black. He spake to her thus in a loud voice: "Dame, by your information, and in your quarrel, I do put my life in adventure as to fight with Jaques le Grys—you know if the cause be just and true." The poor lady's face was deadly wan, and her frame, which had been wasted by continual grief at her heart, trembled all over from the agony of those moments. But she rose up immediately that her husband had ceased to speak, and a new and powerful spirit seemed to support her as she called out, "Sir, it is as I have said,—wherefore you may fight surely—the cause is good and true." So distinct were the tones of her clear voice, that her words were heard all over the field; and when she had spoken them, the fearfulness of her mind had passed from her. She knelt down, and seemed then like another creature, and she lifted up her clasped hands towards the high heavens, and, all

regardless of the crowd around her, she prayed aloud for her husband's life, and for victory to his good cause. The knight also knelt, and by her side, seeming to join in her prayers; and when he arose, he kissed her forehead, and took her by the hand, and lifted her up, and blessed her, and himself, and so entered the field.

The high and fearless spirit of the lady left her not again, but as the fight raged beneath her she sat still in her black chair, looking up into heaven, and humbly praying all the time. It was a dreadful trial to her when she heard the trampling of their horses, and the forceful thrusting of the spears against their armour, and the loud mad clashing of their swords. Once came a minute's pause. The lady looked not down, though the deep groaning of many who surrounded her went to her heart. She saw not that her husband was wounded, and again the champions rushed fiercely to the fight. The frequent blazing of their weapons in the sunshine darted oftentimes like lightning flashes before her eyes, and dazzled them into tears. Then the combat raged immediately below the place where she sat, and she seemed to feel the ground shaken beneath her feet, or she shrank away from the rapid blows, and thought they parted the very air that blew over her face. Yet with all this dreadful sense of the passing combat, the powers of her mind clung and trusted to one exalted hope, and that hope did not fail her.

There was another, but not a silent pause, a general stirring sounded throughout the crowd, and voices burst forth on all sides, some in shoutings of joy. Aline knew that her husband's fate was decided, either by victory, or the certainty of death. All her womanly feelings rushed back upon her heart; she did not dare to look down, but slowly she closed her eyes, and then sank back, overpowered by a swoon.

Although the attention of most persons was now drawn entirely to the situation of the combatants, some

there were who turned to the poor lady; and by their assistance she woke up from the swoon which had fallen upon her. Her husband's form first met her sight, but not gashed with wounds, not stretched breathless and ghastly on the earth. He was standing erect before his king, and she saw that the king smiled upon him—Jaques le Grys was slain, and his corpse was yet lying where he fell. He had confessed his guilt.

Another trial yet awaited Aline of Carogne, and from it the heroic lady did not shrink. With her husband she had left the field of the combat for the church of our Ladye in Paris, and there they had on their knees humbly and heartily offered up their thanks and praises to the throne of grace. They had now risen; and Aline leaned upon her husband's bosom, and wept freely. She had not ceased weeping when he led her to a small door, which opened from one of the side aisles near the high altar, to the cloisters of the adjoining convent. Oftentimes did the knight clasp more tenderly in his arms his young and weeping lady; and oftentimes did he kiss with his trembling lips her forehead, and her lips, and her pale cheek, and the one little thin hand which lay upon his shoulder. At length she lifted up her head, and a smile played about her lips, though it scarcely rose into her large melancholy eyes. Once more she sank upon his bosom, and their lips met in one last kiss. Then he suffered her to raise her head from his breast, and to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and his eyes alone followed with their earnest gaze the form which departed from his sight—for ever. The knight of Carogne sailed as a pilgrim to the holy city of Jerusalem; and returning two years afterwards to Paris, they showed him there the tomb of his faithful wife. In a few months from that time they laid his corpse beneath the same tomb, in the church of our Ladye in Paris.

CYRIL.

GREEK TRAGIC SCENES.

No. II.

SOPHOCLES.

FROM THE ELECTRA.

As the character of Clytemnestra in Æschylus is distinguished by a masculine energy, that of Electra in Sophocles is brought out in graceful relief, as a model of generous and enthusiastic sisterly affection.—The overflowing of her tenderness and joy on the recognition of the returned Orestes, betraying her into a forgetfulness of their mutual critical situation and a heedlessness of danger, evinces the poet's close observation of nature. He has contrived, with exquisite art, to soften the impression of horror which is

unavoidably excited by the vindictive resentment of Electra towards her own mother, by heightening the affecting touches of her fondness for the brother from whom she had parted in his infancy, and of the pious and melancholy sentiment with which she cherishes the memory of her father. The latter is finely thrown in as a motive for her ferocity in the very acting of the appalling catastrophe, when she exhorts Orestes to repeat his blow: a refined allusion to the second wound of Agamemnon.

VIDA.

ELECTRA. Chorus of Native Virgins.

To them enter ORESTES, his Guardian, and one or two Attendants bearing an Urn.

Orestes. Inform me, damsels; have I heard aright?

And tread I now aright the way I seek?

Chorus. What dost thou seek, and what thy wish in coming?

Orestes. I have long sought the mansion of Ægisthus.

Chorus. In the right way thou art, and he that show'd thee
Stands clear of blame.

Orestes. Who of your company

Will speak the welcome presence of us both?

Chorus. She: if she needs must tell a brother's death.

Orestes. Go, lady: enter in, and signify

That certain Phocyan strangers seek Ægisthus.

Electra. Ah me unhappy! bringst thou certain proofs

Of that sad rumour which has met our ears?

Orestes. What you have heard I know not: but th' old man,
Straphius, has sent a message of Orestes.

Electra. What, stranger, is the message? How I tremble!

Orestes. Thou seest we carry with us in this urn

The crumbled relics of Orestes dead.

Electra. Oh wretched that I am! it then is clear;

My whole vast anguish stares me in the face.

Orestes. If that thou weepst th' ill-fortunes of Orestes—

Know that this vase contains his rested ashes.

Electra. Beseech you, stranger! let me, by the Gods,

If that poor urn indeed enshrines my brother—

Let me but hold it in my hands: and weep

For these sad ashes, for myself, and all

My race at once.

Orestes. Ho! ye that bear the urn,

Give it the lady, whosoe'er she is;

Not in the spirit of ill-will she asks it;

Some friend perchance of his, or near of blood.

Electra (taking the urn in her arms). Oh dear memorial of the most
beloved

Of men! thou remnant of Orestes' soul!

With hopes how different do I now receive thee
 From those with which I sent thee forth ! for now
 I grasp thee in my hands, and thou art nothing.
 Yet then, poor youth ! I sent thee from our house,
 Radiant in all thy bloom. Oh ! would that life
 Had left me, ere I sent thee thus away
 Into a foreign land, when I by stealth
 Preserved thee safe, and snatch'd thee from the slaughter !
 So on that very day thou mightst have fallen,
 And thus in quiet shared thy father's tomb !
 Now far from home, and in a stranger land,
 A banish'd man, and parted from thy sister,
 Thou hast most foully fallen ! Nor with these hands
 Could I, unhappy ! deck thy sprinkled corse,
 Or, as beseem'd me, bear the painful pile
 For th' all-consuming fire : but thou, poor wretch !
 Wert laid by foreign hands, and thou art here
 A heap of dust within a narrow urn.
 Oh me unhappy ! unavailing dainties,
 Which many a time and oft in the days past
 I brought thee with sweet trouble ! thou wert never
 Dear to thy mother as to me : and I
 Of all the household people was thy nurse ;
 I, thy own sister, still conversed with thee.
 There is an end of all ; for on one day
 All died with thee : departing, thou hast swept
 All with thee, like a storm : dead is my father :
 I too am dead to thee : thou dead and vanish'd.
 My enemies—they laugh ; and she, my mother,
 Yet not my mother, is at her wits' end
 With exultation : she, concerning whom
 Thou oft hast sent me messengers, and said
 That thou wouldst come in person and with vengeance.
 But thy most ill-starr'd fortune and my own
 Hath robb'd us of our hope, and brought me back,
 For thy dear person, ashes and a shade.
 Ah me ! ah me !—ah pitiable form !
 Oh ! sent through paths of worst calamity
 Alas ! my dearest ! how hast thou destroy'd me !
 Thou hast destroy'd me verily, dear brother !
 Then take me, take me with thee in thine urn ;
 Me, who am nothing, blended with thyself
 Who now art nothing, that I may hereafter
 Dwell with thee in th' invisible abyss ;
 And since we shared together a like lot
 Here in this upper world, so let me not,
 When I am dead, fail of thy sepulchre :
 I do not see that grief disturbs the dead.

Chorus. Of mortal father born,
 Be thou discreet, Electra : thy Orestes
 Was also mortal : mourn not to excess :
 We all must pay the debt of death.

Orestes. Alas ! alas ! what shall I say ?—Where fix
 Midst the perplexing words that crowd upon me ?
 I am no longer master of my tongue.

Electra. What troubles thee, or wherefore say'st thou this ?

Orestes. Is thine the noble person of Electra ?

Electra. The very same ; although in plight most wretched.

Orestes. Alas ! for this calamitous event !

Electra. Why this, O stranger ! why these sighs for me ?

Orestes. Maid, impiously, unworthily abused !

Electra. The object of thy piteous phrase am I.

- Orestes.* Ah! for thy hapless, unespoused condition!
- Electra.* Why, stranger! dost thou groan and gaze upon me?
- Orestes.* How little did I know of my misfortunes!
- Electra.* From what, that I have said, discernst thou this?
- Orestes.* Seeing thee thus in singular distresses.
- Electra.* And yet thou seest not half of what I suffer.
- Orestes.* How can I look on worse than what I see?
- Electra.* I dwell, perforce, with murderers.
- Orestes.* How! with murderers?
- Electra.* My father's murderers: forced to be their slave.
- Orestes.* Who drives thee on to this necessity?
- Electra.* She who is call'd—ah how unlike!—my mother.
- Orestes.* Say, by what usage?—blows or sordid fare?
- Electra.* Blows, and ill fare, and every kind of outrage.
- Orestes.* And is there none to help or to prevent?
- Electra.* None—he I had—his ashes are before me.
- Orestes.* Ill-fated maid! I gaze, and pity thee.
- Electra.* Know, none has ever pitied me but thou.
- Orestes.* I only sympathize with thy misfortunes.
- Electra.* Art thou a kinsman then?
- Orestes.* I would inform thee.
If these were friendly.
- Electra.* They are friendly; trust them.
- Orestes* (*reaching out his hands to the urn*). Set down this urn, and
thou shalt learn the whole.
- Electra.* Nay—by the Gods, treat me not thus, sweet stranger!
- Orestes.* Yield to my voice, and thou shalt not repent it.
- Electra.* Stop—on my knees—bereave me not of that
Which is most precious—
- Orestes.* Nay—it must not be.
- Electra.* Oh, my Orestes! I indeed am wretched
If they deprive me of thy very tomb!
- Orestes.* Speak not so hardly: these are sighs misplaced.
- Electra.* May not my sighs be utter'd for my brother?
- Orestes.* You speak not what you ought.
- Electra.* Am I unworthy
Of my dead brother?
- Orestes.* Lady! no, most worthy:
But this is none of thine.
- Electra.* It is, it is,
If that I hold the relics of Orestes.
- Orestes.* Thou dost not: 'twas a flourish of my speech.
- Electra.* O where then is my wretched brother's tomb?
- Orestes.* Nowhere: the living do not want a tomb.
- Electra.* What sayst thou, youth?
- Orestes.* I speak no falsehood now.
- Electra.* Is he alive?
- Orestes.* If I am so, he lives.
- Electra.* Ha! art thou he?
- Orestes.* Look thou upon this ring;
It was my father's: speak I truth or no?
- Electra.* Oh blessed day!
- Orestes.* Blest!—I confirm thy witness.
- Electra.* That voice—and art thou come?
- Orestes.* Seek me not elsewhere.
- Electra.* And do I clasp thee in these arms?
- Orestes.* For ever!
- Electra.* Oh dearest ladies! fellow countrywomen!
See you Orestes by this double plot
Dead and alive!
- Chorus.* We see it, gentle maiden!
A tear of joy is stealing from our eyes.

Electra. Joy! joy! thou child, thou child of him I loved!

Thou art return'd at last: yes, thou art come!

Yes, thou art met, and look'st on her thou sigh'dst for!

Orestes. Yes—I am here, but wait, and wait in silence.

Electra. What dost thou mean?

Orestes. Be still, lest those within
O'erhear us.

Electra. By the never-wedded Dian,
I cannot deign to tremble at the women
Who block those rooms with a superfluous load.

Orestes. Yet look to it: ev'n women have within
A fiery spirit: thou hast proved it once.

Electra. Oh, wo is me! thou bring'st it to my mind
In all its naked horror, our misfortune,
Which cannot be undone nor blotted out.

Orestes. I know it: but when opportunity
Declares itself, this deed may be remember'd.

Electra. All, all occasions are the same to me
To speak of this, as I in justice ought,
And scarce my tongue has gain'd its liberty.

Orestes. I think with you: but rein this liberty.

Electra. How?

Orestes. Give it not a loose, unless in season.

Electra. Who fitly could exchange my words for silence
When thou appear'st before me? beyond hope
And expectation when I gaze upon thee?

(*Pylades goes in at the porch of the palace.*)

Orestes. Thou seest me, since the Gods urged my return.

Electra. Oh heavens!—thou tell'st me still more pleasing tidings:
If the Gods bring thee home, blest is thy coming.

Orestes. I'm partly loth to give thy joy the curb,
And partly dread th' excess of this thy transport.

Electra. Oh thou, who after such a tedious time
Took'st thy delightful journey, and hast deign'd
To bless my vision with thy darling presence—
If thou wouldst not behold me drown'd in sorrow—

Orestes. What should I do?

Electra. Do not deprive me of thee—
The pleasure of thy sight, that I should lose thee.

Orestes. I should be angry if another thought it.

Electra. Thou wilt remain then?

Orestes. Wherefore should I not?

Electra. Oh, my sweet friends!—I've heard again the voice
I ne'er had hope to hear. Of late I held
My speechless anger, nor would utter aught
Of exclamation while I heard and suffer'd.
But now I clasp thee: thou art in my sight
With that beloved countenance, which in all
My sore afflictions I could ne'er forget.

Orestes. Break off this useless parley: I am not
To learn how bad is she we call our mother,
Nor that Ægisthus draws my father's wealth
And pours it out to waste with heedless scattering:
Thy talk debars us from the time that serves;
But show me rather what befits th' occasion;
How best, appearing openly or ambush'd,
We now may find a way to stop the laughter
Of our light-hearted foes. Demean thyself
So that thy mother may not recognize
Thy gladden'd brow, when I the palace enter.
But give thy sobs a vent, as for these tidings,
Though told in falsehood. When we catch success,

We may allow our joy and laugh in freedom.

Electra. Nay, oh my brother! that which pleases thee
Shall please me also: thou hast brought delight
To me, who could not gain it of myself.
I would not for advantage to myself
Trouble thee in the least: I should not thus
Serve, as I ought, the Power whose presence aids us.
What passes here thou know'st: is it not so?
Ægisthus is abroad: at home my mother.
Fear not that she will see my face in smiles;
I feel the ancient inbred hate within me;
And since I look'd upon thee, shall not cease
To weep—though they are tears of joy. For how
Should I refrain, who saw thee thus at once
Dead and alive? thou hast accomplish'd wonders:
Nay—if my father should return alive
I should not deem the sight a prodigy,
But should believe I saw him. Thou hast reach'd me
By such a wondrous path, 'tis surely fitting
That thou dispose the matter to thy mind:
Stood I alone, I would not from th' attempt
Shrink, but would die with honour or be free.

Orestes. Beseech you, silence! for I hear the step
Within of some-one passing through the doors.

Electra (to Orestes and the attendants). Enter, oh strangers!—bearers
of a gift
Which may no inmate of this house reject,
Nor yet accept with an ill-omen'd joy.

PYLADES (coming from the Palace).

Pylades. Oh most infatuate and deprived of sense!
Set ye no greater value on your lives,
Or have ye not innate the power of reason,
That when ye stand, I will not say most near,
Fast in the jaws of peril, great and pressing,
Ye have no knowledge? had I not kept close
The door, your machinations would have reach'd
The inner mansion, ere yourselves could enter.
But, as it is, I have opposed to this
My own precaution. Leave this prolix talk,
And this immoderate burst of joy, and enter.
To linger in conjunctures such as this
Is fatal: 'tis the crisis of deliverance.

Orestes. How stand affairs within, if I should enter?

Pylades. As thou couldst wish: there is not one could know thee.

Orestes. Didst thou report me dead, as was befitting?

Pylades. Assure thee, thou art dead though standing here.

Orestes. Rejoice they at these tidings? or what say they?

Pylades. When all is done I'll tell thee. Now suffice it
That all goes well, ev'n that which seemeth ill.

Electra. Beseech you, tell me, who is this, my brother?

Orestes. And know'st thou not?

Electra. I cannot ev'n conjecture.

Orestes. Thou know'st not to whose hands thou gavest me once?

Electra. To whose?—what say'st thou?

Orestes. His, by whom thy foresight
Sent me by stealth unto the land of Phocis.

Electra. Ah! is this he, the only faithful found

Among the many, when my father bled?

Orestes. The same, assure thee: thou may'st spare thy questions.

Electra. O blessed day! sole pillar of the house
Of Agamemnon, say, how camest thou hither?

And art thou he who from so many ills
 Hast saved myself and him? oh dearest hands!
 Most pleasant service of those willing feet!
 Why didst thou first deceive me on thy coming,
 And not declare thyself, but kill me rather
 With words, although reserving deeds to bless me?
 Hail, father! (for methinks I see my father,)
 All hail!—but know that of all men the most
 I in one day have hated thee and loved thee.

Pylades. Enough—the broken theme of our discourse
 Unnumber'd nights and days in equal round
 Will sure repair and show thee plain, *Electra*!
 Yet I repeat to you, who stand and hear me,
 Now is the time of action: *Clytemnestra*
 Is now alone: there is no soul within:
 But if ye still procrastinate, reflect
 Ye then will fight the battle with opponents
 More on their prudent guard and more in number.

Orestes. There is no need, my *Pylades*! to waste
 Time in more words; but let us pass within
 With our best speed, adoring the abodes
 Of my paternal Gods, that guard the porch.

(*Orestes and Pylades enter.*)

Electra. O king *Apollo*! mercifully hear them!
 And me with them; who with my utmost means
 Have paid thee offering with a liberal hand.
Lycian Apollo! now, 'tis all I can,
 I beg thee, fall before thee, and beseech thee:
 Be thou our ready helper in these plans:
 And manifest to men the penalty
 Of impious actions, such as Gods award them (*goes in*).

Chorus. Look you where he stalks before,
 Mars resistless, gendering gore:
 See the roofs are closing o'er
 Th' unerring dogs of hell,
 Train'd by the furies to explore
 The plots of mischief fell:
 Not long the dream will halt behind,
 That hung o'er my prophetic mind.

 See th' avenger of the dead
 Disappear with stealthy tread;
 Th' ancestral roof is o'er his head,
 He grasps the whetted blade:
 And *Hermes* has his footsteps led,
 And wrapp'd the fraud in shade;
 He lingers not, but beckoning on
 Points to the goal the fated son.

ELECTRA re-enters from the palace.

Electra. Dearest of women! they are now about it:
 Do ye keep silent.

Chorus. How? what is 't they do?

Electra. She trims the bowl for her own funeral feast,
 And they are close beside her.

Chorus. What dost thou
 Without the gates?

Electra. To watch, for fear *Ægisthus*
 Should enter and surprise us.

Clytemnestra. (within). Wo, alas!
 Assassins fill the house, and I am helpless.

Electra. Hear ye not, dearest friends? one shrieks within.

Chorus. I hear what I should not, and hearing shudder.

Clytemnestra (within). Ah me unhappy! Where art thou, Ægisthus?

Electra. Hark!—some-one cries again!

Clytemnestra. My child! my child!

Pity the womb that bare thee.

Electra. Yet from thee

Orestes found no pity, nor his father.

Chorus. Oh wretched city! miserable race!

Each day's hard fate destroys you, and for ever.

Clytemnestra (within). Ah me! I'm stricken.

Electra. If thy arm be strong,

Strike yet again.

Clytemnestra. Alas! Again I'm stricken.

Electra. Would that Ægisthus also felt the wound!

Chorus. Thy curses are accomplish'd. He, who lay

Beneath the earth, revives: the buried dead

Drains from his murderer's veins the streaming blood.

ORESTES and PYLADES enter.

Electra. Ha! they are here. Thy crimson'd hand, Orestes!

Distills the life-drops of thy firstling victim:

But how it fares 'tis not for me to say.

Orestes. For all within the house exceeding well:

Unless Apollo's prophecy be void,

The wretched woman is at her last gasp:

Thou needst not henceforth fear a mother's spleen

Will shamefully entreat thee.

Chorus. Peace—break off;

Ægisthus is in sight.

Electra. Retire, oh youths!

The man draws near, glad hastening from the suburb.

Chorus. Go quick behind the gates. What ye have done

Is well achieved. Complete the rest as well.

Orestes. Trust me: it shall succeed to thy desire.

Electra. Away!

Orestes. I'm gone already. *(They withdraw.)*

Electra. What is here

Now to be done shall be my own concern.

Chorus. 'Twere best bespeak him fair, that he may rush

Blindly upon the snare of retribution.

ÆGISTHUS enters.

Ægisthus. Which of you knows, where lodge the Phocyan strangers,

Who bring the news, they tell me, that Orestes

Is dash'd to pieces in a chariot-race!

Thee, thee I ask; thee who wert late so fierce:

Thee it should most concern; thou best canst say.

Electra. I know; for did I not, I should be strange

Ev'n to the loss of him I loved the best.

Ægisthus. Where then are these same strangers? come, inform me.

Electra. Within: they meet there with a friendly hostess.

Ægisthus. Do they report then truly, that he is dead?

Electra. Not so: they bear with them not words, but proofs

Of ocular appeal.

Ægisthus. Are they within

My reach, that I may satisfy my eyes?

Electra. They are: I do not envy thee the sight.

Ægisthus. Thou speak'st, against thy custom, to rejoice me.

Electra. If this can give thee joy, thou may'st rejoice.

Ægisthus. Silence! at my command; and be the gates

Thrown wide, that all of Argos and Mycene

May see at once: if any of the people

Have late been buoyed up by an empty hope,
 Let him but look on that man's corse and take
 The curb of my authority, nor rouse
 His mind to violence, and feel my hand.

Electra. Be this my province; for at length I've learn'd
 To yield consent to those who are the mightiest.

*(Opens the gates; the body of Clytemnestra is discovered
 within; a mantle thrown over it.)*

Ægisthus. O Jove! I see a spectacle, which late

I languish'd to behold, presented to me.

If I provoke th' avenging Power, I wish

The words unsaid. Bare all the face, that I,

As suits a kinsman, may bewail the dead.

Orestes. Uplift the veil thyself: it is thy part,

Not mine, to view the corse, and greet it kindly.

Ægisthus. Thou sayest well: I'll do as thou advisest:

If Clytemnestra keeps the mansion, call her.

Orestes. She is beside thee: look not for her elsewhere.

Ægisthus (removing the mantle from the dead body.) Ah! what is this
 I see?

Orestes.

Whom dost thou fear?

Whose are the features that escape thy knowledge?

Ægisthus. Wretch that I am! into what hands, what nets,

Am I now fallen?

Orestes.

Feel'st thou not already

That thou alive conversest with the dead?

Ægisthus. Alas! I know the meaning of thy words:

It must be—'tis Orestes who accosts me.

Orestes. Excellent prophet! thou wert lately wrong.

Ægisthus. Ah wretch! I am undone: yet let me speak

A few short words.

Electra.

No—not another word,

I do beseech you by the Gods, my brother!

Let him not eke the time in speech. What wretch

About to die but counts it gain to win

A brief delay in his extremity?

Put him to death on th' instant, and deliver

To the embalmers their fit perquisite,

And take him from our sight: for this alone

Can recompense me for my former wrongs.

Orestes (to Ægisthus). Go in, and speedily. There is no question
 Of speech, but of thy life.

Ægisthus.

Why wouldst thou lead me

Within the chamber? if this deed of thine

Show in thine eyes so fair, what need of darkness?

Were it not easy to dispatch me here?

Orestes. Thou canst not now command: go to the place

Where thou didst kill my father, and there die.

Ægisthus. Yes—it is fitting I should view the house

Around whose walls the woes of Pelops' line,

Present and future, flit before my sight.

Orestes. Thine own, be sure: in this I am thy prophet.

Ægisthus. The art thou boastest of was not thy father's.

Orestes. Thou brawlest still: and dost retard my path:

Go forward.

Ægisthus.

Lead the way.

Orestes.

Go thou before me.

Ægisthus. Fear'st thou that I should fly?

Orestes.

Lest thou shouldst meet

Too soft a death, I must maintain this harshness.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

PART I.

HIS YOUTH (1759—1784).

AMONG the writers of the concluding part of the last century, there is none more deserving of our notice than Friedrich Schiller. Distinguished alike for the splendour of his intellectual faculties, and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, he has left behind him in his works a noble emblem of these great qualities: and the reputation which he thus enjoys, and has merited, excites our attention the more on considering the circumstances under which it was acquired. Schiller had peculiar difficulties to strive with, and his success has likewise been peculiar. Much of his life was deformed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated at middle age; he composed in a language then scarcely settled into form, or admitted to a rank among the cultivated languages of Europe: yet his writings are remarkable for their extent and variety as well as their intrinsic excellence; and his own countrymen are not his only, or, perhaps, his principal admirers. It is difficult to collect or interpret the general voice; but the world, no less than Germany, seems already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic,—to have enrolled him among that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men.

Such has been the high destiny of Schiller. His history and character deserve our study for more than one reason. A natural and harmless feeling attracts us towards such a subject; we are anxious to know how so great a man passed through the world, how he lived, and moved, and had his being; and the question, if properly investigated, might yield advantage as well as pleasure. It would be interesting to discover by what gifts and what employment of

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them he reached the eminence on which we now see him; to follow the steps of his intellectual and moral culture; to gather from his life and works some picture of himself. It is worth inquiring, whether he, who could represent noble actions so well, did himself act nobly; how those powers of intellect, which in philosophy and art achieved so much, applied themselves to the every-day emergencies of life; how the generous ardour, which delights us in his poetry, displayed itself in the common intercourse between man and man. It would at once instruct and gratify us if we could understand him thoroughly, could transport ourselves into his circumstances outward and inward, could see as he saw, and feel as he felt.

But if the various utility of such a task is palpable enough, its difficulties are not less so. We should not lightly think of comprehending the very simplest character, in all its bearings; and it might argue vanity to boast of even a common acquaintance with one like Schiller's. Such men as he are misunderstood by their daily companions; much more by the distant observer, who gleans his information from scanty records, and casual notices of characteristic events, which biographers are often too indolent or injudicious to collect, and which the peaceful life of a man of letters usually supplies in little abundance. The published details of Schiller's history are meagre and insufficient; and his writings, like those of every author, can afford but a dubious copy of his mind. Nor is it easy to decipher even this, with moderate accuracy. The haze of a foreign language, of foreign manners, and modes of thinking strange to us, confuses and obscures the light, often magnifying what is trivial, softening what is rude, and sometimes hiding or distorting what is beautiful. To take the dimensions of Schiller's mind were a hard enterprize, in any case; harder still with these impediments.

Accordingly we do not, in this

place, pretend to attempt it: we have no finished portrait of his character to offer, no formal estimate of his works. It will be enough for us if, in glancing over his life, we can satisfy a simple curiosity, about the fortunes and chief peculiarities of a man connected with us by a bond so kindly as that of the teacher to the taught, the giver to the receiver of mental delight; if, in wandering through his intellectual creation, we can enjoy once more the magnificence and fragrant beauty of that fairy land, and express our feelings, where we do not aim at judging and deciding.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was a native of Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg, situated on the banks of the Neckar. He was born on the 10th of November, 1759, — a few months later than our own Robert Burns. Schiller's early culture was favoured by the dispositions, but obstructed by the outward circumstances of his parents. Though removed above the pressure of poverty, their station was dependent and fluctuating; it involved a frequent change of place and plan. Johann Caspar Schiller, the father, had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army; he served in the Netherlands during the Succession War. After his return home to Würtemberg, he laid aside the medical profession, having obtained a commission of ensign and adjutant under his native Prince. This post he held successively in two regiments; he had changed into the second, and was absent on active duty when Friedrich was born. The peace of Paris put an end to his military employment; but Caspar had shown himself an intelligent, unassuming, and useful man, and the Duke of Würtemberg was willing to retain him in his service. The laying out of various nurseries and plantations in the pleasure-grounds of Ludwigsburg and Solitude was entrusted to the retired soldier, now advanced to the rank of Captain: he removed from one establishment to another, from time to time; and continued in the Duke's pay till death.

In his latter years he resided chiefly at Ludwigsburg.

This mode of life was not the most propitious for educating such a boy as Friedrich; but the native worth of his parents did more than compensate for the disadvantages of their worldly condition and their limited acquirements in knowledge. The benevolence, the modest and prudent integrity, the true devoutness of these good people shone forth at an after period, expanded and beautified in the character of their son: his heart was nourished by a constant exposure to such influences, and thus the better part of his education prospered well. The mother was a woman of many household virtues; to a warm affection for her children and husband she joined a degree of taste and intelligence which seldom goes along with it. She is said to have been a lover of poetry; in particular an admiring reader of Utz and Gellert, writers whom it is creditable for one in her situation to have relished.* Her kindness and tenderness of heart peculiarly endeared her to Friedrich. Her husband appears to have been a person of great probity and meekness of temper, sincerely desirous to approve himself a useful member of society, and to do his duty conscientiously to all men. The seeds of many valuable qualities had been sown in him by nature; and though his early life had been unfavourable for their cultivation, he laboured not without success to remedy this disadvantage, in subsequent times. Such branches of science and philosophy as lay within his reach he studied with diligence, whenever his professional employments left him leisure: on a subject connected with the latter he became an author.† But what chiefly distinguished him was the practice of a sincere piety, which seems to have diffused itself over all his feelings, and given to his clear and honest character that calm elevation which, in such a case, is its natural result. As his religion mingled itself with every motive and action of his life, the wish which in all his wan-

* She was of humble descent and little education, the daughter of a baker in Kodweis.

† His book is entitled, *Die Baumzucht im Grossen* (the Cultivation of Trees on the Great Scale): it came to a second edition in 1806.

derings lay nearest his heart, the wish for the education of his only son, was likely to be deeply tinctured with it. There is yet preserved, in his hand-writing, a prayer composed in advanced age, wherein he mentions how, at the child's birth, he had entreated the Great Father of all, "to supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction." The grey-haired man, who had lived to see the maturity of his boy, could now express his solemn thankfulness, that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

Friedrich followed the movements of his parents for some time; and had to gather the elements of learning from various masters. Perhaps it was in part owing to this circumstance, that his progress, though respectable, or more, was so little commensurate with what he afterwards became, or with the capacities of which even his earliest years gave symptoms. Thoughtless and gay, as a boy is wont to be, he would sport and dissipate his time too lavishly, and had often enough reproaches to undergo for this; but occasionally he was overtaken with feelings of deeper import, and used to express the agitations of his little mind in words and actions, which were first rightly interpreted when they were called to mind long afterwards. His school-fellows can now recollect that even his freaks had sometimes a poetic character; and we may credit their testimony, that a certain earnestness of temper, a frank integrity, an appetite for things grand or moving, was discernible across all the caprices of his boyhood. Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of the sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. The truant was scarcely past infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him, at last, in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. The lightning, he said, "was so fine!"—Such anecdotes, we have

long known, are in themselves of small value: the present one has the additional defect of being somewhat dubious in regard to its authenticity. We have ventured to give it, as it came to us, notwithstanding. The picture of the boy Schiller worshipping the thunder is not without a certain interest, for such as know the man.

Schiller's first teacher was Moser, the pastor and schoolmaster in the village of Lorch, where the parents resided from the sixth to the ninth year of their son. This person deserves mention for the influence he exerted on the early history of his pupil: he seems to have given his name to the priest "Moser" in the *Robbers*; his spiritual calling, and the conversation of his son, himself afterwards a preacher, are supposed to have suggested to Schiller the idea of consecrating himself to the clerical profession. This idea, which laid hold of and cherished some predominant though vague propensities of the boy's disposition, suited well with the religious sentiments of the father, and was soon formed into a settled purpose. In the public school at Ludwigsburg, whither the family had now removed, his studies were regulated with this view; and he underwent, in four successive years, the annual examination before the Stuttgart commission, to which young men destined for the church are subjected in that country. Schiller's temper was naturally devout: with a delicacy of feeling which tended towards bashfulness and timidity, there was mingled in him a fervid impetuosity, which was ever struggling through its concealment, and indicating that he felt deeply and strongly as well as delicately. Such a turn of mind easily took the form of religion, prescribed to it by early example and early affections, as well as nature. Schiller looked forward to the sacred profession with alacrity: it was the serious day-dream of all his boyhood, and much of his youth. As yet, however, the project hovered before him at a great distance, and the path to its fulfilment offered him but little entertainment. His studies did not seize his attention firmly; he followed them from a sense of duty, not of pleasure. Virgil and Horace he learned to con-

strue accurately; but is said to have taken no deep interest in their poetry. The tenderness and meek beauty of the first, the humour and sagacity and capricious pathos of the last, the matchless elegance of both, would of course escape his inexperienced perception; while the matter of their writings must have appeared frigid and shallow to a mind so susceptible. He loved rather to meditate on the splendours of the Ludwigsburg theatre, which had inflamed his imagination when he first saw it, in his ninth year, and given shape and materials to many of his subsequent reveries. Under these circumstances, his progress, with all his natural ability, could not be very striking; the teachers did not fail now and then to visit him with their severities; yet still there was a negligent success in his attempts, which, joined to his honest and vivid temper, made men augur well of him. The Stuttgart Examinators have marked him in their records with the customary formula of approval, or, at worst, of toleration. They usually designate him as "a boy of good hope," *puer bonæ spei*.

This "good hope" was not, however, destined to be realized in the way they expected: accidents occurred which changed the direction of Schiller's exertions, and threatened for a time to prevent the success of them altogether. The Duke of Würtemberg had lately founded a free seminary for certain branches of professional education: it was first set up at Solitude, one of his country residences; and had now been transferred to Stuttgart, where, under an improved form, and with the name of *Karls-schule*, we believe it still exists. The Duke proposed to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the benefits of this institution: and having formed a good opinion both of Schiller and his father, he invited them to profit by this opportunity. The offer occasioned great embarrassment: the young man and his parents were alike determined in favour of the church, a project with which this new one was inconsistent. Their embarrassment was but increased, when the Duke, on learning the nature of their scruples, desired them to think well before they decided. It

was out of fear and with reluctance that his proposal was accepted. Schiller enrolled himself in 1773; and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes to Greek, and seclusion, and law.

His anticipations turned out to be too just: the six years which he spent in this establishment were the most harassing and comfortless of his life. The Stuttgart system of education seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of rooting it out, and supplying its place with something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling: every thing went on by statute and ordinance, there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased; "the regulations of the school" took no account of this: he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old giant's bed, stood there by superior authority to receive and torture both the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote any thing beside. Their domestic economy was regulated in the same spirit as their preceptorial: it consisted in the same sedulous exclusion of all that could border on pleasure or give any exercise to choice. The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command.

How grievous all this must have been it is easy to conceive. To Schiller it was more grievous than to any other. Of an ardent and impetuous, yet delicate nature, while his discontentment devoured him internally, he was too modest and timid to give it the relief of utterance by deeds or words. Locked up within himself, he suffered deeply, but without complaining. Some of his letters written during this period have been preserved: they exhibit the ineffectual struggles of a fervid and busy mind, veiling its many chagrins un-

der a certain dreary patience, which only shows them more painfully. He pored over his lexicons and insipid tasks with an artificial composure; but his spirit pined within him like a captive's, when he looked forth into the cheerful world, or recollected the affection of parents, the hopes and frolicsome enjoyments of past years. The misery he endured in this severe and lonely mode of existence strengthened or produced in him a habit of constraint and shyness, which clung to his character through life.

The study of law, for which he had never felt any predilection, naturally grew in his mind to be the representative of all these evils, and his distaste for it went on increasing. On this point he made no secret of his feelings. One of the exercises prescribed yearly in the school was, a delineation of his own character, which each of the scholars was required to give in at an appointed time: Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion, that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclinations and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement of course produced no effect; he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike for law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust. In 1775, he was fortunate enough to get it relinquished, though at the expense of adopting another employment, for which, in different circumstances, he would hardly have declared himself. The study of medicine, for which a new institution was about this time added to the Stuttgart school, had no attractions for Schiller: he accepted it only as a galling servitude in exchange for one more galling. His mind was bent on higher objects; and he still felt all his present vexations aggravated by the thought that his fairest expectations from the future had been

sacrificed to worldly convenience, and the humblest necessities of life.

Meanwhile the youth was waxing into manhood, and the fetters of discipline lay heavier on him, as his powers grew stronger, and his eyes became open to the stirring and variegated interests of the world, now unfolding itself to him under new and more glowing colours. As yet he contemplated the scene only from afar, and it seemed but the more gorgeous on that account. He longed to mingle in its busy current, and delighted to view the image of its movements in his favourite poets and historians. Plutarch and Shakspeare;* the writings of Klopstock, Lessing, Garve, Herder, Gerstenberg, Goethe, and a multitude of others, which marked the dawning literature of Germany, he had studied with a secret avidity: they gave him vague ideas of men and life, or awakened in him splendid visions of literary glory. Klopstock's *Messias*, combined with his own religious tendencies, had early turned him to sacred poetry: before the end of his fourteenth year, he had finished what he called an "epic poem," entitled "Moses." The extraordinary popularity of Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*, and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, next directed his attention to the drama; and as admiration in a mind like his, full of blind activity and nameless aspirings, naturally issues in imitation, he plunged with equal ardour into this new subject, and produced his first tragedy *Cosmo von Medicis*, some fragments of which he retained and inserted in his *Robbers*. A mass of minor performances, preserved among his papers, or published in the Magazines of the time, serve sufficiently to show that his mind had already dimly discovered its destination, and was striving with a restless vehemence to reach it, in spite of every obstacle.

* The feeling produced in him by Shakspeare he described long afterwards: it throws light on the general state of his temper and tastes. "When I first, at a very early age," he says, "became acquainted with this poet, I felt indignant at his coldness, his hardness of heart, which permitted him in the most melting pathos to utter jests,—to mar, by the introduction of a fool, the soul-searching scenes of Hamlet, Lear, &c.; which now kept him still where my sensibilities hastened forward, now drove him carelessly onward where I would so gladly have lingered. * * * He was the object of my reverence and zealous study, for years before I could love himself. I was not yet capable of comprehending Nature at first hand: I had but learned to admire her image reflected in the understanding and put in order by rules." *Werke*, Bd. viii. 2, S. 77.

Such obstacles were in his case neither few nor small. Schiller felt the mortifying truth that to arrive at the ideal world, he must first gain a footing in the real; that he might entertain high thoughts and longings, might reverence the beauties of nature and grandeur of mind, but was born to toil for his daily bread. Poetry he loved with the passionate-ness of a first affection; but he could not live by it; he honoured it too highly to wish to live by it. His prudence told him that he must yield to stern necessity, must "forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms;" and he did not hesitate to obey. His professional studies were followed with a rigid though reluctant fidelity; it was only in leisure gained by superior diligence that he could yield himself to more favourite pursuits. Genius was to serve as the ornament of his inferior qualities, not as an excuse for the want of them.

But if, when such sacrifices were required, it was painful to comply with the dictates of his own reason, it was still more so to endure the harsh and superfluous restrictions of his teachers. He felt it hard enough to be driven from the enchantments of poetry by the dull realities of duty; but it was intolerable and degrading to be hemmed in still farther by the caprices of severe and formal pedagogues. Schiller brooded gloomily over the constraints and hardships of his situation. Many plans he formed for deliverance. Sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world to him forbidden: sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest. Often the sight of his class-books and school-apparatus became irksome beyond endurance; he would feign sickness, that he might be left in his own chamber to write poetry and pursue his darling studies without hindrance. The artifice did not long avail him; the masters noticed the regularity of his sickness, and sent him tasks to be done while it lasted. Even Schiller's patience could not brook this; his natural timidity gave place to indignation; he threw the paper of exercises at the feet of the messenger,

and said sternly that "here he would chuse his own studies."

Under such corroding and continual vexations, an ordinary spirit would have sunk at length, would have gradually given up its loftier aspirations, and sought refuge in vicious indulgence, or at best have sullenly harnessed itself into the yoke, and plodded through existence, weary, discontented, and broken, ever casting back a hankering look upon the dreams of youth, and ever without power to realize them. But Schiller was no ordinary character, and did not act like one. Beneath a cold and simple exterior, dignified with no artificial attractions, and marred in its native amiableness by the incessant obstruction, the isolation and painful destitutions under which he lived, there was concealed a burning energy of soul, which no obstruction could extinguish. The hard circumstances of his fortune had prevented the natural developement of his mind; his faculties had been cramped and misdirected: but they had gathered strength by opposition and the habit of self-dependence which it encouraged. His thoughts, unguided by a teacher, had sounded into the depths of his own nature and the mysteries of his own fate; his feelings and passions, unshared by any other heart, had been driven back upon his own—where, like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible.

Hitherto Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy: but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature; he stood forth as a man, and wrenched asunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publication of *the Robbers* forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stuttgart school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed are to be traced in all its parts. It is the production of a strong untutored spirit, consumed by an activity

for which there is no outlet, indignant at the barriers which restrain it, and grappling darkly with the phantoms to which its own energy thus painfully imprisoned gives being. A rude simplicity, combined with a gloomy and overpowering force, are its chief characteristics; they remind us of the defective cultivation as well as of the fervid and harassed feelings of its author. Above all, the latter quality is visible; the tragic interest of the *Robbers* is deep throughout—so deep that frequently it borders upon horror. A grim inexorable fate is made the ruling principle: it envelopes and overshadows the whole; and under its lowering influence, the fiercest efforts of human will appear but like flashes that illuminate the wild scene with a brief and terrible splendour, and are lost for ever in the darkness. The unsearchable abysses of man's destiny are laid open before us, black and profound, and appalling, as they seem to the young mind when it first attempts to explore them: the obstacles that thwart our faculties and wishes, the deceitfulness of hope, the nothingness of existence, are sketched in the sable colours, so natural to the enthusiast, when he first ventures upon life, and compares the world that is without him to the anticipations that were within.

Karl von Moor is a character such as young poets always delight to contemplate or delineate: to Schiller, the analogy of their situations must have peculiarly recommended him. Moor is animated into action by feelings similar to those under which his author was then suffering and longing to act. Gifted with every noble quality of manhood in overflowing abundance, Moor's first expectations of life, and of the part he was to play in it, had been glorious as a poet's dream. But the minor dexterities of management were not among his endowments: in his eagerness to reach the goal, he had forgotten that the course is a labyrinthic maze, beset with difficulties, of which some may be surmounted, some can only be evaded, many can be neither. Hurried on by the headlong impetuosity of his temper, he entangles himself in these perplexities; and thinks to penetrate them not by skill and patience, but by open force. He is

baffled, deceived, and still more deeply involved; but injury and disappointment exasperate rather than instruct him. He had expected heroes, and he finds mean men; friends, and he finds smiling traitors to tempt him aside, to profit by his aberrations, and lead him onward to destruction: he had dreamed of unanimity and every generous principle, he finds that prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward. Too fiery by nature, the intensity of his sufferings has now maddened him still farther: he is himself incapable of calm reflection; and there is no counsellor at hand to assist him,—none, whose sympathy might assuage his miseries—whose wisdom might teach him to remedy or to endure them. He is stung by fury into action, and his activity is at once blind and tremendous. Since the world is not the abode of unmixed integrity, he looks upon it as a den of thieves; since its institutions may obstruct the advancement of worth, and screen delinquency from punishment, he regards the social union as a pestilent nuisance, the mischiefs of which it is fitting that he in his degree should do his best to repair, by means however violent. Revenge is the main spring of his conduct; but he ennobles it in his own eyes, by giving it the colour of a disinterested concern for the maintenance of justice,—the abasement of vice from its high places, and the exaltation of suffering virtue. Single against the universe, to appeal to the primary law of the stronger, to “grasp the scales of Providence in a mortal's hand,” is frantic and wicked; but Moor has a force of soul which makes it likewise awful. The interest lies in the conflict of this gigantic soul against the fearful odds which at length overwhelm it, and hurry it down to the darkest depths of ruin.

The original conception of such a work as this betrays the inexperience no less than the vigour of youth: its execution gives a similar testimony. The characters of the piece, though traced in glowing colours, are outlines more than pictures: the few features we discover in them are drawn with elaborate minuteness; but the rest are wanting. Every thing indicates the condition of a keen and powerful intellect, which

had studied men in books only; had, by self-examination and the perusal of history, detected and strongly seized some of the leading peculiarities of human nature; but was yet ignorant of all the minute and more complex principles which regulate men's conduct in actual life, and which only a knowledge of living men can unfold. If the hero of the play forms something like an exception to this remark, he is the sole exception, and for reasons alluded to above: his character resembles the author's own. Even with Karl the success is incomplete: with the other personages it is far more so. Franz von Moor is an amplified copy of Iago and Richard; but the copy is distorted as well as amplified. There is no air of reality in Franz: he is a villain of theory, who studies to accomplish his object by the most diabolical expedients, and soothes his conscience by arguing with the priest in favour of atheism and materialism; not the genuine villain of Shakspeare and nature, who employs his reasoning powers in creating new schemes and devising new means, and conquers remorse by avoiding it—by fixing his hopes and fears on the more pressing emergencies of worldly business. So reflective a miscreant as Franz could not exist: his calculations would lead him to honesty, if merely because it was the best policy.

Amelia, the only female in the piece, is a beautiful creation; but as imaginary as her persecutor Franz. Still and exalted in her warm enthusiasm, devoted in her love to Moor, she moves before us as the inhabitant of a higher and simpler world than ours. "*He sails on troubled seas,*" she exclaims, with a confusion of metaphors, which it is easy to pardon, "*he sails on troubled seas—Amelia's love sails with him; he wanders in pathless deserts—Amelia's love makes the burning sand grow green beneath him, and the stunted shrubs to blossom: the south scorches his bare head; his feet are pinched by the northern snow; stormy hail beats round his temples—Amelia's love rocks him to sleep in the storm. Seas, and hills, and horizons, are between us; but souls escape from their clay prisons, and meet in the paradise of love!*" She

is a fair vision, the *beau idéal* of a poet's first mistress; but has few mortal lineaments.

Similar defects are visible in almost all the other characters. Moor, the father, is a weak and fond old man, who could have arrived at gray hairs in such a state of ignorance, nowhere but in a work of fiction. The inferior banditti are painted with greater vigour, yet still in rugged and ill-shapen forms; their individuality is kept up by an extravagant exaggeration of their several peculiarities. Schiller himself pronounced a severe but not unfounded censure, when he said of this work in a maturer age, that his *chief* fault was in "presuming to delineate men, two years before he had met one."

His skill in the art of composition surpassed his knowledge of the world; but that too was far from perfection. Schiller's style in the *Robbers* is partly of a kind with the incidents and feelings which it represents—strong and astonishing, and sometimes wildly grand; but likewise inartificial, coarse, and grotesque. His sentences, in their rude emphasis, come down like the club of Hercules: the stroke is often of a crushing force, but its sweep is irregular and awkward. When Moor is involved in the deepest intricacies of the old question, necessity and free will, and has convinced himself that he is but an engine in the hands of some dark and irresistible power, he cries out: "*Why has my Perillus made of me a brazen bull to roast men in my glowing belly?*" The stage-direction says, "*shaken with horror:*" no wonder that he shook!

Schiller has admitted these faults, and explained their origin, in strong and sincere language, in a passage of which we have already quoted the conclusion. "*A singular miscalculation of nature,*" he says, "*had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me,*

my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me. I was unacquainted with men—for the four hundred that lived with me were but repetitions of the same creature, true casts of one single mould, and of that very mould which plastic nature solemnly disclaimed. * * * Thus circumstanced, a stranger to human characters and human fortunes, to hit the medium line between angels and devils was an enterprize in which I necessarily failed. In attempting it, my pencil necessarily brought out a monster, for which by good fortune the world had no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which Genius in its unnatural union with Thralldom may give to the world. I allude to the *Robbers*.”*

Yet with all these excrescences and defects, the unbounded popularity of the *Robbers* is not difficult to account for. To every reader, the excitement of emotion must be a chief consideration; to the mass of readers, it is the sole one: and the grand secret of moving others is that the poet be moved himself. We have seen how well Schiller's temper and circumstances qualified him to fulfil this condition: treatment not of his choosing had raised his own mind into something like a Pythian frenzy; and his genius, untrained as it was, sufficed to communicate abundance of the feeling to others. Perhaps more than abundance: to judge from our individual impression, the perusal of the *Robbers* produces an effect powerful even to pain; we are absolutely wounded by the catastrophe; our minds are darkened and distressed, as if we had witnessed the execution of a criminal. It is in vain that we rebel against the inconsistencies and crudities of the work: its faults are redeemed by the living energy that pervades it. We may exclaim against the blind madness of the hero; but there is a towering grandeur about him, a whirlwind force of passion and of will, which catches our hearts and puts the scruples of criticism to silence. The most delirious of enterprizes is that

of Moor, but the vastness of his mind renders even that interesting. We see him leagued with desperadoes, directing their savage strength to actions more and more audacious; he is in arms against the conventions of men and the everlasting laws of fate: yet we follow him with anxiety through the forests and desert places, where he wanders, encompassed with peril, inspired with lofty daring, and torn by unceasing remorse; and we wait with awe for the doom which he has merited and cannot avoid. Nor amid all his frightful aberrations do we ever cease to love him: he is an “archangel though in ruins;” and the strong agonies which he feels at present, the certainty of what is at length to overtake him, which his own eye never loses sight of, make us lenient to his crimes. When he pours forth his wild recollections, or still wilder forebodings, there is a terrible vehemence in his expressions, which overpowers us, in spite both of his and their extravagance. The scene on the hills beside the Danube, where he looks at the setting sun, and thinks of old hopes, and times “when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten,” is one, with all its improprieties, that ever clings to the memory. “See,” he passionately continues, “all things are gone forth to bask in the peaceful beam of the spring: why must I alone inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? That all should be so happy, all so married together by the spirit of peace! The whole world *one* family, its Father above; that Father not *mine*! I alone the castaway, I alone struck out from the company of the just; for me no child to lisp my name, never for me the languishing look of one whom I love—never, never the embracing of a bosom-friend!—Encircled with murderers, serpents hissing around me,—riveted to vice with iron bonds,—rushing down to the gulph of perdition on the eddying torrent of wickedness; amid the flowers of the glad world, a howling Abaddon! O that I might return into my mother's womb—that I might be born a beggar! I would never more—O heaven, that I could

be as one of these day-labourers! Oh! I would toil till the blood ran down from my temples, to buy myself the pleasure of one noontide sleep, the blessing of a single tear. There *was* a time too, when I could weep—O ye days of peace, thou castle of my father, ye green lovely valleys!—O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood will ye never come again—never with your balmy sighing cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me nature! they will never come again—never cool my burning bosom with their balmy sighing. They are gone! gone! and may not return!”

No less striking is the soliloquy where Moor,—with the instrument of self-destruction in his hand, the “dread key that is to shut behind him the prison of life, and to unbolt before him the dwelling of eternal night,”—meditates on the gloomy enigmas of his future destiny. Soliloquies on this subject are numerous—from the time of Hamlet, of Cato, and downwards. Perhaps the worst of them has more ingenuity, perhaps the best of them has less awfulness, than the present. St. Dominick himself might shudder at such a question, and such an answer, as this: “What if thou shouldst send me companionless to some burnt and blasted circle of the universe,—which thou hast banished from thy sight,—where the lone darkness and the motionless desert were my prospects—for ever? I would people the silent wilderness with my fantasies; I should have eternity for leisure to examine the perplexed image of the universal woe.”

Strength, wild impassioned strength, is the distinguishing quality of Moor. All his history shows it; and his death is of a piece with the fierce splendour of his life. Having finished the bloody work of crime, and magnanimity, and horror, he thinks that, for himself, suicide would be too easy an exit. He has noticed a poor man toiling, by the way-side, for eleven children; a great reward has been promised for the head of the Robber: the gold will nourish that poor drudge and his boys; and Moor goes forth to give it them. We part with him in pity and sorrow; looking less at his misdeeds than at their frightful expiation.

The subordinate personages, though diminished in extent and varied in their forms, are of a similar quality with the hero,—a strange mixture of extravagance and true energy. In perusing the work which represents their characters and fates, we are alternately shocked and inspired; there is a perpetual conflict between our understanding and our feelings. Yet the latter on the whole come off victorious. The *Robbers* is a tragedy that will long find readers to astonish, and, with all its faults, to move. It stands, in our imagination, like some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age—irregular, fantastic, useless; but grand in its height and massiveness and black frowning strength. It will long remain a singular monument of the early genius and early fortune of its author.

The publication of such a work as this naturally produced an extraordinary feeling in the literary world. Translations of the *Robbers* soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them, with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion according to the relative proportions of sensibility and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany, the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of this single topic, the tragedian was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were: and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

One charge brought against him must have damped the joy of literary glory, and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work; of having set up to the impetuous and fiery temperament of youth a model of imitation which the young were too likely to pursue with eagerness, and which could only lead them from the safe and beaten tracks of duty into error and destruction.

It has even been stated, and often been repeated since, that a practical exemplification of this doctrine occurred, about this time, in Germany. A young nobleman, it was said, of the fairest gifts and prospects, had cast away all these advantages; betaken himself to the forests; and, copying Moor, had begun a course of active operations,—which, also copying Moor, but less willingly, he had ended by a shameful death.

It can now be hardly necessary to contradict these theories; or to show that none but a candidate for Bedlam as well as Tyburn could be seduced from the substantial comforts of existence, to seek destruction and disgrace, for the sake of such imaginary grandeur. The German nobleman of the fairest gifts and prospects turns out, on investigation, to have been a German blackguard, whom debauchery and riotous extravagance had reduced to want; who took to the highway, when he could take to nothing else,—not allured by an ebullient enthusiasm, or any heroical and misdirected appetite for sublime actions, but driven by the more palpable stimulus of importunate duns, an empty purse, and five craving senses. Perhaps in his later days, this philosopher *may* have referred to Schiller's tragedy, as the source from which he drew his theory of life: but if so, we believe he was mistaken. For characters like him, the great attraction was the charms of revelry, and the great restraint, the gallows,—before the period of Karl von Moor, just as they have been since, and will be to the end of time. Among motives like these, the influence of even the most malignant book could scarcely be discernible, and would be little detrimental, if it were.

Nothing, at any rate, could be farther from Schiller's intention than such a consummation. In his preface, he speaks of the moral effect of the *Robbers* in terms which do honour to his heart, while they show the inexperience of his head. Ridicule, he signifies, has long been tried against the wickedness of the times, whole cargoes of hellebore have been expended—in vain; and now, he

thinks, recourse must be had to more pungent medicines. We may smile at the simplicity of this idea; and safely conclude that, like other specifics, the present one would fail to produce a perceptible effect: but Schiller's vindication rests on higher grounds than these. His work has on the whole furnished nourishment to the more elevated powers of our nature; he has uttered sentiments which, with all their alloy, tend to exalt the soul to nobler conceptions: and this is a sufficient defence. As to the danger of misapplying the inspiration he communicates,—of forgetting the dictates of prudence in our zeal for the dictates of poetry,—we have no great cause to fear it. Hitherto, at least, there has always been enough of dull reality, on every side of us, to abate such fervours in good time, and bring us back to the most sober level of prose, if not to sink us below it. We should thank the poet who performs such a service; and forbear to inquire too rigidly whether there is any "moral" in his piece or not. The writer of a work, which interests and excites the spiritual feelings of men, has as little need to justify himself by showing how it exemplifies some wise saw or modern instance, as the doer of a generous action has to demonstrate its merit, by deducing it from the system of Shaftesbury, or Smith, or Paley, or whichever happens to be the favourite system for the age and place. The instructiveness of the one, and the virtue of the other, exist independently of all systems or saws, and in spite of all.

But the tragedy of the *Robbers* produced some inconveniencies of a kind much more sensible than these its theoretical mischiefs. We have called it the signal of Schiller's deliverance from school tyranny and military constraint; but its operation in this respect was not immediate; at first, it seemed to involve him more deeply and dangerously than before. He had finished the original sketch of it in 1778; but for fear of offence, he kept it secret till his medical studies were completed.* These, in the mean time, he had pursued

* On this subject, Doering gives an anecdote, which may perhaps be worth translating. "One of Schiller's teachers surprised him, on one occasion, reciting a scene from the *Robbers*, before some of his intimate companions. At the words, which Franz von

with sufficient assiduity to merit the usual honours: * in 1780, he had, in consequence, obtained the post of surgeon to the regiment *Augé*, in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to complete his project, to print the *Robbers*, at his own expense, not being able to find any bookseller that would undertake it. The nature of the work, and the universal interest it awakened, drew attention to the private circumstances of the author, whom the *Robbers*, as well as other pieces of his writing, that had found their way into the periodical publications of the time, sufficiently showed to be no common man. Many grave persons were offended at the vehement sentiments expressed in the *Robbers*; and the unquestioned ability, with which these extravagances were expressed, but made the matter worse. To Schiller's superiors, above all, such things were inconceivable: he might perhaps be a very great genius, but was certainly a dangerous servant to be kept in the pay of the Grand Duke of Würtemberg. Officious people mingled themselves in the affair: nay, the graziers of the Alps were brought to bear upon it. The Grisons magistrates, it appeared, had seen the book; and were mortally huffed at being there spoken of, according to a Swabian adage, as *common highwaymen*. They complained in the *Hamburg Correspondent*; and a sort of jackall, at Ludwigsburg, one Walter, whose name deserves to be thus kept in mind, volunteered to plead their cause before the Grand Duke.

Informed of all these circumstances, the Grand Duke expressed his disapprobation of Schiller's poetical labours, in the most unequivocal terms. Schiller was at length summoned to appear before him; and it then turned out, that his High-

ness was not only dissatisfied with the moral or political errors of the work, but scandalized moreover at its want of literary merit. In this latter respect, he was kind enough to proffer his own services. But Schiller seems to have received the proposal with no sufficient gratitude; and the interview passed without advantage. It terminated in the Duke's commanding Schiller to abide by medical subjects; or at least, to beware of writing any more poetry—without submitting it to his inspection.

We need not comment on this portion of the Grand Duke's history: his treatment of Schiller has already been sufficiently avenged. By the great body of mankind, his name will be recollected, chiefly, if at all, for the sake of the unfriended youth whom he now schooled so sharply, and afterwards afflicted so cruelly: it will be recollected also with the angry triumph which we feel against a shallow and despotic "noble of convention," who strains himself to oppress "one of nature's nobility," submitted by blind chance to his dominion,—and cannot succeed! All this is far more than the Prince of Würtemberg deserves. Of limited faculties, and educated in the French principles of taste, then common to persons of his rank in Germany, he had perused the *Robbers* with unfeigned disgust; he could see in the author only a misguided enthusiast, with talents barely enough to make him dangerous. And though he never fully or formally retracted this injustice, he did not follow it up; when Schiller became known to the world at large, the Duke ceased to persecute him. The father he still kept in his service, and nowise molested.

In the mean time, however, various mortifications awaited Schiller. It

Moor addresses to Moser: *Ha what! thou knowest none greater? Think again! Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hovers in the sound of thy voice! Not one greater?—the door opened, and the master saw Schiller stamping in desperation up and down the room. "For shame," said he, "for shame to get into such a passion, and curse so!" The other scholars tittered covertly at the worthy Inspector, and Schiller called after him with a bitter smile: "A noodle!"—(Ein confusirter Kerl.)*

* His Latin Essay on the *Philosophy of Physiology* was written in 1778, and never printed. His concluding thesis was published, according to custom: the subject is arduous enough, "the connection between the animal and spiritual nature of man"—which Dr. Cabanis has since treated in so offensive a fashion. Schiller's tract we have never seen. Doering says it was long "out of print," till *Nasse* reproduced it in his *Medical Journal* (Leipzig 1820); he is silent respecting its merits.

was in vain that he discharged the humble duties of his station with the most strict fidelity, and even, it is said, with superior skill: he was a suspected person, and his most innocent actions were misconstrued, his slightest faults were visited with the full measure of official severity. His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Schöenberg, because he had been "a rock of offence to the powers that were." The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller as a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting its strength in strife against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men, who knew him not; yet had his fortune in their hands: the idea of dungeons and jailors haunted and tortured his mind; and the means of escaping them,—the renunciation of poetry, the source of all his joy, if likewise of many woes, the radiant guiding-star of his turbid and obscure existence,—seemed a sentence of death to all that was dignified, and delightful, and worth retaining, in his character. Totally ignorant of what is called the world; conscious too of the might that slumbered in his soul, and proud of it, as kings are of their sceptres; impetuous when roused, and spurning unjust restraint; yet wavering and timid from the delicacy of his nature, and still more restricted in the freedom of his movements by the circumstances of his father, whose all depended on the pleasure of the court, Schiller felt himself embarrassed, and agitated, and tormented, in no common degree. Urged this way and that, by the most powerful and conflicting impulses; driven to despair by the paltry shackles that chained him, yet forbidden by the most sacred considerations to break them, he knew not on what he should resolve; he reckoned himself "the most unfortunate of men."

Time at length gave him the solution; circumstances occurred which forced him to decide. The popularity of the *Robbers* had brought him into correspondence with several friends of literature, who wished to patronize the author, or engage him in new undertakings. Among this

number was the Freiherr von Dalberg, superintendant of the theatre at Mannheim, under whose encouragement and countenance Schiller remodelled the *Robbers*, altered it in some parts, and had it brought upon the stage, in 1781. The correspondence with Dalberg began in literary discussions, but gradually elevated itself into the expression of more interesting sentiments. Dalberg loved and sympathized with the generous enthusiast, involved in troubles and perplexities which his inexperience was so little adequate to thread: he gave him advice and assistance; and Schiller repaid this favour with the gratitude due to his kind, his first, and then almost his only benefactor. His letters to this gentleman have been preserved, and lately published: they exhibited a lively picture of Schiller's painful situation at Stuttgart, and of his unskilful as well as eager anxiety to be delivered from it. His darling project was that Dalberg should bring him to Mannheim, as theatrical poet, by permission of the Duke: at one time, he even thought of turning player.

Neither of these projects could take immediate effect, and Schiller's embarrassments became more pressing than ever. With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence: and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity: and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Be-leaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free, at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to

quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life. Some foreign Duke or Prince was arriving at Stuttgard; and all the people were in movement, occupied with seeing the spectacle of his entrance: Schiller seized this opportunity of retiring from the city,—careless whither he went, so he got beyond the reach of turnkeys, and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers. It was in the month of October, 1782.

This last step forms the catastrophe of the publication of the *Robbers*: it completed the deliverance of Schiller from the grating thralldom under which his youth had been passed, and decided his destiny for life. Schiller was in his twenty-third year, when he left Stuttgard. He says he “went empty away—empty in purse and hope.” The future was indeed sufficiently dark before him. Without patrons, connexions, or country, he had ventured forth to the warfare on his own charges; without means, experience, or settled purpose, it was greatly to be feared that the fight would go against him. Yet his situation, though gloomy enough, was not entirely without its brighter side. He was now a free man, free, however poor; and his strong soul quickened as its fetters dropt off, and gloried within him in the dim anticipation of great and far-extending enterprises. If cast too rudely among the hardships and bitter disquietudes of the world, his past nursing had not been delicate, he was already taught to look upon privation and discomfort as his daily companions. If he knew not how to bend his course among the perplexed vicissitudes of society, there was a force within him which would triumph over many difficulties; and a “light from Heaven” was about his path, which, if it failed to conduct him to wealth and preferment, would keep him far from baseness and degrading vices. Literature, and every great and noble thing which the right pursuit of it implies, he loved with all his heart and all his soul: to this inspiring object he was henceforth exclusively devoted; advancing towards this, and possessed of common necessities on the humblest

scale, there was little else to tempt him. His life might be unhappy, but would hardly be disgraceful.

Schiller gradually felt all this, and gathered comfort, while better days began to dawn upon him. Fearful of trusting himself so near Stuttgard as at Mannheim, he had passed into Franconia, and was living painfully at Oggersheim, under the name of Schmidt: but Dalberg, who knew all his distresses, supplied him with money for immediate wants; and a generous lady made him the offer of a home. Die Fraw von Wollzogen lived on her estate of Bauerbach, in the neighbourhood of Meinungen; she knew Schiller from his works, and his intimacy with her sons, who had been his fellow-students at Stuttgard. She invited him to her house; and there treated him with an affection which helped him to forget the past, and look cheerfully forward to the future.

Under this hospitable roof, Schiller had leisure to examine calmly the perplexed and dubious aspect of his affairs. Happily his character belonged not to the whining or sentimental sort: he was not of those, in whom the pressure of misfortune produces nothing but unprofitable pain; who spend, in cherishing and investigating and deploring their miseries, the time which should be spent in providing a relief from them. With him, strong feeling was constantly a call to vigorous action: he possessed in a high degree the faculty of conquering his afflictions, by directing his thoughts, not to maxims for enduring them, or modes of expressing them with interest, but to plans for getting rid of them; and to this disposition or habit,—too rare among men of genius, men of a much higher class than mere sentimentalists, but whose sensibility is out of proportion with their inventiveness or activity,—we are to attribute no small influence in the fortunate conduct of his subsequent life. With such a turn of mind, Schiller, now that he was at length master of his own movements, could not long be at a loss for plans or tasks. Once settled at Bauerbach, he immediately resumed his poetical employments; and forgot, in the regions of fancy, the vague uncertainties of his real condition, or saw prospects of amend-

ing it in a life of literature. By many safe and sagacious persons, the prudence of his late proceedings might be more than questioned; it was natural for many to forebode that one who left the port so rashly, and sailed with such precipitation, was likely to make shipwreck ere the voyage had extended far: but the lapse of a few months put a stop to such predictions. A year had not passed since his departure, when Schiller sent forth his *Verschwörung des Fiesco* and *Kabale und Liebe*; tragedies which testified that, dangerous and arduous as the life he had selected might be, he possessed resources more than adequate to its emergencies. *Fiesco* he had commenced during the period of his arrest at Stuttgart: it was published, with the other play, in 1783; and soon after brought upon the Manheim theatre, with universal approbation.

It was now about three years since the composition of the *Robbers* had been finished; five since the first sketch of it had been formed. With what zeal and success Schiller had, in that interval, pursued the work of his mental culture, these two dramas are a striking proof. The first ardour of youth is still to be discerned in them; but it is now chastened by the dictates of a maturer reason, and made to animate the products of a much happier and more skilful invention. Schiller's ideas of art had expanded and grown clearer, his knowledge of life had enlarged. He exhibits more acquaintance with the fundamental principles of human nature, as well as with the circumstances under which it usually displays itself; and far higher and juster views of the manner in which its manifestations should be represented.

In the *Conspiracy of Fiesco*, we have to admire not only the energetic animation which the author has infused into all his characters, but the distinctness with which he has discriminated, without aggravating them; and the vividness with which he has contrived to depict the scene where they act and move. The political and personal relations of the Genoese nobility; the luxurious splendour, the intrigues, the feuds, and jarring interest, which occupy them, are made visible before us: we understand and may appreciate the

complexities of the conspiracy; we mingle, as among realities, in the pompous and imposing movements which lead to the catastrophe. The catastrophe itself is displayed with peculiar effect. The midnight silence of the sleeping city, interrupted only by the distant sounds of watchmen, by the low hoarse murmur of the sea, or the stealthy footsteps and disguised voice of Fiesco, is conveyed to our imagination by some brief but graphic touches; we seem to stand in the solitude and deep stillness of Genoa, awaiting the signal which is to burst so fearfully upon its slumber. At length the gun is fired; and the wild uproar which ensues is no less strikingly exhibited. The deeds and sounds of violence, astonishment, and terror; the volleying cannon, the heavy toll of the alarm-bells, the acclamation of assembled thousands, "the voice of Genoa speaking with Fiesco,"—all is made present to us with a force and clearness, which of itself were enough to show no ordinary power of close and comprehensive conception, no ordinary skill in arranging and expressing its results.

But it is not this felicitous delineation of circumstances and visible scenes which constitutes our principal enjoyment. The faculty of penetrating through obscurity and confusion, to seize the characteristic features of an object, abstract or material; of producing a lively description in the latter case, an accurate and keen scrutiny in the former, is the essential property of intellect, and occupies in its best form a high rank in the scale of mental gifts: but the creative faculty of the poet, and most of the dramatic poet, is something superadded to this; it is far rarer, and occupies a rank far higher. In this particular, *Fiesco*, without approaching the limits of perfection, yet moves in an elevated range of excellence. The characters, on the whole, are imagined and portrayed with great impressiveness and vigour. Traces of old faults are indeed still to be discovered; there still seems a want of pliancy about the author's genius; a stiffness and heaviness in his motions. His sublimity is not to be questioned; but it does not always disdain the aid of rude contrasts, and mere theatrical effect. He paints in colours deep

and glowing, but without sufficient skill to blend them delicately: he amplifies nature more than purifies it; he omits, but does not well conceal the omission. *Fiesco* has not the complete charm of a true though embellished resemblance to reality; its attraction rather lies in a kind of colossal magnitude, which requires it, if seen to advantage, to be viewed from a distance. Yet the pervading qualities of the piece do more than make us pardon such defects. If the dramatic imitation is not always entirely successful, it is never very distant from success; and a constant flow of powerful thought and sentiment counteracts or prevents us from noticing the failure. We find evidence of great philosophic penetration, great resources of invention, directed by a skilful study of history and men; and everywhere a bold grandeur of feeling and imagery gives life to what study has combined. The chief incidents have a dazzling magnificence; the chief characters, an aspect of majesty and force which corresponds to it. Fervour of heart, capaciousness of intellect and imagination, present themselves on all sides: the general effect is powerful and exalting.

Fiesco himself is a personage at once probable and tragically interesting. The luxurious dissipation, in which he veils his daring projects, softens the rudeness of that strength which it half conceals. His immeasurable pride expands itself not only into a disdain of subjection, but also into the loftiest acts of magnanimity: his blind confidence in fortune seems almost warranted by the resources which he finds in his own fearlessness and imperturbable presence of mind. His ambition participates in the nobleness of his other qualities; he is less anxious that his rivals should yield to him in power, than in generosity and greatness of character, attributes of which power is with him but the symbol and the fit employment. Ambition in *Fiesco* is indeed the common wish of every mind to diffuse its individual influence, to see its own activity reflected back from the united minds of millions; but it is the common wish acting on no common man. He does not long to rule that he may sway other wills, as it were, by the phy-

sical exertion of his own: he would lead us captive by the superior grandeur of his qualities, once fairly manifested; and he aims at dominion, chiefly as it will enable him to manifest them. "It is not the arena that he values, but what lies in that arena:" the sovereignty is enviable, not for its adventitious splendour, not because it is the object of coarse and universal wonder; but as it offers, in the collected force of a nation, something which the loftiest mortal may find scope for all his powers in guiding. "Spread out the thunder," *Fiesco* exclaims, "into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children: pour it forth together in *one* quick peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens." His affections are not less vehement than his other passions: his heart can be melted into powerlessness and tenderness by the mild persuasions of his *Leonora*; the idea of exalting this amiable being mingles largely with the other motives to his enterprise. He is, in fact, a great, and might have been a virtuous man; and though in the pursuit of grandeur, he swerves from absolute rectitude, we still respect his splendid qualities, and admit the force of the allurements which have led him astray. It is but faintly that we condemn his sentiments, when, after a night spent in struggles between a rigid and a more accommodating patriotism, he looks out of his chamber, as the sun is rising in its calm beauty, and gilding the waves and mountains, and all the innumerable palaces, and domes, and spires of *Genoa*, he exclaims with rapture: "This majestic city—mine! To flame over it like the kingly Day; to brood over it with a monarch's power; all these sleepless longings, all these never-satiated wishes to be drowned in that unfathomable ocean!" We admire *Fiesco*, we disapprove of him, and sympathize with him: he is crushed in the ponderous machinery which himself put in motion and thought to control: we lament his fate, but confess that it was not undeserved. He is a fit "offering of individual free-will to the force of social conventions."

Fiesco is not the only striking character in the play which bears his name. The narrow fanatical

republican virtue of Verrina, the mild and venerable wisdom of the old Doria, the unbridled profligacy of his nephew, even the cold contented irreclaimable perversity of the cut-throat Moor, all dwell in our recollections: but what, next to Fiesco, chiefly attracts us, is the character of Leonora his wife. Leonora is kindred to Amelia in the *Robbers*, but involved in more complicated relations, and brought nearer to the actual condition of humanity. She is such a heroine as Schiller most delights to draw. Meek and retiring by the softness of her nature, yet glowing with an ethereal ardour for all that is illustrious and lovely, she clings about her husband, as if her being were one with his. She dreams of remote and peaceful scenes, where Fiesco should be all to her, she all to Fiesco: her idea of love is, that "her name should lie in secret behind every one of his thoughts, should speak to him from every object of nature; that for him, this bright majestic universe itself were but as the shining jewel, on which her image, only hers, stood engraved." Her character seems a reflection of Fiesco's, but refined from his grosser strength, and transfigured into a celestial form of purity and tenderness, and every touching grace. Jealousy cannot move her into anger; she languishes in concealed sorrow, when she thinks herself forgotten. It is affection alone that can rouse her into passion; but under the influence of this, she forgets all weakness and fear. She cannot stay in her palace, on the night when Fiesco's destiny is deciding; she rushes forth, as if inspired, to share in her husband's dangers and sublime deeds, and perishes at last in the tumult.

The death of Leonora, so brought about, and at such a time, is reckoned among the blemishes of the work: that of Fiesco, in which Schiller has ventured to depart from history, is to be more favourably judged of. Fiesco is not here accidentally drowned; but pushed in by the indignant Verrina, who forgets or stifles the feelings of friendship, in his rage at political apostacy. "The nature of the drama," we are justly told, "will not suffer the operation of chance, or of immediate Providence. Higher

spirits can discern the minute fibres of an event stretching through the whole expanse of the system of the world, and hanging, it may be, on the remotest limits of the future and the past,—where man discerns nothing save the action itself, hovering unconnected in space. But the artist has to paint for the short view of man, whom he wishes to instruct; not for the piercing eye of superior powers, from whom he learns."

In the composition of *Fiesco*, Schiller derived the main part of his original materials from history; he could increase the effect by gorgeous representations, and ideas pre-existing in the mind of his reader. Enormity of incident and strangeness of situation lent him a similar assistance in the *Robbers*. *Kabale und Liebe* is destitute of these advantages; it is a tragedy of domestic life; its means of interesting are comprised within itself, and rest on very simple feelings, dignified by no very singular action. The name, *Court-intriguing and Love*, correctly designates its nature: it aims at exhibiting the struggle and the victory of political manœuvring, of cold worldly wisdom, against the pure and impassioned movements of the young heart—as yet unsullied by the tarnish of every-day life, inexperienced in its calculations, sick of its empty formalities, and indignantly determined to cast off the mean restrictions it imposes, which bind so firmly by their number, though singly so contemptible. The idea is far from original: this is a conflict, which most men have figured to themselves—which many men of ardent mind are in some degree constantly waging. To make it, in this simple form, the subject of a drama, seems to be a thought of Schiller's own; but the praise though not the merit of his undertaking—considerable rather as performed than projected—has been lessened by a multitude of worthless or noxious imitations. The same primary conception has been tortured into a thousand shapes, and tricked out with a thousand tawdry devices and meretricious ornaments, by the Kotzebues and other "intellectual Jacobins," whose productions have brought what we falsely call the "German theatre" into such deserved contempt in Eng-

land. Some portion of the gall, due only to these inflated, flimsy, and fantastic persons, appears to have acted on certain critics in estimating this play of Schiller's. August Wilhelm Schlegel speaks slightly of the work: he says "it will hardly move us by its tone of overstrained sensibility, but may well afflict us by the painful impressions which it leaves." Our own experience has been different from that of Schlegel. In the characters of Louisa and Ferdinand Walter we discovered little overstraining: their sensibility we did not reckon as a crime, seeing it united with a clearness of judgment, chastened by a purity of heart, and controlled by a force of virtuous resolution, in full proportion with itself. We rather admired the genius of the poet, which could elevate a poor music-master's daughter to the dignity of a heroine; could represent, without wounding our sense of propriety, the affection of two noble beings, created for each other by nature, and divided by rank: we sympathized in their sentiments enough to feel a proper interest in their fate, and see in them, what the author meant we should see, two pure and lofty minds, involved in the meshes of vulgar cunning, and borne to destruction by the excess of their own good qualities and the crimes of others.

Ferdinand is a nobleman, but not convinced that "his patent of nobility is more ancient or of more authority than the primeval scheme of the universe:" he speaks and acts like a young man entertaining such persuasions; disposed to yield every thing to reason and true honour, but scarcely any thing to mere use and wont. His passion for Louisa is the sign and the nourishment rather than the cause of such a temper: he loves her without limit, as the only creature he has ever met with of a like mind with himself; and this feeling exalts into inspiration what was already the dictate of his nature. We accompany him on his straight and plain path; we rejoice to see him fling aside with a strong arm the artifices and allurements with which a worthless father and more worthless associates assail him at first in vain: there is something attractive in the spectacle of native integrity,

fearless though inexperienced, at war with selfishness and craft; something mournful; because the victory will seldom go as we would have it.

Louisa is a meet partner for the generous Ferdinand: the poet has done justice to her character. She is timid and humble; a feeling and richly gifted soul is hid in her by the unkindness of her earthly lot: she is without counsellors, except the innate holiness of her heart, and the dictates of her keen, though untutored understanding; yet when the hour of trial comes, she can obey the commands of both, and draw from herself a genuine nobleness of conduct, which second-hand prudence, and wealth, and titles, would but render less touching. Her filial affection, her angelic attachment to her lover, her sublime and artless piety, are beautifully contrasted with the bleakness of her external circumstances: she appears before us like the "one rose of the wilderness left on its stalk," and we grieve to see it crushed and trodden down so rudely.

The innocence, the enthusiasm, the exalted life and stern fate of Louisa and Ferdinand, give a powerful charm to this tragedy: it is everywhere interspersed with pieces of fine eloquence, and scenes which move us by their dignity or pathos. We recollect few passages of a more overpowering nature than the conclusion,—where Ferdinand, beguiled by the most diabolical machinations to disbelieve the virtue of his mistress, puts himself and her to death by poison. There is a gloomy and solemn might in his despair; though overwhelmed, he seems invincible: his enemies have blinded and imprisoned him in their deceptions; but only, that like Sampson, he may overturn his prison-house, and bury himself, and all that have wronged him, in its ruins.

The other characters of the play, though in general properly sustained, are not sufficiently remarkable to claim much of our attention. Wurm, the unprincipled calculating father's chief counsellor and agent, is wicked enough; but there is no great singularity in his wickedness. He is little more than the dry, cool, and now somewhat vulgar miscreant, the villainous attorney of modern novels. Kalb also is but a worthless subject,

and what is worse, but indifferently handled. He is meant for the feather-brained thing of tags and laces, which frequently inhabits courts; but he wants the grace and agility proper to the species; he is less a fool than a blockhead, less perverted than totally inane. Schiller's strength lay not in comedy, but in something far higher. The great merit of the present work consists in the characters of the hero and heroine; and in this respect, it ranks at the very head of its class. As a tragedy of common life, we know of few rivals to it, certainly of no superior.

The production of three such pieces as the *Robbers*, *Fiesco*, and *Kabale und Liebe*, already announced to the world that another great and original mind had appeared, from whose maturity, when such were the promises of youth, the highest expectations might be formed. These three plays stand related to each other in regard to their nature and form as well as date: they exhibit the progressive state of Schiller's education; show us the fiery enthusiasm of youth, exasperated into wildness, astonishing in its movements rather than sublime; and the same enthusiasm gradually yielding to the sway of reason, gradually using itself to the constraints prescribed by sound judgement and more extensive knowledge. Of the three, the *Robbers* is doubtless the most singular, and likely perhaps to be the most widely popular: but the latter two are of more real worth in the eye of taste, and will better bear a careful and rigorous study.

With the appearance of *Fiesco* and its companion, the first period of Schiller's literary history may conclude. The stormy confusions of his youth were now subsiding; after all his aberrations, repulses, and perplexed wanderings, he was at length about to reach his true destination, and times of more serenity began to open for him. Two such tragedies as he had lately offered to the world, made it easier for his friend Dalberg to second his pretensions. Schiller was at last gratified by the fulfilment of his favourite scheme; in September, 1783, he went to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre, a post of respectability and reasonable profit,

to the duties of which he forthwith addressed himself with all his heart. He was not long afterwards elected a member of the German Society established for literary objects in Mannheim; and he valued the honour, not only as a testimony of respect from a highly estimable quarter, but also as the means of uniting him more closely with men of kindred pursuits and tempers; and what was more than all, of quieting for ever his apprehensions from the government at Stuttgart. Since his arrival at Mannheim, one or two suspicious incidents had again alarmed him on this head; but being now acknowledged as a subject of the Elector Palatine, naturalized by law in his new country, he had nothing more to fear from the Duke of Würtemberg.

Satisfied with his moderate income, safe, free, and surrounded by friends that loved and honoured him, Schiller now looked confidently forward to what all his efforts had been a search and hitherto a fruitless search for, an undisturbed life of intellectual labour. What effect this happy aspect of his circumstances must have produced upon him may be easily conjectured.—Through many years he had been inured to agitation and distress; now peace, and liberty, and hope, sweet in themselves, were sweeter for their novelty. For the first time in his life, he saw himself allowed to obey without reluctance the ruling bias of his nature; for the first time, inclination and duty went hand in hand. His activity awoke with renovated force in this favourable scene; long-thwarted, half-forgotten projects again kindled into brightness, as the possibility of their accomplishment became apparent:—Schiller glowed with a generous pride, when he felt his faculties at his own disposal, and thought of the use he meant to make of them. "All my connections," he said, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me, my study, my sovereign, my confident. To the public alone I henceforth belong; before this, and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to

wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

These expressions are extracted from the preface to his *Thalia*, a periodical work, which he undertook in 1784, devoted to subjects connected with poetry, and chiefly with the drama. In such sentiments we

LETTER OF ELIA TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQUIRE.

SIR,—You have done me an unfriendly office, without perhaps much considering what you were doing. You have given an ill name to my poor *Lucubrations*. In a recent Paper on Infidelity, you usher in a conditional commendation of them with an exception; which, preceding the encomium, and taking up nearly the same space with it, must impress your readers with the notion, that the objectionable parts in them are at least equal in quantity to the pardonable. The censure is in fact the criticism; the praise—a concession merely. Exceptions usually follow, to qualify praise or blame. But there stands your reproof, in the very front of your notice, in ugly characters, like some bugbear, to frighten all good Christians from purchasing. Through you I am become an object of suspicion to preceptors of youth, and fathers of families. "*A book, which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original.*" With no further explanation, what must your readers conjecture, but that my little volume is some vehicle for heresy or infidelity? The quotation, which you honour me by subjoining, oddly enough, is of a character, which bespeaks a temperament in the writer the very reverse of *that* your reproof goes to insinuate. Had you been taxing me with superstition, the passage would have been pertinent to the censure. Was it worth your while to go so far out of your way to affront the feelings of an old friend, and commit yourself by an irrelevant quotation, for the pleasure of reflecting upon a poor child, an exile at Genoa?

I am at a loss what particular

leave him—commencing the arduous and perilous, but also glorious and sublime duties of a life consecrated to the discovery of truth, and the creation of intellectual beauty. He was now exclusively what is called a *Man of Letters*, for the rest of his days.

Essay you had in view (if my poor ramblings amount to that appellation) when you were in such a hurry to thrust in your objection, like bad news, foremost.—Perhaps the Paper on "Saying Graces" was the obnoxious feature. I have endeavoured there to rescue a voluntary duty—good in place, but never, as I remember, literally commanded—from the charge of an undecent formality. Rightly taken, Sir, that Paper was not against Graces, but Want of Grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it.

Or was it *that* on the "New Year"—in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene?—If men would honestly confess their misgivings (which few men will) there are times when the strongest Christians of us, I believe, have reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith—Others who stoutly venture into the dark (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith); and, investing themselves beforehand with Cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar, and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday—Some whose hope totters upon crutches—Others who stalk into futurity upon stilts.

The contemplation of a Spiritual

World,—which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation—is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

One man shall love his friends and his friends' faces; and, under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, &c. as upon earth—in a moment of no irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances), to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision—so that he might receive indefinite additaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, &c.—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart, is born in every one of us.

Some (and such have been accounted the safest divines) have shrunk from pronouncing upon the final state of any man; nor dare they pronounce the case of Judas to be desperate. Others (with stronger optics), as plainly as with the eye of flesh, shall behold a *given king* in bliss, and a *given chamberlain* in torment; even to the eternising of a cast of the eye in the latter, his own self-mocked and good humouredly-borne deformity on earth, but supposed to aggravate the uncouth and hideous expression of his pangs in the other place. That one man can presume so far, and that another would with shuddering disclaim such confidences, is, I believe, an effect of the nerves purely.

If in either of these Papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities—not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the out-skirts and extreme

edges, the debateable land between the holy and the profane regions—(for the admixture of man's inventions, twisting themselves with the name of religion itself, has artfully made it difficult to touch even the alloy, without, in some men's estimation, soiling the fine gold)—if I have sported within the purview of serious matter—it was, I dare say, a humour—be not startled, Sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the Devil. Not of the scriptural meaning of that dark essence—personal or allegorical; for the nature is no where plainly delivered. I acquit you of intentional irreverence. But indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. A noble Lord, your brother Visionary, has scarcely taken greater liberties with the material keys, and merely Catholic notion of St. Peter.—You have flattered him in prose: you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his Jester; Volunteer Laureat, and self-elected Court Poet to Beëlzebub.

You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks, think to be so. For this reason I am sorry to hear, that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your seriousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hands. The Methodists are shy of you, upon account of *their* founder. But, above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a Golden one to you. And here, your friends, Sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters—their Virgin, and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings, and the richest imagery, of your Epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought

at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court; leave his holiness in the lurch; and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse—

ten thousand leagues awry.

Then might we see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers,
tost

And flutter'd into rags; then reliques,
beads,

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds.

You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and, swifter than a pedlar can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night.

Sir, is it that I dislike you in this merry vein? The very reverse. No countenance becomes an intelligent jest better than your own. It is your grave aspect, when you look awful upon your poor friends, which I would deprecate.

In more than one place, if I mistake not, you have been pleased to compliment me at the expence of my companions. I cannot accept your compliment at such a price. The upbraiding a man's poverty naturally makes him look about him, to see whether he be so poor indeed as he is presumed to be. You have put me upon counting my riches. Really, Sir, I did not know I was so wealthy in the article of friendships. There is —, and —, whom you never heard of, but exemplary characters both, and excellent church-goers; and N., mine and my father's friend for nearly half a century; and the enthusiast for Wordsworth's poetry, T. N. T., a little tainted with Socinianism, it is to be feared, but constant in his attachments, and a capital critic; and —, a sturdy old Athanasian, so that sets all to rights

again; and W., the light, and warm-as-light hearted, Janus of the London; and the translator of Dante, still a curate, modest and amiable C.; and Allan C., the large-hearted Scot; and P. r., candid and affectionate as his own poetry; and A—p, Coleridge's friend; and G—n, his more than friend; and Coleridge himself, the same to me still, as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, Sir?) at our old Salutation tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth; and W—th (why, Sir, I might drop my rent-roll here; such goodly farms and manors have I reckoned up already. In what possessions has not this last name alone estated me!—but I will go on)—and M., the noble-minded kinsman, by wedlock, of W—th; and H. C. R., unwearied in the offices of a friend; and Clarkson, almost above the narrowness of that relation, yet condescending not seldom heretofore from the labours of his world-embracing charity to bless my humble roof; and the gall-less and single-minded Dyer; and the high-minded associate of Cook, the veteran Colonel, with his lusty heart still sending cartels of defiance to old Time; and, not least, W. A. the last and steadiest left to me of that little knot of whist-players, that used to assemble weekly, for so many years, at the Queen's Gate (you remember them, Sir?) and called Admiral Burney friend.

I will come to the point at once. I believe you will not make many exceptions to my associates so far. But I have purposely omitted some intimacies, which I do not yet repent of having contracted, with two gentlemen, diametrically opposed to yourself in principles. You will understand me to allude to the authors of Rimini and of the Table Talk. And first, of the former.—

It is an error more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species; and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian

parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to Terra Incognita, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse? If the persons, whom I have chiefly in view, have not pushed matters to this extremity yet, they carry them as far as they can go. Instead of mixing with the infidel and the free-thinker—in the room of opening a negociation, to try at least to find out at which gate the error entered—they huddle close together, in a weak fear of infection, like that pusillanimous underling in Spenser—

This is the wandering wood, this Error's den;

A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:

Therefore, I reed, beware. Fly, fly, quoth then

The fearful Dwarf.

and, if they be writers in orthodox journals—addressing themselves only to the irritable passions of the unbeliever—they proceed in a safe system of strengthening the strong hands, and confirming the valiant knees; of converting the already converted, and proselyting their own party. I am the more convinced of this from a passage in the very Treatise which occasioned this letter. It is where, having recommended to the doubter the writings of Michaelis and Lardner, you ride triumphant over the necks of all infidels, sceptics, and dissenters, from this time to the world's end, upon the wheels of two unanswerable deductions. I do not hold it meet to set down in a Miscellaneous Compilation like this, such religious words as you have thought fit to introduce into the pages of a petulant Literary Journal. I therefore beg leave to substitute *numerals*, and refer to the Quarterly Review (for July) for filling of them up. "Here," say you, "as in the history of 7, if these books are authentic, the events which they relate must be true; if they were written by 8, 9 is 10 and 11." Your first deduction, if it means honestly, rests upon two identical propositions; though I suspect an unfairness in one of the terms, which this would not be quite the proper place

for explicating. At all events you have no cause to triumph; you have not been proving the premises, but refer for satisfaction therein to very long and laborious works, which may well employ the sceptic a twelve-month or two to digest, before he can possibly be ripe for your conclusion. When he has satisfied himself about the premises, he will concede to you the inference, I dare say, most readily.—But your latter deduction, *viz.* that because 8 has written a book concerning 9, therefore 10 and 11 was certainly his meaning, is one of the most extraordinary conclusions *per saltum* that I have had the good fortune to meet with. As far as 10 is verbally asserted in the writings, all sects must agree with you; but you cannot be ignorant of the many various ways in which the doctrine of the ***** has been understood, from a low figurative expression (with the Unitarians) up to the most mysterious actuality; in which highest sense alone you and your church take it. And for 11, and that there is *no other possible conclusion*—to hazard this in the face of so many thousands of Arians and Socinians, &c., who have drawn so opposite a one, is such a piece of theological hardihood, as, I think, warrants me in concluding that, when you sit down to pen theology, you do not at all consider your opponents; but have in your eye, merely and exclusively, readers of the same way of thinking with yourself, and therefore have no occasion to trouble yourself with the quality of the logic, to which you treat them.

Neither can I think, if you had had the welfare of the poor child—over whose hopeless condition you whine so lamentably and (I must think) unseasonably—seriously at heart, that you could have taken the step of sticking him up *by name*—T. H. is as good as *naming* him—to perpetuate an outrage upon the parental feelings, as long as the Quarterly Review shall last.—Was it necessary to specify an individual case, and give to Christian compassion the appearance of personal attack? Is this the way to conciliate unbelievers, or not rather to widen the breach irreparably?

I own I could never think so con-

siderably of myself as to decline the society of an agreeable or worthy man upon difference of opinion only. The impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man. Some believe upon weak principles. Others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. One of the most candid, most upright, and single-meaning men, I ever knew, was the late Thomas Holcroft. I believe he never said one thing and meant another, in his life; and, as near as I can guess, he never acted otherwise than with the most scrupulous attention to conscience. Ought we to wish the character false, for the sake of a hollow compliment to Christianity?

Accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. L. H.—and the experience of his many friendly qualities confirmed a friendship between us. You, who have been misrepresented yourself, I should hope, have not lent an idle ear to the calumnies which have been spread abroad respecting this gentleman. I was admitted to his household for some years, and do most solemnly aver that I believe him to be in his domestic relations as correct as any man. He chose an ill-judged subject for a poem; the peccant humours of which have been visited on him tenfold by the artful use, which his adversaries have made, of an *equivocal term*. The subject itself was started by Dante, but better because brieflier treated of. But the crime of the Lovers, in the Italian and the English poet, with its aggravated enormity of circumstance, is not of a kind (as the critics of the latter well knew) with those conjunctions, for which Nature herself has provided no excuse, because no temptation.—It has nothing in common with the black horrors, sung by Ford and Massinger. The familiarising of it in tale or fable may be for that reason incidentally more contagious. In spite of Rimini, I must look upon its author as a man of taste, and a poet. He is better than so, he is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew, and matchless as a fire-side companion. I mean not to affront or wound your feelings when I say that, in his more genial moods, he has often reminded me of you. There is the same air of mild dogmatism—

the same condescending to a boyish sportiveness—in both your conversations. His hand-writing is so much the same with your own, that I have opened more than one letter of his, hoping, nay, not doubting, but it was from you, and have been disappointed (he will bear with my saying so) at the discovery of my error. L. H. is unfortunate in holding some loose and not very definite speculations (for at times I think he hardly knows whither his premises would carry him) on marriage—the tenets, I conceive, of the Political Justice, carried a little further. For any thing I could discover in his practice, they have reference, like those, to some future possible condition of society, and not to the present times. But neither for these obliquities of thinking (upon which my own conclusions are as distant as the poles asunder)—nor for his political asperities and petulancies, which are wearing out with the heats and vanities of youth—did I select him for a friend; but for qualities which fitted him for that relation. I do not know whether I flatter myself with being the occasion, but certain it is, that, touched with some misgivings for sundry harsh things which he had written aforetime against our friend C.,—before he left this country he sought a reconciliation with that gentleman (himself being his own introducer), and found it.

L. H. is now in Italy; on his departure to which land with much regret I took my leave of him and of his little family—seven of them, Sir, with their mother—and as kind a set of little people (T. H. and all), as affectionate children, as ever blessed a parent. Had you seen them, Sir, I think you could not have looked upon them as so many little Jonases—but rather as pledges of the vessel's safety, that was to bear such a freight of love.

I wish you would read Mr. H.'s lines to that same T. H. "six years old, during a sickness:"—

Sleep breaks at last from out thee,
My little patient boy—

(they are to be found in the 42th page of "Foliage")—and ask yourself how far they are out of the spirit of Christianity. I have a letter from Italy, received but the other day,

into which L. H. has put as much heart, and as many friendly yearnings after old associates, and native country, as, I think, paper can well hold. It would do you no hurt to give that the perusal also.

From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L. H. made to C. What hath soured him, and made him to suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have ever spoke my full mind of him to some, to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him, I never betrayed him, I never slackened in my admiration of him, I was the same to him (neither better nor worse) though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant, he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for any thing I know, or can guess to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them (as he was to my humble hearth), if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But, protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversation which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply; or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—I should belie my own conscience, if I said less, than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy, which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, Sir—I return to the correspondence.—

Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness, as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. The last sect, with which you can remember me to have made common profession, were the Unitarians. You would think it not very pertinent, if (fearing that all was not well with you), I were gravely to invite you (for a remedy) to attend with me a course of Mr. Belsham's Lectures at Hackney. Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety, by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned, like a dog or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings, which I could not help, but not very genial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your Churches.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you, and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily

lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies, which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabrick. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir—a hint in your Journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the Beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!—If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time, as *that* lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anticlimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may co-exist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.—A respected friend of ours, during his

late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to Saint Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife, and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. Show the poor, that you can sometimes think of them in some other light than as mutineers and malcontents. Conciliate them by such kind methods to their superiors, civil and ecclesiastical. Stop the mouths of the railers; and suffer your old friends, upon the old terms, again to honour and admire you. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the stale evasion, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabrick, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André. And is it for this—the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic Freedom—or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty

—is it upon such wretched pretences, that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know any thing about the unfortunate relic?—

can you help us in this emergency to find the nose?—or can you give Chantry a notion (from memory) of its pristine life and vigour? I am willing for peace' sake to subscribe my guinea towards a restoration of the lamented feature.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ELIA.

A FOURTH LETTER TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

Neither have all Poets a taste of Tragedy; and this is the rock on which they are daily splitting.
Dryden, Preface to All for Love.

GENTLEMEN,—Complaints of the degeneracy which distinguishes Modern Drama, and renders it, as it were, a different species of composition from the ancient Mirror of Nature, are common amongst the essayists of the present day. Indeed, from the frequency and vehemence of their critical animadversions, we are almost led to think these persons occupy the subject more as a diversion for their spleen, or as a rallying-point of vituperation against cotemporary genius, than that they have really at heart the interests of the stage. Where lamentation is outrageous and sorrow declamatory, we are probably justified in supposing them affected; and the grief of our critics hath lately become so vociferous, that many people begin to doubt whether something besides a pure family concern for the death of Tragedy amongst us, i. e. in plain words, whether lucre, or the love of noise, the practice of impudence, or the exercise of hypocrisy, have not had some share in convoking the rout of scribblers to howl at Melpomene's funeral—and at the same time, to revile you as her murderers. But whatever may have been the true motive of all the obloquy and abuse which have been lavished so munificently upon you, it must be acknowledged that you have afforded the critics but too many legitimate opportunities for a display of their function; nor is it absolutely necessary to resort to their malice or venality, when a sufficient proof is to be drawn from your own works, that you deserve general and

severe reprehension. For my own part, I beg off (perhaps with superfluous anxiety) the appellation of a Critic. I have as profound a contempt for that ephemeral tribe of literary atomies, as if I were a tragedist myself; I profess as unutterable a scorn for the whole race of genuine critics, the progeny of Grub-street wherever they are to be found, as if I had the honour of their hatred, or were sufficiently illustrious to have ensured me the favour of their aversion. Yet I cannot help, now, adding my voice to theirs, in your condemnation. They now speak the sense of the nation, and however we may despise the judgment which it gratifies these *tit-wits* to pass upon our works, when we have good reason to suspect that it closes with public opinion, we should on that account respect it. Now, as in every case where they are right, the sentence of the critics is only the juice of public opinion oozing through their quills, so in the present instance, the gall with which they so plentifully bespatter your tragedies, is but the effusion of popular animadversion coloured (as usual) with their own venom, and imbued with their own deleterious bitterness of spirit. Public opinion is certainly against you, Gentlemen; for, let but one critic open his mouth in your abuse, and as the successive rings of a trumpet magnify sound, so the spreading circles of society will invigorate the shout of derision against you. This must be attended to, Gentlemen; though you might hear unconcerned

the "vile squeaking" of the mouth-piece, there are but few who can bear, without *tremor cordis*, a blast from the bell of the "sounding alchemy." However you might condemn the separate opinion of the critics, their voice, like a cry in a rocky valley, has been swelled by the general echo to a pitch which must awaken you, if you be not deaf to a report of your own errors. Briefly and roundly,—your tragedies, Gentlemen Dramatists, are unanimously condemned.

Mark: I say they are condemned, as *tragedies*; as interlocutory poems, some of them may perhaps be admired. This, this is the distinction which I would force upon your minds; this is the truth which I would burn into your memories; this is the point to which I have repeatedly in the course of these letters endeavoured to drag your attention; being convinced, that until you perceive, acknowledge, and avoid this confusion of languages, this wrong-headed and preposterous substitution of poetry for dramatic phraseology, you will never produce an effective, legitimate tragedy. What precedent have you for this?—not Shakspeare, I'll be sworn! He, I believe it will be allowed, was *something* of a poet:

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's
back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Write me such poetry as this indeed; and perhaps I shall forgive it in your Dramas. Yet, inimitable as it is, where do you find him using such language in his tragedies? Never. There, if it is poetry at all, it is poetry of quite a different kind; it is the poetry of action and passion; it is the terrible and the grand; the *magna sonans*; something of the

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I
drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.—

But it is oftener merely sustained verse, with little or no (excuse the word) *poeticity* about it, adapted for action, and full of the business of the play, animated and impressive:

Othello. Think, my lord!—By heav'n,
he echoes me
As if there were some monster in his
thought,
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost
mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou liked'st
not that
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st
not like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'd'st
"Indeed!"
And did'st contract and purse thy brow to-
gether
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love
me,
Show me thy thought.

There is very little of what can be called poetry, in this; and still less in his running dialogue, which has frequently not so much as the *outside* of poetry,—regular metre:

Iago. My noble lord.

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you
woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why
dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been ac-
quainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very
oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—discern'st
thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

This is a specimen of what may be denominated, pure dramatism, with-
out any commixture of poetry. It is
a model for running dialogue, ener-
getic, forcible, and wakeful; there
is nothing of your perpetual attempt
at pretty thoughts, or soft suavity,
about it; but there is something bet-
ter,—spirit, nature, and action. In
a word: it gives the performers

something to *do*, as well as to *say*: and there is an air of reality about it, which, even in the closet affects us to agitation.

There have been many reasons assigned by critics for the decay of our Drama; such as, large theatres, the *basket*, late dinner-hours, and several others equally important: this one, however, this gross, bare-faced perversion of style, this staring abuse of dramatic language, which is sufficient to confound the genius of a Shakspeare, could such a man be supposed blind enough to indulge in it, this open secret of the degeneracy of the modern stage, has totally eluded their penetration. Yet, surely, it is no very wonderful fetch of sagacity to discover, that the language of Drama must be adapted to action; and surely there is very little argument requisite to prove, that this self-evident principle has been utterly neglected by our living dramatists. Is any thing necessary, more than simply to recall to the reader's mind, what he must frequently have observed, though, perhaps, he never reflected on,—the flagrant misapplication of language merely poetical to the purposes of tragedy? or if not *always* poetical, *mostly* so? And is it too much to assert, that if this be not the only cause of our dramatic degeneracy, it is at least the principal and predominant one? This I am sure of; that many of the other causes above-mentioned partake much more of the nature of effects than efficient. Let any dramatist produce such another tragedy as *Macbeth* or *Othello*, and if the *beau-monde* do not *dine* an hour earlier on the nights of its performance, I'm no prophet: if our lords and commoners, with their virtuous dames and daughters, do not quickly displace the bloods and *Corinthians*, the idle 'prentices, flash-men, nymphs of the pillow, and all other persons of dubious morality, who now occupy the seats in our theatrical synagogues, I'll never set up an oracle.

The vital importance of this sub-

ject, will, I hope, excuse my dwelling on it strenuously. In comparison with this, meagreness of plot, or insignificance of fable, is of small account in the Drama. There may be little interest of story, yet the play may act well by the mere force of the language; but if the phrase of the stage be supplanted by the mellifluous monotony of *ultra-poesy*, I would as soon hear it read in a dressing-gown and slippers, as recited in a toga and buskins.

When I say that our living dramatists are guilty of an *abuse of dramatical language*, I mean that they apply a mode of phrase good in itself and suitable to excellent purposes, where they ought to employ another more appropriate to the stage.* Is there, or is there not, a language peculiar, appropriate, and essential to the Drama? There is one indubitably for *Epopée*; a lofty, full, regular, stately grandiloquence. There is one for *Lyrics*: a daring, flighty, reckless, toppling style, where the Muse seems to tread upon the highest and most dangerous pinnacles of the Hill, and escapes only by the lightness and spring of her footsteps. Every division of literature has its corresponding language (though not, perhaps, as strikingly definable as the preceding), arising from an obvious congeniality between certain subjects of thought, and certain modes of expression. No one would write an *Epithalamium* to the grave cadence of an *Elegy*, or fill a *Requiem* with the cheerful imagery and bounding sallies of a "*Hark forward!*" The *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid* of Virgil, though all written in hexameter, are totally different in style one from each other; the imagery, cadence, and choice of words, are in each of these works adapted to the subject. And I question not, but that if the same judicious author had written a Drama, he would have chosen a fourth style as remote from the sweetness of his *Pastorals*, the sobriety of his *Georgics*, and the majesty of his *Epics*, as sweetness, sobriety, and majesty

* To any one who compared the examples given in my last letter, and read the observations upon them, the sense in which I use the word "*language*" must be obvious: to prevent mistake, however, by language I mean to include sentiment, imagery, measure, cadence, as well as choice of words.

of style are distinct among themselves. Milton's *l'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are written both in the same measure as to feet, but are nevertheless very different in cadence and other respects of language; yet perhaps even to this great poet we might fairly object the quick return of the rhymes as unsuitable to the solemnity of the latter subject. In the same way, Drama has its congenial language, and all other remaining varieties of metrical eloquence are foreign to, if not wholly inconsistent with it. But I do not ask even this manifest inapplicability of certain modes of diction to certain subjects, to be granted me; I merely demand whether there be not a certain language *more* applicable to a given subject than any other known species? Whether the indissoluble connexion between the character of the subject and the character of the language expressing it appropriately, does not point out a peculiar style as *more* adapted to a given thesis, than any other existing? Who does not acknowledge the superiority of the Miltonic verse over the Spenserian stanza for Heroic purposes? Is the conscience of any man so lawless as to deny this tribute to truth? Such a man would describe the Acts of Achilles in Hudibrastic verse, and the Battle of the Angels in the hitch of Chevy Chase. But, indeed, if it be allowed that Drama is distinct from every other species of literature; and that the genius or nature of the language should be proportional and agreeable to the subject it undertakes to convey (both which are as indubitable as axioms can be), it follows with geometrical necessity that Drama has its peculiar language, and therefore no one can deny it if he would.

This principle of composition is so plain, so very elementary, that it is almost an insult to your understanding, my insisting on it so gravely. Yet plain as it is, not one of you seems to apprehend it; at all events, you don't observe it in your works. You all appear to think that *poetry cast into persons* constitutes Drama. You all appear to forget that the true language of the Drama is that species

of poetry which is *accommodated to action*. This is what logicians call the *essential difference* which distinguishes the *species* Drama from the *genus* Poetry. So indispensable is this quality, that if it were demanded, What is the first requisite for effective Drama? I should answer, *Action*: what the second? *Action*: what the third? *Action*:—as Demosthenes said in a somewhat different sense of Oratory. If you wish for any better authority for this, than my dictum, (which is, by the bye, a mere conclusion drawn from the palpable nature and intention of Drama), read SHAKSPEARE. It is particularly in this respect that Shakspeare, by the involuntary force of natural genius, transcends not only the dramatists of the succeeding age, but those of his own; not only those of his own, but those of all antiquity;—his language is essentially dramatic. The imagery it presents, the sentiments it delivers, its measure, its cadence, the choice and collocation of the words composing it, all converge to the same point, all contribute to the same end,—they are all instinct with action. This principle is never lost sight of; his speeches look like swarms of living animalculæ breathing on the paper. By no very exorbitant draft on his understanding, he saw that the essence of Drama was action, and with this as his moving principle, he produced tragedies, irregular in many particulars, but never deficient in this. To speak boldly, yet justly:—considering Drama as the representation of active life, it is perfectly ridiculous to compare Sophocles with Shakspeare. There may with some be a doubt, which was the greater genius or the better poet, but as to the spirit of dramatism extant in their works, as to which of them best represented real life, (i. e. was the best dramatist), the difference is just this:—Shakspeare (where he intends it) represents nothing but life, and Sophocles does not represent life at all. Only think of a messenger (in a great hurry too!) occupying *fifty lines* in telling that a dead body, over which he was set as a watch, had been privately disenhumed! * “Think of that Master Brook!” Why Othel-

* Vide the ANTIGONE.

lo's defence is not more of an oration than this of the Greek watchman: the *whys* and the *wherefores* are as philosophically discussed as if Plato himself bore the lanthorn and the rattle. Tell me that Shakspeare was a "barbarian" if you will, and that Sophocles was a semi-deity; but let no one dare to assert that the Goth was not a better dramatist than the God, or I'll tell him to his beard, he doesn't deserve to wear one.

In my last letter I distinguished our national Drama into three separate schools, branding each with a name indicative of its character, viz. the Dramatic proper, the Rhetoric, and the Poetic pure. By examples, both of dialogue and monologue, from the works of these schools respectively, I demonstrated the propriety of this division, and the applicability of these several names; that is, I think I did. My purpose in this, Gentlemen, was to set before you, at one view, the different methods pursued by our writers for the accomplishment of the same object, that you might yourselves determine which was most judicious. Not that you could do so, perhaps, from these few examples, accompanied even by my serio-comic observations upon them; but from a comprehensive review in your own minds of these schools and the principles of their different methods,—springing to your survey off these examples and observations, as swans do from hillocks. By "different methods," you will understand, different methods of phrase, different modes of language; I had before contrasted your plot-work, or what is properly called the action of your pieces, with that of the dramatic school. Here I confined myself to the much more important subject of your language, for it is in this I think your deficiency is most glaring and most fatal. The object of tragic Drama, is to rouse the passions, awaken the feelings, and re-

present in a poetical manner serious life. To accomplish this object, our earlier dramatists* employed a nervous, passionate, yet colloquial mode of language: fit means for the end proposed. Action was to be represented, passion delineated; accordingly, the language made use of was that of passionate action. This, you will perceive, *admits* of poetry, but the poetry should be rather of the sublime than of the beautiful description, that thrown off in the heat of passion, rather than that brought out (like yours) by what we call the sweet play of the fancy. The language of this school, likewise frequently descends into plain, familiar, common dialogue; and it should do so. You stare; but I repeat, it should do so. It is no more proper for a character always to speak in trope and figure, poetry, or rigid metre, than it is for the actor always to talk at the top of his voice. Nay, besides its *naturalness*, it is often, in these unpoetical passages, that *effect* is most strikingly elicited: for instance—

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello. Not a jot, not a jot.

You are all so agog of poetry, pretty imagery, and lusciousness of language, so fond of spinning at the eternal wheel of verse, that you never give yourselves an opportunity of making such a *hit* as this. But to advert to the Rhetoric school.—The tragedists of our "middle ages" of literature, pursued a different method from that of their predecessors. A classical mania, perhaps originating with Dryden (the *rhyming* playwright!)† had infected all ranks of society. The dramatists were bitten by the same gad-fly as the rest; for nervous they became pompous; for impassioned, vociferous; for colloquial, rhetorical. To represent real life devolved wholly on Punch; the wooden-fisted choleric little gentleman had

* I am not quite sure I should here speak in the plural number: no dramatist that I know of, Greek, Roman, Briton, or other, but Shakspeare alone, seems to have had the true *knack* of dramatic language, or to have caught the pure essence of dramatic spirit.

† Dryden once asked permission of Milton to put his—(*risum teneatis?*)—PARADISE Lost into rhyme! "Ay," said the blind Bard, "you may tag my verses if you will." After such a rebuke, it requires nothing less than the testimony of an ALEXANDER'S FEAST, to prove that the Translator of Virgil had one spark of poetry in his whole composition. His plays are vile things.

no assistance from his wooden-witted brother Thespians, Addison, Young, Rowe, &c. The language of Cato, Busiris, Jane Shore, &c. is little more than that of real life, than a clock is a human being, or its vibrations pulsations, or its strokes words. The success consequent upon this method of procedure was worthy of it: Zanga shows his dingy physiognomy once in five years, and then retires to his shelf with the moths and spiders, where he lies embalmed in cobwebs and smothered in dust, till the end of the *lustrum*. Yet this mode of language was not wholly inapplicable to the stage; it was oratory to be sure, but the rostrum and the pulpit are, like Thespian boards, stages for one performer. We were kept awake at all events, by the din of rhetoric and the long-winded tantaras of inflated declamation. Nay, the grandeur of the tragic style was in some measure preserved, the hurly of the stage was kept up, if not by the passionate energy of the speakers, by the sonorous phraseology they were employed to disembody. The feelings were rarely excited, but we had fine declamation instead; if our hearts did not tingle, our ears did. And though there was little resemblance between the original and the copy, we had human life exhibited on stilts if not on neats-leather. Now the grand feature of the present, poetic, third, last, and worst school of Drama is, that it has *not one* lineament whatsoever to distinguish it from the common face of poetry, not one characteristic which could be mistaken, by the most cloudy perception, for Drama,—not even its noise! It purls away very plentifully, line after line, sentence after sentence, period after period, without stop, stay, let, or impediment; and whilst we sit gaping for murder, fury, terror, blood, poison, and tears, fills up the mouth of expectation with a flood of poetry. Never was the quotation more apposite:

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volabilis ævum.

What then! you say, Was not *your own* Shakspeare "something of

a poet?" Must we write *unpoetically* to write dramatically? Would you "freeze the genial current of the soul?" Is eloquence proscribed? Is fluency prohibited? Are we to be purposely dry and didactic? Must interrogation and reply be as categorically put and caught, as Q and A in a catechism? Is our blank verse to be *blank* prose? Is Tragedy to walk the stage on her belly? And Melpomene to come before the audience in a grogram gown and a linsey-woolsey petticoat? Is it this you want?—Poh!

I say the language of the Drama must be accommodated to action; that the sentiments and imagery it involves must not only please but *agitate*; that its cadence, accentuation, and flow, must be, (respectively,) ever-varying, emphatic, and precipitous; that its words must knock at our hearts; and that its beauties must not be evanescent, *recherchés*, insubstantial and semi-perceptible, but prominent, bold, striking, and palpable. In a word: poetry is the *accident*, not the *essence* of dramatic language. And the *rationale* of this is: that Drama, representing life, must approach to human converse, to natural question and answer; for, where there is such an extreme departure from familiar dialogue, it is no longer a Drama but a poem. Dramatic language is, in fact, a heterogeneous mixture of common dialogue (a little raised), heroics, and poetry pure,—just as human conversation, its prototype, is, in a lower degree, according as the speakers are influenced by equanimity, magnanimity, passion, pathos, &c. The proportion in which these three phraseologies are to be compounded in order to form dramatic language, it is impossible to define theoretically, further than by the general rule,—that *common dialogue should always appear in the result*: it would also be useless were it possible; for to him who has dramatic genius, the mere observation, that there is such a proportion to be preserved, is sufficient; to him who has it not, all rules are given in vain.

JOHN LACY.

SCRIPTURE POETRY.—RUTH.

TRAITS OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

WHAT a beautiful Poem, if I may so call it, is the Book of Ruth. Here is one of the few sweet and exquisitely faithful pictures, left us by the Ancients, of that noble tenderness which distinguishes the Female character. Ruth is both the pattern and the copy of the best of her sex. It has often, no doubt, been remarked as a defect among the Poets of Antiquity, that they have so rarely exhibited Woman in all the peculiar loveliness of her nature. The Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, though Sophocles and a few others may afford partial exceptions, seem to have regarded the female sex as almost below the dignity of poetical notice. When they are introduced upon the scene, it is almost always in masculine characters: they are men in women's apparel. Clytemnestra, Medea, Camilla, Amata, have all the roughness of the other sex, and but little of the tenderness of their own. Or if they are occasionally drawn with a more delicate pencil, it is only to exhibit them at the loom, amongst their maids, or engaged in their household affairs. Not to speak of the Deities, who seem to participate all the vices of the Human race and none of the virtues, Penelope, nay Andromache herself, the most amiable female characters painted by Homer (who in powers of delineation was the Shakspeare of that age), are but faint and lifeless representations of Woman as she is often to be found upon the great stage of Nature. The draught of the poet was infinitely less poetical than the original, for the cold majestic housewifely deportment of Andromache towards Hector, even in the height of her grief for his departure, is such as no matron who tenderly loves her husband would assume. In this respect the Moderns have not only manifested a more delicate taste and refined sensibility, but have taken a much more philosophical view of human nature. The Ancients evidently seem to have considered women as an inferior species of beings to men, which is a doctrine as

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illiberal as it is unphilosophical. The sneer couched in the very gender of Virgil's "*varium et mutabile semper femina*" is sufficient to indicate the opinion of the earlier ages; the literal translation of this sentence being,—Woman is a fickle and changeable animal. Indeed they seldom in their writings give us any reason to suppose that they examined the subject with due attention; they do not appear ever to have justly appreciated the peculiar graces of the female mind, or the characteristic virtues of the female disposition. The Turks are said to hold that women have no souls, and I cannot but conclude the Greeks and the Romans so far barbarians, that they were wholly ignorant of a fact which I am sure needs only be asserted to obtain general assent,—viz. the higher perfection of that quality which we denominate *soul*, in the female breast than in ours. Whatever we may arrogate in point of Understanding, whatever with respect to the grander emotions of the soul;—where the finer dispositions or feelings (which we denominate, *par excellence*, soul) are concerned, it must be allowed that the sex which is pre-eminent for delicacy of outward form, is proportionably endued with these nicer refinements of the spirit.

Friendship and Love are two of those gentler passions in which soul is principally concerned. And the story of Ruth appears to confirm an old theory of mine, upon the comparative capacities of the two sexes for the entertainment of these kindred emotions. It has long been a favourite opinion with me, that in purity of feelings where love is the passion, in devotedness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, Women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. Indeed if the reader agrees with me in the assertions made above, first that women are pre-eminent in soul, and secondly that soul is predominant in love, he must of necessity also agree with me, that women love with more truth and intensity than

we do; thus far, my theory is impregnable. But besides the intensity of the feeling, I think its purity in the female breast is for the most part confirmed by observation. In her loves, Woman is seldom more than an ardent friend; in his, Man is never less than a lover. The last and best quality engaged in this passion,—Constancy, is, however, that in which I think the nobleness of the female heart chiefly remarkable. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love, in the breast of a woman, a certain *fortitude* of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage, which increases with adversity, and which unkindness itself cannot subdue: Woman's love, like an April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her, love is a second nature, the business of her life, the motive of her actions, the theme of her waking thoughts, the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber; it is the innate principle of her constitution it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it but with her life. Constancy is then, in her, almost an unavoidable virtue, for her happiness consists in loving and being loved, which latter constancy best ensures. By the very delicacy of her constitution she is bound to home, she is essentially domestic; her temperament therefore must be one which can be *satisfied with sameness*, else there would be no fitness between the being and its circumstances; in other words, she is of a constant, faithful disposition. Of course I shall be understood as speaking generally; there are many inconstant women. Nay, perhaps, where love is not immediately concerned, the same exquisite sensibility to every thing charming will induce fickleness: new pleasurable objects will excite new feelings.

It is from this devotedness of spirit, that I conclude, in opposition to common opinion, that Women are more capable of mutual Friendship than men. The domestic nature of the circumstances in which they are placed, whereby their little weaknesses are perpetually brought into collision, sufficiently accounts for the infrequency or impermanency of their friendship amongst themselves,—if

such allegation be true, which I am by no means inclined to admit. Comparing them with ourselves in this particular, I dare say were Female Biography as copious and historical as ours, for every Pylades and Orestes, it would be easy to quote a Naomi and Ruth.

The story or poem, as given in the Sacred Writings, is an historical testimony in favour of the above conclusion. As well, therefore, to illustrate my position, as to make a few cursory observations on the beauties of Scripture Poetry, I beg leave to rehearse a few passages of the Book of Ruth.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me.

The Lord grant that ye may find rest each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them, and they lift up their voice, and wept.

I must interrupt the course of the narrative here, to remark upon the exquisite beauty of the common scriptural phrase, "they *lift up* their voice, and wept." It is not only a very bold, but a critically just metaphor; and also expresses most aptly that kind of action which generally accompanies loud weeping, where the bosom expands upwards and the head is involuntarily raised or thrown back, to give strength and freedom to the voice. The expression "to raise the voice" is much feebler, and whatever metaphor might once have been in it, is now unperceived by reason of its triteness.

And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters; why will you go with me? Are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands? . . .

And they lift up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.

And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me,

and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

How beautiful, how affecting is this story! and how simply, yet poetically told. The chasteness and concision of the manner is peculiarly admirable. There is nothing like false ornament or ambitious decoration in the language; all is naturally and expressively related. What a pleasing image of amiability and tenderness does the second verse present; the matron blessing her two daughters, embracing them, and their returning no answer, but weeping. The loneliness, the resignation of the widowed childless Naomi, is also beautifully painted in the first. I would moreover especially point out to the notice of the reader, the mode in which Orpah's departure is made known. The sacred poet says, she "kissed her mother-in-law;" but he does not add, as a less skilful writer would have done,—and went her way. He leaves that to be implied by the remainder of the sentence. This brief way of narrating by implication, is very difficult of attainment, being apt to degenerate into obscurity. And for this best quality of narration,—concise perspicuity, the Scriptures, it must be acknowledged, are remarkable. There is no laborious preparation for a coming incident, no minute detail of worthless circumstantials; the writer directly, yet not abruptly, introduces the next subject at once. Ossian likewise excels in this particular. But the verses quoted above are also as poetical in their measure, as in the imagery they contain. There is a sweet melancholy cadence runs all through them, which is uncommonly delightful to the ear. It is particularly remarkable in the first verse, and in Ruth's answer to Naomi. Indeed, whether we consider the music of the periods, or the strength and pathos of the sentiments, I do not think it possible to point out in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane, a more truly poetical passage than this answer of Ruth. What an eloquence breathes through it, how forcible are the expressions, and how impassioned the manner. That spirit

of devotion and determinedness of constancy, which I noted as a characteristic of the female disposition, is here most strikingly displayed. Ruth persists to the verge of obstinacy in accompanying her mother-in-law, and will not be persuaded even by the person she loves so ardently. The expression "Ruth clave unto her," denotes this amiable persistence very happily.

In the several accounts which historians have given us of Friendship between man and man, we see much nobleness of mind, much firmness of purpose displayed. Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, are splendid examples of honour, magnanimity, courage, and fidelity. But yet, if we curiously examine these stories, we shall find that the peculiar devotedness of spirit which I am inclined to attribute to the female sex, is never dwelt upon by the historian, never brought out into the foreground, never particularly insisted on as the sole ruling motive of action. There is always some other inducement, some *selfish* principle leading one or other of the parties to the commission of the said act of friendship, some motive of action beside the apparent one. Thus we are told in the story of Theseus and Pirithoüs, that one of these heroes accompanied his friend to hell (by which some difficult adventure was figured). Here is fidelity to be sure, but this was clearly not the only motive. The principle of *honour* was another incitement, and quite distinct from love or friendship. The *glory* of the action was a third. It is to the Book of Ruth we must turn, if we look for an historical example of pure and disinterested friendship. The fidelity of Ruth was built upon the single motive, love; there was here no debt of honour to be paid, no fame or glory to be won. She followed Naomi from the sole and simple impulse of generous affection. And how beautifully this is set forth by the sacred poet, it is needless to observe.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech, and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go into the field, and

glean ears of corn after him, in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.

Here is another remarkable instance of that direct and simple brevity which renders the style of these writings so animated; "And she said unto her, Go, my daughter."

Ruth goes into the field to glean after the reapers, and there it was "her hap to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz." Boaz inquires of his servant, "What damsel is this?" and learning her story, addresses her:

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens.

Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: Have I not charged the young men, that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself unto the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

And Boaz answered, and said unto her, It hath fully been shown to me, all thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law, since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

What an excellent moral lesson is here conveyed; Ruth's virtuous fidelity to Naomi is rewarded by the protection of Boaz. Indeed the whole story is a striking exemplification of retributive justice; Ruth is preferred not only to be the wife of "a mighty man of wealth," but to be the ancestress in a direct line of the Messiah, for her goodness of heart and innate amiability of disposition, as displayed in her conduct towards Naomi. But let the historian speak:

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.

And let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

There is a kind of rude delicacy in this proceeding of Boaz, which perhaps would be but ill exchanged for

the more refined gallantry of modern times. His attentions towards Ruth are quite in the spirit of simplicity which prevailed in those unpolished ages, yet Raleigh himself could not have more adroitly contrived to furnish the Beautiful Gleaner with an abundant gathering.

Ruth then returns with her gleanings to Naomi, who upon hearing of the favour she had obtained in the sight of Boaz, advises her to solicit his protection according to the ceremonial of the Jews.

Ruth accordingly performs this ceremonial, and, as the reader is doubtless aware, is finally married to Boaz:

So Boaz took Ruth, and she became his wife... and she bare a son.

And the women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him.

And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

With this beautiful image of the grateful widow with her daughter's child in her bosom, the sacred author concludes his interesting, his pathetic, his incomparable story.

Reverting to my theory concerning Friendship, it may be asked, Is not Orpah's departure as unfavourable to your opinion, as Ruth's permanence is the contrary? No: no more than the comparative weakness of Cæsar's boatman, is an argument against the courage of our sex, because he was not as brave as Cæsar himself. A much more plausible objection would be, that although friendships amongst women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent *when made*, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be very true, and when I see it proved I shall believe it. To say, however, that Woman's love for the other sex interferes with her love for her own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof,—for is not Man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told: Men, after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships as close as before; women ge-

nerally, after the same ceremony, sacrifice theirs. Granting the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not: but that their domestic duties prevent them cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and perhaps gradually dies, as all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Those also who assert that women have not greatness of mind to entertain friendship, would do well to recollect that they have softness and amiability of disposition, which is much better. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

We can not, surely, forget Helena's address to Hermia, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all now forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?—

We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast, here is the Grand Inquisitor who penetrates with an intuition almost supernatural the mysteries of this "little world of man," here is the infallible interpreter of Nature, Shakspeare himself, delineating a picture of friendship the most perfect; and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now I put it to the candour of the

reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, unless the propriety of it had been suggested to him by his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two boys in such an attitude? *

ANTIGONE is another instance of female devotedness. In defiance of the king's edict, she piously enters the body of her brother Poly-nices, and according to the penalty denounced, is *buried alive!* Moreover, ELECTRA sacrifices her own mother to avenge her father's death; and it is especially worthy of notice, that her brother Orestes, who had the same reason to perform this revolting deed of justice, is quite a secondary personage in the tragedy, he is little more than a passive instrument in the hands of Electra. So that in both these cases, whether considered as matters of history or poetical fiction, fidelity of spirit is assigned to the female sex, as a characteristic attribute distinguishing them above men. I do not however adduce either deed as a proof of woman's constancy of affection; they were rather acts of heathen piety. Much less are the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles to be looked upon as favourable pictures of the sex in general, nor as exonerating the poets of antiquity from the imputation of apathy with respect to the peculiar beauty of the female character. They are both, especially the latter, marked by a spirit of fierceness, † which is by no means amiable. Antigone in the *Œdipus Coloneus* (which affords another instance of devotedness, in the same person,) is a far more faithful copy of woman in the best array of her virtues. But where shall we find the tenderness, the delicacy of soul, the fineness of sensibility, and all the mild excellencies of the female character, portrayed with such exquisite truth and feeling, as in our own Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, and Miranda? RUTH is alone worthy to join such a band of sister Perfections. D.

* The description of the PRINCES in the Tower is not in point. They were brothers, and mere children.

† They forcibly illustrate the Poet's own doctrine: *καὶ γυναικὶ αἵ ἀρεταί.*

LORD ROLAND CHEYNE.

Last of my race, on battle-plain

That shout shall ne'er be heard again.—Sir Walter Scott.

THIS is a strange age:—men have called my true and accurate narratives wild imaginings—and characters as real, and circumstances as sure, as the noonday sun, have been treated as unnatural and visionary inventions. From the imputation of being a creator of idle fictions I am anxious to free myself. I love not the greeting, though it be scriptural, of “Behold! that dreamer cometh.” Fiction, I would urge, is often less romantic than truth; and events are almost daily occurring, equal to, and surpassing the creations of the happiest or the wildest fancy. To obtain credence from the unbelieving or the doubting is, I am afraid, beyond my power; and when I honestly assure them that for the truth of the following story testimony may be had on oath, I hardly expect to be believed. Men now have faith in nothing, and women are hard of belief—the world is far too wise—invention has run its race, and fancy has flown its flight—our learning has left us nothing to know, and our curiosity nothing to discover. There is now no undiscovered land which the fancy of man can cover with precious stones, and the credulity of mankind can believe in—there is a map for every shore, and a chart for every sea—and poets can sing no more of islands of the blessed. Over the lands of the earth the genius of every country has spread forth its wings; and its voice has been heard in all dominions, and kindreds, and tongues. All that can be said is said, and all that can be sung is sung. The original harvest of the earth is reaped; and the gleanings—here an ear, and there an ear—are left for the sons of little men. I am a plain man, and not fortunate in figurative speech; so let me drop this metaphorical and ambitious style, and content myself with telling, in homely words, a homely tale. Let it be my practice, as it is my wish, to walk behind truth, rather than run before her.

On the 14th day of last July, and far in the afternoon, I found myself in the little beautiful village of

Chartswold. It was not the time of a fair, nor yet was it a holiday—no battle had been won, nor prince been born, on this humble and plebeian morning; yet I found all the people in motion, and parading up and down the long narrow central street, with ribbons flowing from their hats, flags flying above their heads, and with shout and song and all manner of music and mirth. Every alehouse was full—every window was crowded with women—every door-threshold filled with aged men—boys had climbed up to the house-tops and into the trees—all those who stood, stood on tiptoe, and those who walked went with eager looks; while at every rush of the multitude hasty and eager inquiries, “Is he coming? Is he coming?” flew from mouth to mouth. I stood, and looked towards the south end of the village—for from the south something strange or important seemed expected; in that direction all eyes were turned; and when the sound of a coming carriage was heard, the moving mass of people stood still; each individual raised himself above his walking height; and there arose a general murmur of anxiety and expectation. What all this might mean I had yet to learn; and those who know the wrapt-up and incommunicative spirit of a multitude need not be told that this I was long in learning. A look of compassion, or a loud laugh at my ignorance, or an exclamation of “Goles and goggers! where were you born, master?” admonished me to restrain my curiosity, and let the secret of the multitude be revealed of its own accord.

There are certain signs and tokens by which mysterious events are characterized—the days of mirth and good fellowship, which distinguish the people of England, have a stamp and mark of their own. An election carousal has no resemblance to a church *feast*—it matters not if you read *fast*—and though there is but one way of imbibing wine, and one way of eating venison, and one way of laughing, still a man curious in

the matter of feasting and revelry can easily judge between the profane merriment of laymen and the hallowed mirth of divines. This, then, I concluded, was no saint's day; for the devout dead have seldom left aught to excite the joy of the living; neither could it be the anniversary of the birth of one of our ancient worthies: those who shed most glory on Old England had little of world's wealth to leave; and a man's memory soon ceases here, unless it be annually steeped in ale and wine, and revived with the smoke of roasted oxen. Sir Guy of Warwick was the most fortunate of all our heroes—his exploits on Ludgate-hill are forgotten; but the slaughter of the dun cow has hallowed his name among an eating and a drinking people. The dead have had their day—so let them go; it is for the living alone that the fatted calf is slain and the ale-flagons and wine-cups are set a-flowing, and that mirth and music come to our firesides.

Whether the cause of all this stir and merriment came from the dead or the living, many a merry fellow in Old Chartswold neither "kenned nor cared." Some were already beyond the power of thought, and more were fast hastening—ale, and joy, and release from labour and from care, had combined to confuse clear thought, and render men's steps unsteady. In the middle of the village, where a stone cross once rose, I saw a riotous crowd of both sexes gathered round several hogsheads of ale; the heads of the vessels were staved in; while innumerable cups and dishes, of all shapes and metals, were dipped into the foaming beverage—a hundred heads were held up at once—a hundred cups were emptied at a breath; while others, weary of this dilatory mode of enjoyment, fairly stooped their heads into it; and the cry of "Foul, foul!" and "Pitch it into them, Jack!" resounded on every side. In the middle of all this tumult and outcry I saw an old man, who had been confined to his cabin for months, come tottering to his door—the shout, and the revelry, and the clattering of the ale-flagons, had put life and mettle into him—he uttered a cough and a hilloah, and made his way into the crowd. "As sure as the church!"

exclaimed a rustic, who held a foaming can of ale in his hand, with which he was in the very act of moistening his lips;—"As sure as the church, here comes old Gaffer Gurton—the ale has done more for him than all the drugs of the dispensary. Come along, old ninety-three—this is better for thee than Lady Lamentable's shin-bone soup—better than Saint William's long grace and lean diet. Hold up thy mouth, man; and I will pour the gallant ale into thee—thy hand shakes too much to be trusted with the tankard." The old man's face gleamed with joy; he held up his head; and his charitable friend poured out, with a steady and unreluctant hand, the best of Barclay's fermentation. "The saints be with thee, Gaff Gurton," said the rustic, marvelling to see the liquor vanish so rapidly; "I give thee joy o' thy swallow—thou hast never a tooth to stop it; it's just like pouring ale down an empty shirt-sleeve." And he shook the foam out of the bottom of the flagon, and hastened to replenish it for his own use.

Nor was it in the middle of the street that the good ale had alone done its good office. One man leaned against a tree, and staggered round it and round it, vowing that Barclay and Perkins were princes, and their ale nectar. Another beat on the church-door with an empty quart-pot, mistaking it for the door of the alehouse; and at every knock he shouted out, "A pot of old Barclay, ho! What! Dan Fosset, you're as fast asleep as mother Church." Another had made his way to the door of a burial vault, and there lipping, and nearly blind with liquor, he stood balancing himself, and holding out his hand as if he wished to speak. He probably thought himself in a tap-room—but the dead would profit as much as the living by his singular and disjointed speech: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have but one word to say—but that one word is the best of all words: Reform—reform—reform. Ye are silent—ye answer not—still I say, Reform. Reform will turn our rags into silks and our copper into gold, and our sour ale into sweet wine. Reform will make two sabbaths in the week, and half holidays of all the Tuesdays and Fridays. Huzza, Gentlemen, three

times three for reform. Hang ye for dumb dogs! Rise up, and huzza; or lie still and rot." And striking against the door with both hands, it suddenly flew open; and our alehouse orator descended, head foremost, among his silent audience. I know not that any one thought it worth while to carry him out.

An old man at the extremity of the village sat at his door, leaning over a staff, and looking with a grave yet a pleasant face on the crowd as it moved and rolled to and fro. A tankard of ale stood by his side; his hat lay beside it; and his remaining hairs, very white and long, strayed on his shoulders. I never saw a look so perfectly patriarchal. I went near, and inquired the meaning of all the mirth and carousal. "Meaning, master!" said this Chartswold worthy, "why it means that old days are coming back again. Plague rot 'em that they came not sooner, that I might have had a view on 'em—that's what it means, master." "Is any one dead," I said, "or any one born, or any one married, that you make all this din and stir?" "Me make din and stir, master!" answered he; "Devil burn the stir can I make with these old rascally limbs o' mine—here must I sit like a milestone, for every one to look at that passes by. D'ye think, if my dirty old legs would have carried me, that I would have sat here as dry as a lime-kiln, answering questions like my grannam's catechism? May I be chopt up into Bologna sausages first. What's the use of a merry day now to old Jacob Roulson?" "But, Jacob, my friend," I said, "since you cannot go after mirth, mirth shall come after you; and as I wish to ask a question or two, what say you to a tankard of strong ale, or a cup of good brandy?" "Oh! both, both, master," cried Jacob; "blessings on ye! both, both: half a pint of brandy to a pint of ale makes the noblest drink for either old or young. Questions? I will answer ye questions as though ye were a bishop." The drink came, and the old man mixed it with huge satisfaction. "Ah! glorious! better brandy never crossed the herring-brook. Ah! delightful! richer ale was never enticed from barley—the breath of life might be made of such

stuff; so here's to the donor, quoth old Jacob Roulson." And a deep and a zealous pull the old man took.

"But, Jacob, my friend," said I, "you have yet to tell me the cause of all this marching and mirth: these ribbons flying, and flags displayed, I suppose mean something—and these hogsheads of ale, which I saw a thousand cups and flagons emptying, must have been given by some one." "Ye say right, master," said he; "for hogsheads of ale grow not out of the pavement, and roast beef springs not from boulder-stones. If the doors of Cheyne-hall are opened by the hand of fullness and joy, they have been long enough closed by the hand of sadness and sorrow. So here's to the hand that opens them, master. May it have a fair lady's hand with a gold ring to squeeze soon for this. And may the churlish hand that closes them ever grip the handle of an empty cup, and the hand of a faithless love—and that's the worst wish of Jacob Roulson. So here's to thee again, master. Blessings on the heart of all who have questions to ask, say I; for this be precious good stuff!" and his action justified his opinion of the liquor he had compounded—he drained the tankard dry. "I am a stranger here," I said; "and though I have heard of Lord Cheyne, I know not why his hall has been closed, nor know I why it is to be opened." "A short question wants a long answer," said Jacob, "Confound all questions, say I. Eat, drink, and be merry, says King Solomon, or some one as wise: and speak sparingly when the roast smokes, and the ale flagon goes round, says old Jacob Roulson. If old Lord Cheyne has a hand of iron, young Lord Cheyne has a fist of gold. And isn't that true, Cis Shortbread, my dear?" said he to a very handsome young woman, with bare head and neck, who presented him with some cakes to his ale. "My blessings on thy sweet face—thou must give me a kiss, as thy grandame has done afore thee, wench." She stooped her head with a blush, and submitted to a couple of clamorous, if not rapturous smacks. Jacob threw his hat into the air, and his staff after it, shouting out "A dance! a dance!" Fiddlers, and a multitude of merry spirits, flocked to the place. "Hurrah, for

young Lord Cheyne!" cried the old man, endeavouring to imitate the agility of more youthful spirits; "here's old seventy-seven come to shake his leg at thy return. Girls, have a care of your hearts." And the clapping of hands, the smacking of lips, and the din of many merry feet, resounded far and wide.

To extract any farther information from old Jacob was hopeless now—nay, I was even compelled to join in the dance, and salute three wrinkled old dames, and a rosy young lass, to show that I had no ill-will to Chartswold. I extricated myself from the multitude as quickly as I could, and strayed out to the extremity of the village. A far different scene presented itself. Opposite the door of an ale-house, which was filled—room, and tap-room, and kitchen—with strong-ale commentators, stood a large stone curiously ornamented with figures of saints and angels, and exhibiting on each corner a devil playing on a bagpipe. It had formerly belonged to Chartswold-abbey, and now served the purpose of a leaping-on-stone to heavy or intoxicated riders; and I am not sure that I should consider it as something like a return to its original purpose that at present it supported the person of a travelling preacher—one of those self-elected divines who wander about, preaching up the coming of the millennium, and a community of goods to the wicked towns of England. The preacher stood with his face turned to the alehouse, a Bible in one hand, and a slip of paper in the other, whereon was written the leading points of his invective; and he protested, in a clear and audible voice, against the vanities of this world—the joys and pleasures of life—against dancing, and drinking, and dicing. He had taken for his text the parable of the prodigal son—he arrayed him like a modern lord—and surrounded him with pandars and parasites, sharpers and opera-girls; and led him through the Vanity Fair of France—through the mass houses and nunneries of Spain—and through the palaces and hovels of dancing, and singing, and slavish Italy. Having accomplished him with all the spare virtues and unappropriated graces of those countries, he spread his sail, and landed him in

his native land. "And now," said he, "behold the prodigal cometh to open his paternal gates, and cast wide his doors; and all the sons and daughters of men go forth to welcome him with dancing, and with joy, and with flowing cups. Far better that they welcomed him with fasting and humiliation—with dust on their garments, and with deep sighs and sore sorrowings. I hear a profane outcry—I feel the smell of the fatted kine, and I see the floods of intoxicating liquor. Shout your shouts—let the smoke of the feast ascend—and let the liquor of sin and oblivion flow. Even now ye listen for the sound of Lord Cheyne's chariot-wheels: but long shall ye listen, and long shall ye look, before ye see his feasting lights shining in his chamber-windows. An ancient curse clings to his name; and his generation is limited, and the sons and daughters of his house are numbered. Shut your doors and weep, ye maidens of England; for your lover will no more return; the sound of his dancings shall cease, his hearth shall be cold for ever; the towers where his fathers dwelt shall fall to dust, and none shall raise them; his banner shall go forth no more, and his name shall perish among the people."

Thus far had he proceeded with untired speed; and I had eagerly listened, catching here and there a word and an allusion which threw some light on the present mirth of Chartswold, when the loud voice of a peasant at my side compelled me to attend to him. With an empty quart-pot in his hand, and a reeling frame, he balanced himself with some difficulty, hearkening to the wandering enthusiast—he flourished the drinking vessel round his head, and exclaimed, "I say, Bill, this here parson's preaching down strong ale and roast beef, and mirth and good fellowship—he deserves a ducking—and by Jupiter he shall catch it." "Right, Jack," exclaimed Bill, "down with all parsons, says I. They wish to turn ale-houses into chapels, and merry songs into psalms. Shall I stand here, and hear drouth and diversion preached or prayed down—may I be chopt into road rubbish first, and have the Archbishop of Canterbury's carriage driven over

me at the rate of ten miles to the hour." "Come here, Bell, my bouncer," said his companion to a ripe girl with sunny hair, and merry eyes, and a kirtle wondrous scant in longitude; "Come here, and hearken to this man preaching against soft couches and rosy cheeks—does he think that blue eyes will no more shine, or ruddy cheeks glow, in old England?"

Bell came, and stood beside him, and leaning one hand on his shoulder, said, "Why this is the Flying Parson, Jack, who preached against silks in Spitalfields, and the folly of straw hats at Dunstable. What! must men be born with blood as cold as Chertsey ditches, and as icy as the blood of a Thames salmon! Must a light foot, and a white hand, and a squeeze in the dark, be no more current among us! Must flowered petticoats and open-stitched bodice be the fashion no longer, and kid slippers be cried down in the land! When he can preach down weeds from growing, and the canker from coming among corn, then let him hope to preach mirth and gladness out of the country." "Bravo, Bell, my wench," said her companion; "why you can preach down a parson yourself—confound me if I don't buy thee the best gown in London, and redeem thy sky-blue mantle from little Wright the pawnbroker, free of all expense. Come, my merry wench, let us dance—let us crack our thumbs, and shake our legs, under the parson's nose. Let him help his congregation to slumber on Sunday as if he were a dean, and not come here to cheat poor folks out of an hour of honest mirth!" In a moment, shout and laughter, and huge uproar, ascended in one din far above the mild voice of the preacher, and a crowd of men and women danced with discordant glee round him and round him. Musicians came—the mob moved thicker and faster, and the wondering admonisher of evil doers was fain to compound for his escape by dancing a reel, and swallowing a bumper of brandy to the health of old Goody Church.

While all this passed, the twilight came, and then the evening; every window was filled with candles, and men with torches paraded the streets; fresh hogsheads of ale were broached,

the crowd augmented, and the uproar increased. I had for some time observed a few of the more grave and staid people straying out towards a very magnificent house which was almost buried in a wilderness of trees in the immediate vicinity of the village. I followed, and came to an iron gate which seemed not to have been opened for many years; an immense torch blazed upon each of the pillars to which it was fastened, and threw a long stream of light down a broad and bewildered avenue, on which no human footstep seemed to have been impressed within the memory of man. An attempt had indeed been made to open the gates; but they had resisted the strength that was applied to them—a slender footmark on the soft ground told that a woman had wished to open the paternal gates of his mansion to the returning heir.

It was indeed a woman who had made the attempt, and there she sat within the gate upon a chair of stone where the porters sat in former days. She was yet young—and yet beautiful—her locks were dishevelled, and her dress disordered, and she sat pressing her forehead with her hand. She appeared not to notice the lights which streamed down upon her, nor the strangers, who marvelled what her errand might be there:—none present seemed to know her; and could her father have risen from the grave, into which sorrow for her misfortunes had brought him, he would hardly have known his child. When the sound of coming wheels was heard, and the mistaken shouts of the intoxicated mob arose, she lifted her brow from her hand, threw back her tresses, and listened—yet she never once looked to the gate—but the throbbing of her bosom told how deeply she felt interested in the coming of the new heir. As she moved her hand from her face, one old man looked to another, and whispered something in his ear, and then stood a little apart and shook his head, and said, "Ah! poor unhappy lady! little did I think, when I last saw thee shining in jewels, and glowing in youth and beauty, that I was so soon to see thee in sorrow and in wretchedness. Often have I seen thee laughing among these groves, and often have I seen thee

rolling in thy chariot through that desolate gate where thou now sit'st like an outcast and a beggar. My curse be upon the cause of thy downcome." And he turned away, and walked out of sight.

From listening to the old men's discourse, I now turned to look upon the lady, with an increase of curiosity not unmingled with sorrow. She

heeded no one; but in a low and almost inaudible tone sang, from time to time, snatches of old songs concerning the ancient glory of her lover's house; and the following verses, if they did not relate to her own story, certainly alluded to the young Lord Cheyne, whose return from abroad was expected that evening.

MY GALLANT ROLAND CHEYNE.

The sun upon a summer morn,
The dark cloud when it snows,
The woods all in their fragrant leaves,
The green grass as it grows,
Are fair to see—yet fairer far
Seems ocean's simmering brine,
Through which comes sailing thy good ship,
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

I saw the gloomy ocean laugh,
As suns laugh in April;
I saw thy canvas catch the breeze
With more of sigh than smile.

And, Oh! my heart leap'd like to burst
My silken laces nine,
As I lost sight of thy good ship,
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

All by the salt sea-wave I sat—
And as its snowy foam
Sang at my foot, I sigh'd, and said,
O when wilt thou come home?
Brown are the giddy dames of France;
And swarthy those of Spain;
Old England's maids are lily white—
Return, my Roland Cheyne.

As the lady concluded her song, the village mob, preceded by music, or rather by the discordant din of many ill-tuned instruments, approached the gate; and their rage at finding it shut in the hour of festivity was expressed in the gross and graphic language of vulgar indignation. I have no hope of translating their exclamations into the language of decency or decorum, and I shall prefer copying the words of the more moderate. "Ah!" said one, "the miserly old lord has been here—he loves us all as the devil loves christening water—I wish he would take advantage of the torch-light and these tempting boughs, and hang himself, that the amusements of the day might be suitably completed. For these ten long years he has kept his hall in darkness, and all to hoard up the dirty window rate and the paltry taxes, and give his grandson

the company of bats and vermin when he comes to his inheritance. And what will he gain by it? Man curses him, and the devil won't thank him: old cloven-foot will give him brimstone gratis. May the next jail-delivery of felons dance a minuet over his sordid grave, with their government bracelets on." "Whisht, Amos!" said one of his companions; "I have heard old Mause Robertson, who came from the north with his lady, say, that it was not the greed of gold which turned old Lord Roland into a hermit—but that there is a prophecy in his house which says he is to be the last of his name; and more than all—she told one, whose word I can trust in all matters not connected with drink, that the fate of the Cheynes had been revealed by a spirit or a vision—or some other out-of-the-world, long-nosed sort of thing. And this is what has made

him let his beard and nails grow, and his gardens go to waste, and his house, and all it contains, to destruction. They say too that a spirit haunts the house—I have myself seen lights, and heard queer noises—and I should not like to be one of them who ventured into it in the hollow hour of night, unless I had first drank a pint of good brandy.

While this passed, a crowd of the peasants placed their shoulders to the gate, and gave it a rude push or two, which made the rusty and decayed bolts quiver and creak. "More beef, my boys," cried one, "and we'll upset the old rusty encumbrance—confound all houses, say I, that have iron at either doors or windows. Here, Jack, lay your seventeen-stone carcass against it—and, Tom, you're as good as one of Bramah's pump-levers—give us a push." And they planted themselves for a concluding exertion, when the sound of the house having a spiritual tenant fell among them like a millstone. They made a full pause: one stood, and shook his head, and said, "It wont do, lads; the bolts are as tough as gibbet-irons." Another said, "Curse the old bucklement—let the young spendthrift open it himself—we have been working for him all day—the ale was not so strong that we should break our backs to open iron gates for him." And a third swore, "As for spirits, that's all my eye—a man's more like to have his pocket picked than meet with a ghost. By the Jumping Juniper, I think I do see a light in yon little low window—the cat's eye, or the devil's candle, as my old grandame says—no matter, it's all one to Ben Bowen." And he walked away from the gate, whistling to keep his courage up, and show his unconcern—and with him the rest of the multitude marched, and left me alone.

I felt an uncontrollable spirit of curiosity come upon me—I had heard enough of the romantic story of the Cheynes, to make me desire more; and I suddenly resolved to explore the ancient mansion which I saw before me at the end of the avenue, shining ruinous and gray amid the summer moonlight. I sought out a low part of the wall which enclosed the mansion and the gardens, and I soon found myself standing on the

lawn before the house. The roses, and flowering shrubs, and fruit-trees, had run to waste, and encumbered the paths in every direction—the vines, in unpruned luxuriance, found their way from the enclosure of the hot-houses, and shot along the ground, or hung their branches from the mouldering walls or the neighbouring trees. The house itself—though of solid stone, had suffered much from neglect and time—tempests had stripped the roof in many places, and lightning had struck a kind of dome or observatory, which rose above the centre of the building, and shattered it so that the stars shone visibly through the rents in walls and roof. At many places the rain and the snow had found easy access; while the want of fires, in a climate so moist and inhospitable as this, had combined with other casualties to ensure its ruin.

I found the front door unfastened; and by the help of the moon, which streamed unclouded through the hall windows, I proceeded from room to room. It is true that the moon, though full, and in her summer beauty, yields but a dubious light for one scrupulous in the search and examination of curiosities—yet I could see that the apartments had been once splendid, and that their splendour was now eclipsed and in ruin. The walls were covered with portraits of the days of Vandyke and his masters; and many of them, I afterwards learned, were from the hands of the first names in art—but they were rotting, and falling from their frames. The old tapestries, representing feasting, and hunting, and tournaments, and love-meetings, and wrought by the hands of the ladies of the house of Cheyne, were lying about the floors like leaves in November; and the books—many of them the works of the worthies of the Reformation, and printed by the first Protestant printers—had dropt from the shelves. Their boards of oak, with clasps of silver, were pierced by a thousand worms; and their margins, bearing notes and memorandums from the hands of princes and poets, were soiled and torn. An owl had roosted, and brought forth its young among the treasures of controversial divinity. In the state chamber the damasked

hangings had dropt from the bridal-bed; the bed, with its pillows of down, and its holland sheets and its fringes of gold, seemed as a dung-hill for swine to wallow in—wherever I went I found havoc and ruin.

I stood in the marriage chamber, and said in my own mind, "What is the waste which time brings, compared to the folly of man. To dice an inheritance away; to cast it to bruizers and bullies—to horse-race away all that wisdom, or prudence, or ostentation, has gathered—to throw gold into the pandar's hand and the harlot's lap—and to scatter treasure in purchasing freedom for the contemptible slaves of foreign shores—all these are but the dispensations of ripe thought, and judicious choice, compared to that of the house of Cheyne. To give to the wind and the rain, to the bats and the owls, the sacred treasures of learning and genius—the very images of the family—a family of poets and heroes—the books which reflected their minds and tastes, and the place where they meditated by night, and made mankind happy by day—nay, the very bridal chamber and the bridal bed, for which the most illiterate and savage always feel a reverence—all, all, must be surrendered up to ruin and desolation; and all, too, by the noble owner himself—a name once foremost among the witty and the brave—he has conspired against his own fame, and permitted an evil spirit to guide his understanding."

I am not certain that I spoke the concluding words audibly; but they were suddenly answered by a human figure, who, unobserved by me, had glided into the chamber through a secret door, and now stood full before me amid the silent moon-light. He wore a loose dark gown and girdle, was bare-headed and bare-footed; and his beard, thick and gray, descended upon his breast. "Who art thou," he said, "who comest to question a Cheyne in his own chamber? Am I answerable to thee for what is done and undone? I scorn thy scorn, and I hate thy pity. Away." "Lord Cheyne," I said, "I am a stranger here—but there is rejoicing in the village for the coming of Lord Roland; and emboldened by the general license which the hour of gladness gives, I have ventured to enter

this house. It was the dwelling of the wise and the noble, and commands my regard, though I have taken an unseasonable hour to express it." The old man—for he could not be much younger than ninety, laughed loud, and said, "Lord Cheyne? What is there of *lord* about me more than about the meanest spirit which swells the drunken shout in the village. I am Roland Cheyne; I have thrown *lord* away—it is unworthy to be borne by the noble and the brave—it has been squandered on knaves and sycophants—on kneelers at the throne—on the lickers of the palace dust—on those whose sisters are handsome, whose wives are fair, and whose daughters are beautiful. There's a leprosy in the name; and the gallant house of Cheyne has begun to sink since it was dishonoured by the title."

We stood for some moments silent, looking upon one another. At last I ventured to say, "If you despise the title which was given to the Cheynes for their bravery and devotion to their country, why should you allow the images of your race, and their books, and all that they so worthily loved, to go to waste and decay?" He stepped a step or two away, and then turned and said, "If I tell you that a much more noble monument goes to dust and worms unpitied and unregarded, you will tell me it is the lot of man to die, and that he can never rise to glory if he goes not to the darksome grave. If I say, that, extinguishing the fires of my house, dismissing an idle train of obsequious servants, and living myself, by the labour of my own hand, as a man ought to live who scorns to be fed by a slave, I have enabled my wealth to flow back again to the poor and the needy, from whom it is wrung by our nobles and our gentry—what will your answer be? Will you not tell me of the right the strong intellect has to rule over the weak—of the blessings which luxury diffuses over many ranks of men—and that the figured goblet, out of which a lord drains the pleasant poison of the grape, has brought money and fame to the hand that fashioned it. All this, and much more, you will be ready to tell me: to all which I answer, that God never made the one half of

mankind with bridles in their lips, and saddles on their backs—and the other half, booted and spurred, to ride them. Society is like a bottle of medicine, and requires to be shaken up well; but the rich and the titled compare it to a net, of which they are the corks, to keep it afloat; while the base and the sordid are the lead weights which keep it at the bottom.”

“I know full well,” I answered, “that the noble and the far-descended degenerate into the mean and the contemptible, and that the low and the humble rise, by the force of genius or cunning, to rank and influence. I see the descendants of the greatest names in England seeking parish allowance, and the children of our ancient princes begging their bread. In the wheel of fortune there are black spokes as well as white; and as it runs round we must take our chance which of them is uppermost. To-day I see a new lord issuing out like a new butterfly from a nest of brokers and money-lenders, stock-jobbers and loan-contractors, and all that swarm of reptiles which infest a wealthy and a luxurious nation; and to-morrow I see a wise and a benevolent being—a man of genius and liberality, succeeded in his titles by a creature in whom God’s image is debased—the companion of squanderers and drunkards—who inflicts disgrace on all who share his blood—and who carries infamy among our sons, and eternal infamy among our daughters. And yet how shall it be otherwise? so it has ever been—bloodshed, violence, and wrong, by the brutal hand, ruled the earth for a time—and now the base and the worthless sit in high places, and work the like wickedness under the pretence of law.”

“Aye!” said Lord Cheyne, “I see you have a fair notion of the world, and of the worth and the wisdom which rule it. The honest and the frank-hearted refuse to stoop to carry the filthy burthen of obeisance and servility through the Political Slough of Despond; and the base in heart, and the mean in spirit, defraud the noble-minded of their inheritance. See how fortune has shared her gold, and showered her honours. The great and illustrious men, whose names

are yet the light of day to a period of thick darkness, lived unheeded and unrewarded—the dew of good fortune fell not on the muse’s fleece—the shower descended upon those who had slain their thousands and their tens of thousands. Look round the earth, and see how titles—how the nick-names of lords and dukes, abound and multiply—every seven years give a seven-fold accession to these sounding appellations—yet true worthy men, those who labour for their country’s welfare, are scarcer than ever. Virtue is on every tongue; yet in no one’s heart—and external decorum, and the outward graces of prudence, are taught with scientific minuteness and care. Our ancestors heeded not the theory—they contented themselves with the practice. Delicacy, and devotion, and modesty, are words the meaning of which you may learn in the dictionary—they are the watch-words of procuresses, adulteresses, and demireps. London is a city of Bible Associations and kept mistresses—of boxing lords, coach-driving earls and dukes, who wander among men’s daughters, like the fiend of old, seeking whom they may devour. The way of thriving is quaintly described by a judicious divine:—

A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life.”

“All this,” I said, “is truth itself; yet I can barely accept the sins and follies of the land, as a reason for the destruction which has been allowed to come upon your inheritance. Nothing of less force than a voice from heaven would have influenced me—unworthy as I am to be named among the Cheynes—in permitting hall and bower to sink to dust, while I stood and mocked the follies and vices of men among the mouldering walls.” His face darkened—but not with anger; and he suddenly snatched my hand, while his own trembled like an aspen leaf—he led me towards a window, which he opened; and, stepping out on a balcony of stone, stood silent for some seconds looking upon the sky like one who acknowledged the influence of the stars, and could interpret their meaning. He spoke in a low and almost inaudible tone. “You have said that a voice from heaven alone would have command-

ed you to let hall and bower sink—What would you have done had the divine purpose been revealed to you in a vision? I know you will talk of distempered fancy, and feverish dreams, and strong feelings, and a thousand other cobweb fancies with which man seeks to cover his own fears, and screen himself from the belief of such supernatural horror. Common fame may have told you truly, that our family had an ancient warning of the duration of their greatness and their name; but you cannot have heard of the vision which was revealed to me, and which for the space of many minutes was as visible before me as these trees are now amid the moon-light.

“It is now ten years from this very night—my grandson, my own favourite Roland—the last of many sons, had departed for a foreign land: the crowds of the vain and the beautiful who came to bid him farewell had all gone away—I stood on this very spot, and hearkened to the sound of their homeward wheels—it might be about twelve o’clock, and the moon and all the stars were in the sky, and I could see to a far distance. Suddenly I heard as if a thousand people shouted their welcomes, and I saw a thick stream of torches moving rapidly along. The iron gates at the head of the avenue—there you may see them half-hid among the boughs of the grove—were opened as if a thousand men had flung them against the walls, and down towards my house a chariot and six horses came at full gallop; and the torch-bearers—I could see their faces, and many of them I knew—seemed rather to move in the air than run along the ground. The light filled all the lawn. I wondered what it might mean. I heard my servants in the rooms laughing, and making merry below. I saw the keeper of the gate—a bold and watchful veteran, whose bosom bore the mark of a deep wound received in my defence—seated at his post—and all seemed unconscious of the presence of any strange visitor. I looked upon the chariot and the horses—it was shined with gold and silver—the horses were shod in the same metal—and even as I looked, it changed suddenly into a mourning

hearse—the horses became as black as night, the torch-bearers inverted their torches; and, instead of shouts of joy, raised a deep and melancholy cry. The plumes which surmounted the hearse were shaken as with a strong wind, and four dark figures took out the body of a youth, and bore it up these very steps, towards my door. ‘Stay, I command you,’ I said, ‘I must know on whose errand you come.’ The shroud dropped aside, and I beheld the face of my grandson—mine own beloved Roland—pale as death, with the last gasp on his lip—the four bearers looked up to me and smiled. I remember nothing farther till the morning, when, stiff with cold, and my face cut by the fall, I awakened in the arms of my servants, who had borne me into this chamber. Three years my Roland was to remain abroad—my fears extended them to six, to seven, and to eight—evil advisers beset the youth—he murmured—he remonstrated—he upbraided—he scorned me; and need I add, he forgot himself—my name was loaded with reproach—he resolved to return; and when I revealed his destiny, he answered me with mockery, and said I wished to defraud him of his inheritance. He is now coming, and the vision will be fulfilled.”

He had hardly ceased speaking, when a female form—even the lady whom I had heard singing at the gate, came out of the thickest part of the grove; and with a slow and a disordered step approached the entrance of the house. She seated herself on a stone, where lately a statue had stood; and throwing her long locks half over her face, sat so motionless and pale that she seemed the work of a statuary rather than of heaven. Old Lord Roland looked upon her earnestly for some time, and then muttered to himself, “Aye! the betrayed comes first, and then comes the betrayer—it needed no seer’s tale and no midnight vision to tell of the fall of my house. Broken vows—innocence deceived; and virtue and beauty cast from their proud station, and trampled under foot—these were the visible and gross omens which told of the downfall of the Cheynes. Fair and unhappy lady, I would go and comfort thee if

I could—but thy fall will be avenged—and after the dishonour which he whom I loved so dearly has brought on my name, it is unwise to wish longer existence among men. The villain's head will be nodded, and the harlot's finger held out, and the base and the vile will think they are noble compared to Roland Cheyne. The vision is about to be fulfilled, and I wish it not to be otherwise."

A general shout from the crowded village interrupted the old man's words; and I could hear the thick tread of many feet, the sound of horses and of chariot-wheels, coming echoing towards the gate. The shouts of "Lord Roland! Lord Roland!" rung far and wide. The iron gates were burst open by the tumultuary force of the populace—an increase of liquor rendering them insensible to superstitious fears; and a chariot, drawn by six fine horses, and accompanied by a stream of torches, and the waving of a thousand hands, entered the avenue. So strong was the light that I could see distinctly a languid young man bowing right and left, and returning with smiles, and the waving of his hands, the clamorous greeting of the multitude. The chariot reached the lawn, and Lord Roland turned his face with a smile on the towers of his ancestors. His

grandfather gazed upon him—the tears gushing from his eyes, and his whole frame quivering with emotion. He uttered a cry of joy at beholding his descendant alive, and muttering "Has hell its visions as well as heaven?" ran tottering down the stair calling out "Oh my son, my son!" and holding open his aged arms. But he was not doomed to meet him in life—and from whatever place, whether of bliss or of punishment, the vision had been permitted to come—or whether it was the work of a melancholy and touched fancy—its fulfilment was at hand. As the chariot stopped, and young Roland, with a form, wasted by riot and debauchery, sought to tread once more the threshold of his ancestors, I saw the lady, whose face he too well knew, and for whose sins he had so soon to answer, come running to meet him—she threw back her locks from her brow, and stood confronting him—as an unexpected angel might rise to accuse him at the judgment seat. Not one word was uttered. He looked on her for a moment—his lips moved—he sank back in his chariot—turned on one side, and gave one convulsive throb—and the light of heaven was closed for ever on Roland Cheyne.

NALLA.

A SONNET OF THE MOON.

[Among our older poets are some whose genius was perfect in one or two smaller instances, but whose powers were never exerted on any larger work,—at least no proof of it has been put on record: of this number was Charles Best, the author of the following Sonnet. It was first printed in Davison's Rhapsody, in 1602.]

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her;
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour:
But when the silver wagon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The Sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will;
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart—
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill:
So, as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST.

THE FATE OF HYLAS.

He,
 Following the wood-nymph Dryope,
 Was tangled in the clustering hazels tall,
 And (lost amongst those leaves)
 Heard grieving, as a childless mother grieves,
 The star-complaining nightingale,
 Who sang the sweeter for her widow's woe,
 And made the green-woods know
 Sorrow, as though her offspring all had died:
 Whereat the stubborn oak forsook his pride,
 And when the blast did call
 "Hylas!"—before the talking wind was seen
 Bending, like grass or alders green;
 And boughs, all dumb before,
 Grew voiceful on the reedy shore,
 And scared the amorous Naiads where they lay,
 Waiting for their blooming prey
 Now hid, and shelter'd by the poplar pale,
 'Gainst whom nought might prevail
 Then, for 'twas holy held, and known to be
 Alcides' favoured tree,
 Who loved the blue eyes of the wandered boy:—

Alas! that youth should joy
 In 'scaping from those wise and grey restraints,
 With which eld binds our inexperienced will,
 And, quite untaught by woe, or pain, should still
 Rush to the dazzling dreams which folly paints!—
 Alas, fair Hylas! why didst thou give ear
 To syren singing, and lend all thy gaze
 (Leaving the guardian branches trembling near)
 To the white beauties of the Naiad's face?—
 Ah! wherefore dost thou stoop, O Hylas! down
 To kiss the rush-grown crown
 That lies upon her ringlet-woven brows?—
 Better it were thou didst at once carouse
 With Bacchants in their drunken woods,
 Or, with a craving heart, drink up the floods
 Of sparkling Pindus, and grow mad with dreams:
 Avoid ———

Away! his fate is fix'd,—is over,
 He is now the Naiad's lover,
 Martyr of her seeming charms,
 Sleeping in her curling arms,
 (Colder than the twining snake's,)
 The slumber from which no one wakes.—

—He shall never live,—nor die;
 But, through the blank eternity,
 Grow beneath the sun and moon,
 Like the witch'd Endymion
 Wept awhile, but soon forgot;—
 Like the flower which dieth not,
 But, in hard and yellow pride,
 Bloometh, though the spring hath died,
 Though the summer days are gone,
 And the autumn weeds are blown

And decaying;—like the river
Which rushes and will rush for ever
Glittering through the gloomy morn,
And cold though sunny June be born;—
Like the steel and stone that thrive
In earth-darkness half alive;—
So, in his pale sleep, shall he
Dream while woods and rivers be

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE Grand Musical Festival at Gloucester has just concluded very successfully. It is known that a meeting of the Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Cathedrals takes place at the several cities in rotation, and the assistance of the London profession is called in to fill up the principal parts. Mr. Grea-torex has for many years conducted, with the assistance of the organist of the place. This year Messrs. Vaughan, Sapio, Knyvett, and Bel-lamy, with Madame Caradori, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Stephens were the singers. Mr. Sapio and Madame Caradori were, however, only engaged for the evenings—the sound English music being entrusted to purely English singers.

The performances commenced with the Cathedral service, into which was introduced the *Dettingen Te Deum*; Dr. Boyce's Anthem, *Blessed is he*; and the Duet, *Here shall soft Charity repair*. Mr. C. Knyvett's Coronation Anthem concluded the first morning. The second was the *Redemption*, and the third the *Messiah*. The evening Concerts were Selections; and at the close of each a Ball. The audiences were very numerous, 1600 persons being present on the Thursday (the second morning), and about 1000 at each evening Concert. The scale of this, though not equal in magnitude to those we are about to speak of, could not be exceeded in point of finished performance.

At the moment we take up the pen, indeed, a series of the finest Concerts are now commencing, and will rapidly succeed each other at York, Liverpool, and Birmingham, that any country ever listened to. How little was it foreseen, when the performances at Westminster Abbey

were established for the commemoration of Handel, that in less than half a century the opulence and the taste of England should arrive at such a pitch, that in three provincial towns, within the period of one little month, three celebrations would take place, equal, if not superior, in grandeur and precision, to the concentration of talent, which at that time excited the wonder of the world!

The Birmingham Committee, to whom the country owes the great example of applying Science to the aid of Charity, which is thus gradually travelling through all its provinces, must be made of more than human materials, if they can see unmoved the march which York, astute York, has gained upon them. They write to Madame Catalani, who returns an answer couched in the most magnanimous terms: "His Majesty having graciously vouchsafed to patronize the Birmingham Concert, and the said Concert being the finest in the world," Madame Catalani instantly hastens from Florence at their summons to assist, leaving her remuneration to the liberality of the Directors! But lo! she is no sooner arrived, than she engages to forestall Birmingham, by singing at York, on the very moderate condition, as it is stated, of receiving six hundred guineas for six Concerts! Previously, however, she takes a trip to Dublin, where she sings at the Theatre, and divides the profits with the manager, he paying all expences! But what though? There is but one Catalani, and she (we may dig a pit and whisper it) knows the full value of her notes weighed against English gold. She refused 300*l.* for three Concerts at Liverpool, arrogating either all or none. When, however, we turn our atten-

tion to the talent that is (not) to be found in the capitals of the musical world, her price may be estimated by the scant supply and the augmented demand.

Madame Fodor appears to be the only attractive singer upon the Continent, and her manner and powers are exactly as far removed from Catalani's as the beautiful is from the sublime. At Paris Signora Pasta is the favourite, a singer whom our English audiences endured, but who scarcely can be said to have raised any sensation above mere toleration. At Vienna there is Madame Unger, and Mademoiselle Schutz. We know not if the King of Prussia's saying, when he was asked to hear Mara, "that he should as soon expect pleasure from the neighing of his horse as from a German singer," be as applicable now as he thought it then; but certain it is, that the vocalists of that nation seldom pass the borders of their own country, and we may see in what estimate Madame Unger is held, by her sinking to the part of *Emilia Otello*, when Fodor appeared (who came to Vienna from Naples at the beginning of the year), and by the rapture with which her countrymen received the latter. At Berlin there are Mesdames Milder and Siedler, but they too are Germans. At Dresden they have Signora Tibaldi, who has been out only one year; and there are some others of about the same elevation as those mentioned. There is also, roving from city to city, Madame Wranisky, who is highly spoken of in one capital, and disregarded in another. Throughout Portugal and Spain there is not one singer of the smallest repute. At Milan they have Guidotta Salio and Erminia Fenzia, singers with beautiful voices and a good style. Bellocchi, too, has been there. But none of these are *phenomena*. Madame Colbran (who is married to Rossini) has experienced the fate of his *Muometto*,* and has been hissed with the piece at Venice, and is indeed considered as gone by. Italy, like the other kingdoms of the European world, contains no singer known above the rest as such, *par excellence*; in short, no Catalani.

Yet is music cultivated with astonishing ardour all over Europe, and in Germany especially. There is not a city of any note that has not its band, its music societies, its concerts, its national and Italian operas. The number of instrumentalists, to whose performance the Germans especially are much the most attached, is perfectly astonishing. Their composers are almost as numerous, for nearly every concerto-player writes as well as performs his own music. One opera of Weber's ran fifty nights in one town, and produced to the treasury of the theatre 30,000 dollars. Similar success attended its representation all over the empire. In Holland it has had equal attraction. In April last, it was acted twenty-five nights at Amsterdam. Next to Weber, Schnyden, Kreutzer and Blumare are the dramatic composers most esteemed. Rossini is not much in vogue in Germany, though he appears to be as much esteemed as any *living* foreign writer. It is the custom to introduce short concerts before or between the pieces in many of the theatres; and morning performances are little less frequent than evening. In Holland the principal singers in concerts are amateurs, and the theatres are supported by emigrant actors, chiefly from Germany. Thus there is only one Catalani, and the English alone seem to be able to come up to the enormous price she sets upon her talents.

It is understood that the Bath theatre will open with six Italian operas, in which it is said the great Syren will share. Sir George Smart's and Mr. Loder's Concerts will again be renewed in that city, having given last season the utmost satisfaction to the auditors, and remunerated the conductors.

Rumours are also afloat, that Madame Catalani will be engaged with Signora Pasta at the King's theatre.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Moscheles has a new Sonata, its principal features are brilliancy and spirit. It is also full of melody, and though it can hardly be called easy, it does not contain those difficulties that Mr. Moscheles's reputation as a performer has almost invariably connected with his name. We hardly

* In Italy Mercadante now ranks next to Rossini in fashion.

know a more inspiring movement than the rondo, we might almost say than the whole piece.

The Pianoforte Journal is a publication consisting of a collection of overtures, airs, rondos, and other movements, selected from the works of popular composers on the Continent; such as Cherubini, Dussek, Eberl, Field, Himmel, Hummel, Steibelt, Paer, &c. Messrs. Cramer, Ries, and Dr. Crotch, have also contributed. It has reached the 24th Number, which contains a rondo, by Hummel, and is a delightful specimen of this composer's style; it is full of fire and fancy, natural genius, and the greatest acquirements of Science. But for a more extended and more perfect example of Hummel's genius, we refer our readers to a grand brilliant fantasia, dedicated to the Countess de Chodkiewick, which combines all the noblest resources of genius and art.

Amusement des Dames, a selection for the harp from the works of foreign masters. This publication is to be completed in six numbers, the first contains an Austrian waltz, by Gallenberg, an Alsatian melody and waltz, by P. Scherner, and a French air with variations, by L. Spohr. These are very beautiful things in their kind, and augur exceedingly well for the publication which promises to keep place with its title and to afford very tasteful amusement pour les dames.

Mr. Bochsa has three new works for the harp; *Home! sweet home*, with variations, *Aurora che sorgerai*, from *La Donna del Lago*, with variations, and *La chasse au Renard*. The first is agreeable and not difficult; the second is a piece of greater pretension and greater merit; the third is an imitation of a Fox-chase and its attendant noises. Some very animated and elegant strains descriptive of the hunt are introduced; there is perhaps rather too much sameness in the arpeggio passages, but these are consonant with the nature of the instrument, and the different species of tone which the harp produces are here employed with much judgment and success.

Aurora che sorgerai with variations, by G. Hargitt, jun. This piece is in itself a

very meritorious production, but it derives additional interest from the circumstance of its being the first work of a very clever and industrious young man. Mr. Hargitt is in his 19th year, his performance of Field's *Storm*, at Mr. Knyvett's benefit in 1820, introduced him to the notice of the musical world, and he goes on to deserve the meed that is due to perseverance and ability.

Mr. Rawlings's variations upon *Home! sweet home!* are in a popular and elegant style.

Mr. Calkin's *C'est l'Amour*, as a rondo for the Pianoforte, is written in a light and unassuming style. The air is just now very popular, and Mr. Calkin has, to say the least, added to its interest.

Mr. Kiallmark's *Second Divertimento Scozzese* for the Pianoforte, introducing the air of Donald, is but an inferior production.

The Vocal Anthology has proceeded with undiminished excellence to its fifth number, combining biographical notices, a catalogue raisonnée of the music inserted, specimens of classical English, French, Italian, German, and Scotch composition, together with some original pieces.

Mr. Kiallmark has published three songs of unequal merit, though all possessing greater claim to regard than the generality of ballads. The best is to words by Mrs. Opie, *Yes, thou art gone*, which is elegant and diversified. *The sea boy's call* is not so good.

Violets, a song to words from Herrick, is rather a singular composition, by Mr. Danneley, of Ipswich. There is fancy and feeling in its structure, which takes its character from a close imitation of the poetry.

Juvenile Songs, No. I. will be found useful to those who have juvenile (by which we suppose is meant very young) pupils to instruct, and it is the work of female taste and industry.

Mr. Webbe has published (and Mr. Mazzinghi announced) a Mass. Mr. Webbe's is a learned, grave, and excellent ecclesiastical composition.

THE DRAMA.

IN the temporary rustication of our brother Contributor who generally "does the drama," we were invested, much against our will, with this ungrateful office. We say, "ungrateful," not with respect to the function of theatrical critic in general, but in reference to the peculiarity of our vicarious situation in the present

case. We, who are of the humdrum school, one of those plain, honest, stupid kind of people who can see little further than the end of their nose, find the neighbourhood—even on paper—of your witty men, extremely intolerable. Hence, it is not without the utmost repugnance that we have brought ourself to endure a

contrast in print with the Gentleman whose brilliancy has heretofore illuminated the dramatic region of this Miscellany. We have neither his keen wit, his playful humour, his tact, nor his discernment in these matters. In short, as we said before, we are a very good kind of a good-for-nothing sort of a person,—a little “too wise to walk into a well,” but if we did, cannot swear that we should be lucky enough to find Truth, even *there*. However, notwithstanding our manifold disqualifications for this task, and our insurmountable objection to be *shone down* (next month) by our brother luminary, in whose sphere we now dare to twinkle,—the *wise* Editors of this Magazine selected us, in spite of ourself, and as the poet says “*recusantem catenas*,” to fill this department; sealing up our *miserere mei* lips with an imperative—*Fiat!* “E’en Jove himself must yield to Fate,” said we, and accordingly (to speak in the phrase of the profession),—

bent up,
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat—
growling all the time like Cerberus at a fresh batch of ghosts come to disturb his infernal slumbers:—So the reader must not be surprised if we *snarl* a little.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.
We look upon Liston’s face in the light of a national misfortune. We consider, what we must own to be his happy infelicity of feature, a serious injury to the public stage. We are decidedly of opinion that by the admirable scenic effect of his physiognomy, he has inadvertently precipitated the fall of drama amongst us, or rather, that the last blow has been given to English comedy, by the exquisite comicality of his visage. These assertions appear at first sight paradoxical: but we are not so ambitious of dubious reputation, as to maintain untruths merely for the sake of exhibiting our ingenuity or our impudence. If our readers can so command their muscles as to consider seriously and dispassionately the influence of Mr. Liston’s countenance upon authors, actors, *himself*, and the community in general, they will find the real paradox to consist in holding an opinion opposite to ours, viz. that Comedy is not degraded by

playing to the eye instead of to the mind. In the first place, writers for the stage, depending on this phenomenon of a phyzy, neglect all legitimate means of pleasing, all rules whatsoever by which comedy is distinguished from the very lowest species of buffoonery,—that which depends on grimace. Not that we mean to say that Liston is a grimacier: Munden and Farren are much more celebrated for this species of mechanical humour. Indeed, any grotesque contortion of muscle is perfectly superfluous with Liston; any variation in the natural position or æconomy of his features would make him *uglier*, perhaps, than he is, without making him a whit more laugh-at-able. But the changes and different phases of his countenance have *naturally* the effect of grimace; and what Munden does laboriously, this actor does involuntarily. Hence, the whole endeavour of our playwrights is directed to exhibit, not their own wit, if they happen to possess such a rare commodity, but Liston’s face under new and ludicrous aspects; the sum of their energies is applied to present us with, not a fair exaggeration of human nature, as it is found displayed in the various follies and foibles of mankind, but some fantastical mockery, some gross caricature of real existence; or, rather some burlesque extravaganza, which has no prototype in real existence, where Liston, in a pair of *unmentionables* coming half-way down his legs, a waistcoat of the pattern of my grandmother’s chintz bedgown, and a flaxen wig with the tail turn’d up behind, shall set the audience in a roar without opening his lips. Pope (translating the complaint of Horace) complain’d a century ago in the same strain that we do, and perhaps as ineffectually:

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal:
“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable.
“What shook the stage and made the people stare?”
Cato’s long wig, flower’d gown, and lacquer’d hair!

The sublimest dramatical exertion of the season is a piece designated *Sweethearts and Wives*, which has kept almost uninterrupted possession of this theatre during the whole summer; yet if we examine this production (certainly the least deficient in

intrinsic merit of those lately brought forward), even with the most indulgent eye, we shall be obliged to place it very low indeed on the scale of mediocrity. Its chief and perhaps sole excellence consists in the dexterity with which Liston is fitted with a character, and the felicity with which various attitudes are contrived to exhibit this "figure of fun" to the best advantage. There is little of nature and less of wit in the piece; many of the actor's best jokes are insipid on paper; and, in reading the book, it may be said of the most effective hits which the author has given Liston an opportunity of making,

The jest is lost unless he prints his face—or rather his whole person. If it were possible to print Liston's face in a parenthesis after every joke, it certainly ought to be done by those who are anxious that their piece should have any of that effect in the closet which it has on the stage. But this is not the only evil which the malignant ascendancy of Mr. Liston's good-humoured phyz produces amongst authors; not only do professed stage-writers neglect nature and propriety to sail into the ports of Gain by the light of his countenance, but others, who have a turn for the drama not yet indulged, either follow these profitable but unworthy examples, or, in despair of succeeding by legitimate methods, give up the pursuit altogether.

Again, his brother actors, observing the miraculous effects produced by this unrivalled specimen of "Nature's handy work," and finding buffoonery a much easier science than chaste representation of character, have in many instances degenerated into mere face-makers; they either imitate Liston with much about the same happiness that monkeys do men, or, at the least, endeavour to excite the risibility of the audience by burlesquing their parts in something of his manner. Harley is rather a well-looking man, yet he is perpetually attempting to carry the theatre by a *coup de visage*; and, instead of a very tolerable performer, converts himself into a very indifferent grimacier. His personation of *Nehemiah Flam*, a knavish Quaker valet in *Gay Deceivers*, a piece lately produced at this house, appeared to us particularly

objectionable; he squinted, grimed, and disfigured his countenance in numberless ways, all very well calculated for the medium of a fair and the aperture of a collar, but totally unworthy of a loftier stage than the bottom of an inverted tub or a beer-barrel.

The influence of Liston's face upon himself is obvious to the most superficial eye; relying upon the witchery of his looks, he neglects all the genuine points of action which are not specifically adapted for a display of those anomalous charms which embellish his countenance, and brings into play points which are altogether insignificant, only because they are more favourable to his powers of looking his audience into laughter. Witness, for instance, his *Pigwigginn*: He drinks a glass of wine-water with infinite humour; but when he is *poisoned*, exhibits no humour at all! In truth, so far from degrading his abilities to the study of his part, he makes a part for himself; and represents not the character as it is written for him, but his own version of it. Thus, to consider Liston as an actor is to consider him as what he seldom gives himself the trouble of being; but to consider him as a very comical fellow is to consider him as what he cannot help being.

Finally; the public at large has contracted a lower and more farcical taste, from having frequently witnessed Liston's performances, and from the gratification it is impossible not to find in them, however deficient in intellectual humour. For our own part, we must confess, that though we have many times gone to the Haymarket with a firm determination to shame the audience out of their bad taste, by the gravity of our visage, we have exactly as many times broken through all our resolutions, laughing abundantly and ten times louder than any one in the theatre. It is for this very reason that we are inclined to regret Mr. Liston's appearance on the stage; he has spoiled the public taste for genuine comedy. We are, therefore, never so prone to break out into lamentation as in the midst of our laughter, or to fall into a melancholy reflexion as in the height of our mirth. As if Thalia had not already sufficient opposition to encounter, Mr. Liston must lend his

courtenance to the general conspiracy against her.

Fish out of Water, the only other new piece brought forward since our last number at this theatre, is an admirable illustration of what can be done without wit, character, plot, sentiment, or language, by the mere force of situation. The whole merit of this piece consists in the choice of a very absurd but highly ludicrous plot; a *Cook* and a *Secretary* are engaged at the same time in the same family, and by a mechanism very forced and improbable, each gets the other's place. The difficulties and awkward dilemmas into which the *Cook* and the *Secretary* are thrown, by their different misemployments, excited the loudest approbation, and maintained the piece in spite of some out-of-door opposition.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

WE were more gratified than we have been for a very long time, by the acting of a Mr. RAYNER, at this little theatre. His performance of *Giles*, in the *Miller's Maid*, was certainly the best thing we have witnessed (excepting *Othello*, last season) since poor Emery's death. In the last scene, where he utters an unwilling benediction over Phebe and his successful rival, his acting had that effect upon us which we often and in vain wished to experience from Tragedy; it fairly, and to the disgrace of our vocation we confess it,

Drew iron tears down critic's cheek.

The character was supported throughout with a degree of nature, judgment, and feeling, which we have seldom seen attained on the stage. We know nothing whatever who this Mr. Rayner is; but we think we know something of what he will be. He has his enemies, it seems; so much the better. They only blow his fame through a trumpet of their own; however discordant the clamour, the public will soon run to see the reason of the noise. His only competitor, at least on these boards, is Miss Kelly, whose *Phebe*, in the same piece, is, of course, familiar to most people as a specimen of excellent acting. Her awkward bashfulness, when required to decide between the rival clowns, and

the manner in which she kicks her heels as she leans on the back of the *Miller's Judgment-seat*, were exquisitely natural. It is particularly in these minor traits of character that this judicious actress excels.

Mathews, as *Dick Cypher*, in *Hit or Miss*, gave infinite satisfaction to a full and glowing audience. Two fancy songs, for the giving of which this gentleman is celebrated as far as the *Antipodes*, we believe, elicited their usual tribute of approbation. Indeed, even in private company, we, who are so old-fashioned as to dislike all these things, have been pestered to no trifling degree by the changes continually rung in our ears on the merits of this performance. Mr. Mathews's admirers seem inspired with a little of that enthusiasm which he so vividly represents as prevailing at a horse-race; they actually appear jumping out of their skins in ecstasy and delight when his name is mentioned.

The Guardians Outwitted, a cut-down comedy, gave Mathews an opportunity of exhibiting his inimitable versatility in the different characters of a coxcomb peer, a Dutch merchant, an old steward, and a young Quaker; all assumed by the hero of the piece, Colonel Feignwell, for the purpose of carrying off his mistress. A *Hypocrite*, in Greek, means an actor, or one who undertakes a character different from his own; and certainly, in this liberal sense of the word, Mathews is as omnipotent a hypocrite as we have ever met with.

Too Curious by half introduced one of our prime favourites, Wrench, as a *Busy Body*. *Marplot* was, however, certainly not a *chef-d'œuvre*, either in point of delineation or representation: the author and actor were about on a par of mediocrity in their several provinces. Indeed Mr. Wrench did not do either the piece or himself justice, for he had not been at the trouble of getting his part; and he had besides an invisible competitor, who, to use a vulgar phrase, "took the words out of his mouth," viz. the Prompter. Mr. Wrench was little more than a loud echo to the whispers emitted by his duplicate behind the scenes. This is not as it should be.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

THE praise bestowed by Boileau on Villon, and still more the pains taken by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis the First, to edit his poems, would lead us to expect great things from them; but in this expectation most English readers will probably be disappointed. For while Alain Chartier is full as intelligible as Chaucer, and Charles Duke of Orleans more so, Villon (who wrote after both) can scarcely be made out by the help of a glossary. Even his editor, Marot, who, as he tells us in the preface, had corrected a vast number of passages in his poems, partly from the old editions, partly from the recital of old people who had got them by heart, and partly from his own conjectures, was forced to leave several others untouched, which he could neither correct nor explain. One cause of the difficulty, which we find in reading Villon, is assigned by Marot, in a sentence that shows his knowledge of the true principles of criticism. "Quant à l'industrie des lays qu'il feit en ses testamens pour suffisamment la congnoistre et entendre, il faudroit avoir esté de son temps à Paris, et avoir congneu les lieux, les choses et les hommes dont il parle; la memoire desquelz tant plus se passera, tant moins se congnoistra icelle industrie des ses lays dictz. Pour ceste cause qui vouldra faire une œuvre de longue durée, ne preigne son soubject, sur telles choses basses et particulieres." *Les Œuvres de François Villon, à Paris, 1723, small 8vo.* "As to the address with which he has distributed his legacies, in the poems called his Wills, to understand it sufficiently one should have been at Paris in his time, and have been acquainted with the places, the things, and the persons of whom he speaks; for by how much more the memory of these shall have been lost, so much less shall we be able to discover his dexterity in the distribution of these bequests. He who would compose a work that shall last, ought not to choose his subject in circumstances thus mean and particular."

The truth is, that Villon appears to have been one of the first French

writers who excelled in what they call *Badinage*, for which I do not know any adequate term in our language. It is something between wit and buffoonery. Less intellectual and refined than the one, and not so gross and personal as the other, in reconciling, it in some degree neutralizes both. To an Englishman it is apt to appear either ridiculous or insipid; to a Frenchman it is almost enough to make the charm of life.

One of the chief causes of Villon's popularity must however have arisen in the great number of French families whom he has mentioned in his two Wills, generally for the purpose of ridiculing certain individuals who belonged to them. A list of these, containing upwards of eighty names, is prefixed to these two poems.

His "*Petit Testament*," which was written in 1456, he supposes to have been made on the following occasion. Being heartily tired of love, and thinking there was no other cure for it but death, he represents himself as determined on leaving this world, and accordingly draws up his will.

His "*Grand Testament*" was framed in a more serious conjuncture. In 1461 he was committed to prison at Melun, together with five accomplices, for a crime, the nature of which is not known. But whatever it were, he intimates that he was tempted into it by his mistress, who afterwards deserted him. He remained in a dungeon and in chains, on an allowance of bread and water, during a whole summer, and was condemned to be hung; but Louis XI. (who had then newly succeeded to the throne), in consideration, as it is said, of his poetical abilities, mercifully commuted his punishment into exile. He is, perhaps, the only man whom the muse has rescued from the gallows. The hardships he had suffered during his confinement brought on a premature old age; but they taught him, he says, more wisdom than he could have learned from a commentary on Aristotle's ethics.

Travail mes lubres sentimens

Aguise (ronds comme pelote)

Me monstrant plus que les commens

Sur le sens moral d'Aristote.—Ib. p. 14.

"Trouble has sharpened my lubberly thoughts (before as round as a bul-
let); showing me more than the com-
ments on Aristotle's Ethics could have
done." The first place at which he
found a refuge was Saint Genou,
near Saint Julien, on the road lead-
ing from Poitou into Bretagne. Here
he was reduced to such extremity,
that he was forced to beg his bread;
and if the fear of his Maker had not
restrained him, he declares he should
have put an end to himself.

There is little known of what hap-
pened to him afterwards. He prob-
ably met with some lucky turn

of fortune; for Rabelais mentions
his having been in favour with Ed-
ward V. of England, and his dying
at an advanced age.

From what has been said of the
peculiar vein of his genius, the reader
will perceive, that it is scarcely ca-
pable of being fairly represented in
another language. His happy turns
of expression, smart personalities,
and witty inuendoes, would tell very
indifferently at second hand. A
short ballad out of the Grand Testa-
ment, being more general, may be
attempted.

Ballade, des Dames du Temps Jadis.

Dietes moy, ou, ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thais
Qui fut sa cousine Germaine?
Echo parlant quand bruyt on maine
Dessus riviere, ou sus estan
Qui beaulte eut trop plus que humaine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

Ou est la tressage Helois?
Pour qui fut chastré (et puy Moyne)
Pierre Esbaillart à Saint Denys
Pour son amour eut cest essoigne.
Semblablement ou est la Roynne,
Qui commanda que Buridan

Eut jetté en ung sac en Seine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

La Roynne blanche comme ung lys
Qui chantoit à voix de Serpine,
Berthe au grand pied, Bietris, Allye,
Harembouges qui tint le Mayne,
Et Jehanne la bonne Lorraine
Que Angloys bruslerent à Roan.
Ou sont ilz, vierge souveraine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

Prince n'enquerez de sepmaine
Ou elles sont, ne de cest an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

BALLAD, OF THE LADIES OF PAST TIMES.

Tell me where, or in what clime,
Is that mistress of the prime,
Roman Flora? she of Greece,
Thais? or that maid so fond,
That, an ye shout o'er stream or pond,
Answering holdeth not her peace?

—Where are they?—Tell me, if ye know;
What is come of last year's snow?

Where is Heloise the wise,

For whom Abelard was fain,

Mangled in such cruel wise,

To turn a monk instead of man?

Where the Queen, who into Seine

Bade them cast poor Buridan?

—Where are they?—Tell me, if ye know;

What is come of last year's snow?

The Queen, that was as lily fair,

Whose songs were sweet as linnets' are,

Bertha, or she who govern'd Maine?

Alice, Beatrix, or Joan,

That good damsel of Lorraine,

Whom the English burnt at Roan?

—Where are they?—Tell me, if ye know;

What is come of last year's snow?

Prince, question by the month or year;

The burden of my song is here:

—Where are they?—Tell me, if ye know;

What is come of last year's snow?

While he was under sentence of death, he wrote some verses in which there is a strange mixture of pathos and humour. They begin thus:

Freres humains qui apres nous vivez,
N'ayez les cœurs contre nous endurcis,
Car si pitié de nous poveres avez,
Dieu en aura plustost de vous merciz;
Vous nous voyez cy attachez, cinq, six,
Quant de la chair, que trop avons nourrie
Elle est pieça devoree et pourrie,
Et nous les os, devenons cendre et pouldre;
De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre. (P. 93.)

O brethren, ye who live when we are gone,
Let not your hearts against us harden'd be;
For e'en as ye do pity us each one,
So gracious God be sure will pity ye;
Here hanging five or six of us you see;
As to our flesh, which once too well we fed,
That now is rotten quite and mouldered;
And we, the bones, do turn to dust and clay;
None laugh at us that are so ill bested,
But pray ye God to do our sins away.

The Epigram on himself, when he was condemned, is more ludicrous. rent connexion with the main subject.

Je suis François (dont ce me poise)
Né de Paris, emprés Pontoise,
Or d'une corde d'une toise
Sçaura mon col que mon cul poise.

Let us hope that it was no heinous offence for which he could suffer with so much gaiety.

The Petit Testament is very short, not much more than 200 verses. In the drollery, such as it is, of this fancied disposal of property, made with no other view than that of raising a laugh at the legatees, he has had a crowd of imitators. The Grand Testament, besides many items of the same kind, includes several ballads and rondels, which one of his commentators not unreasonably supposes to have been written separately, and afterwards classed under this common title, for they have no appa-

His other writings consist chiefly of a few ballads in the language D'Argot, or, as we should call it, slang. Clement Marot found them unintelligible, and left them to be expounded by Villon's successors in the art of knavery. I have not heard that any of them have undertaken the task. Indeed it would be a betrayal of their secrets, as little for their common good, as if a Romish priest were to translate the invocations of the Saints, or a physician his recipes, out of the Latin into the vernacular tongue. Of the Repuës Franches, which has been sometimes attributed to him, it is decided that he is not the author but the hero.

Villon was born at Paris, in 1431, of mean parentage, as appears from the following stanza in his Grand Testament:—

Pauvre je suys de ma jeunesse
De pauvre et de petite extrace,
Mon pere, n'eut onq' grand' richesse,
Neson ayeul nommé Erace,
Pauvreté tous nous suyt et trace,
Sur les tombeaulx de mes ancestres
(Les ames desquelz Dieu embrasse)
On n'y voyt couronnes ne sceptres. (P. 21.)

Poor am I, poor have alway been,
And poor before me were my race:
No wealth my sire possess'd, I ween,
And none his grandsire, hight Erace:
Poortith our steps doth ever trace:
O'er my forefathers' humble graves
(The souls of whom may God embrace)
No crown is hung, no sceptre waves.
The time of his death is not known.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

At Paris, as well as at London, this is not the season of the year for the publication of new works; and besides this, the public mind in France is at this moment so much engaged by the Spanish war, that the journals have very little space for literary subjects, and many works doubtless remain unnoticed much longer than they would at another time. To these causes we may add the Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie Française, which divides with the Spanish war the attention of the Parisians, in whose heads the idea of making the English burst with rage (*crever de dépit* is the favourite expression) at the fancied superiority of the French manufactures, is second only to the Victories and Conquests of the French in all Parts of the World. A work under this title is just completed in 6 large vols. 8vo. It includes all the military exploits of the French from the commencement of the monarchy to the French revolution, and therefore serves as an introduction to the much more voluminous work which describes the victories and conquests of the French during the last thirty years. We now proceed to notice the principal productions in the various departments of literature.

The *Drama* has been remarkably barren. The absence of Talma, and of some other principal performers, is reported to be the cause that several new pieces have been delayed for the present. M. Soumet's tragedy of Saul, which obtained so much applause on its first appearance last season, has been brought forward with very considerable changes, which prove at least the deference of the author to the opinion of the critics. The tragedy is now much more conformable to the Scripture narrative, its departure from which was severely blamed; the Pythoness, as the French call the Witch of Endor, instead of opening the tragedy by a soliloquy, boasting her infernal power over Saul, does not appear till the fourth act, when she is brought in chains, by order of Saul, who requires her to evoke the shade of Samuel. A piece announced as *Marie Stuart*,

a comic opera in three acts, has been performed with much success; but the French critics justly observe, that to call this a comic opera is an abuse of words. Lyrical drama, or dramatic opera, would be more appropriate. The author of the words is not known. The music is by M. Fetis. *Lasthenie*, an opera in one act, is taken from the *Travels of Antenor*, in which *Lasthenie*, the mistress of Alcibiades, is represented as engaging him by a stratagem, solemnly to vow eternal constancy to his wife *Hyparete*. This trifle, the words of which, as well as the music, are slight but pretty, was very favourably received; but the propriety of bringing forward on the modern stage a character so very equivocal as the Greek courtesan may be justly questioned.

Poetry.—The most remarkable production is, *La Mort de Socrate*, by M. de Lamartine, whose *Méditations Poétiques* have acquired him such a high reputation. M. Camponon, of the French Academy, author of *La Maison des Champs*, and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, has published a new edition of his poems, with many additions.

History, Memoirs, &c.—M. Bodin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, has published *Historical Researches respecting Angers and Lower Anjou*, 2 vols. 8vo. which may be considered as the necessary complement to his previous work on *Saumur and Upper Anjou*. The *History of Jeanne d'Albret, Reine de Navarre*, by Mademoiselle Vauvilliers, has already reached its second edition. A third edition of M. Ancillon's *Revolutions in the Political System of Europe since the 15th Century*, has just appeared, with corrections by the author. M. Koch's work, with nearly a similar title, *Picture of the Revolutions in Europe since the Overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West to our Days*, which Mr. Koch had brought down only to the partition of Poland, 1792, for the north of Europe, and to the treaty of Versailles, 1783, for the south, is now completed, by a new edition, to the restoration of the house of Bourbon, by M. Schoell,

author of a History of the Treaties of Peace. A small volume, the Conspiracy against Attila, in the Embassy of the Romans in 449, by Antoine Metral, is an interesting narrative of an event of which little notice has been taken in history. M. Metral has carefully quoted his authorities. Madame Campan, author of the Memoirs of the late Queen of France, has left other interesting manuscripts, which have been sold by her family to the editors of the former work: it is not exactly known what is the subject of these manuscripts, but it is reported they contain interesting details relative to the education of the young ladies under her care, and a Theatre d'Education. Translations are published of Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, with notes, by M. Langles, 4 vols. 8vo. of Professor Heeren's excellent Manual of Ancient History, 1 vol. 8vo. and of Ascargorta's History of Spain, 2 vols. 8vo. The French are doubtless indebted to the present war for this translation of a very interesting and well-written work. We have on a former occasion spoken of M. Letronne's truly excellent work, on the History of Egypt during the Dominion of the Greeks and Romans; and the learned world will learn with pleasure that he has in the press another similar work, under the title of Historical Considerations on the State of the Arts and Institutions of Egypt, from the Invasion of Cambyzes to the Age of the Antonines.

Natural History.—The 93d Livraison of the Great Encyclopedia, containing the second and last part of the Arbres and Arbustes, and the last part of the Ornithology. This is stated to be the most complete work on the subject yet published, containing above 3600 species; with engravings of 900 birds, on 340 plates. Vol. 3d of the Classical Dictionary of Natural History contains the articles from CAD to CHE, and it is adorned by the names of Humboldt, Arago, Lacepede, Decandolle, Jussieu, &c. and illustrated by 10 plates. M. L. P. Vieillot has advertised a French Ornithology in 2 vols. 4to. with nearly 400 plates. The French, in this respect, are behind the English, the Germans, and the Italians, having no complete history

of the birds of their country; it is to be published in numbers of 6 plates each, one or two per month.

Geography.—*Histoire Physique des Antilles Françaises*, by A. Moreau de Jonnes, tom. i. containing the Climate, Mineralogy, and Geology. This is an important and interesting work, which deserves the more attention from its being founded on the author's personal observations. It is to be observed, that he declares open war against the systems of all his predecessors, condemns without exception all that has been written on the subject by Buffon, Raynal, Fleuriu, the mineralogists Le Blond, Ramont, Isert Lavaysse, and numerous others, and declares that the islands of Polynesia are better known to us, and that there is no part of the globe respecting which so many incorrect, erroneous, false, extravagant, and ridiculous things have been said. The sequel of the work (we believe one volume) will treat of the Flora, the Zoology, the Physiology of the various races of people, and the Topography of Martinique and Guadaloupe. The fine Atlas of France, which will contain 90 Maps, in 30 Numbers, appears regularly; the 5th Number is published: the great general Map will be ready in three months. A Second Edition has just appeared of a useful work on Ancient and Historical Geography, after the Maps of D'Anville, 2 vols. 8vo. A Geographical, Historical, and Military Description of Spain, by M. de Rozier, Professor of History in the College of Louis le Grand, though it probably owes its existence to the circumstances of the moment, is very highly spoken of.

Antiquities and Fine Arts.—A prospectus announces the intended publication of M. Cailliaud's Travels to Méroe, the White River, beyond Fazoql, in the south of the kingdom of Sennaar, to Siwa, and five other Oases, in 1819 to 1822. The work will be published in 28 Numbers, of five plates each, forming 2 vols. folio. The text will make two or three volumes in 8vo. Thus it appears, the same preposterous plan as was adopted in the publication of M. Cailliaud's first journey is to be continued, and that, as M. Letronne observes, the shapeless sketches (informes croquis) brought back by that traveller are to

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be made into fine large plates, instead of engraving in small vignettes these productions of the pencil of a man who never knew how to draw, by which their defects would have less shocked the eyes of persons skilled in these matters. It is to be hoped, that M. Jomard, the *redacteur en chef*, will not again commit such egregious blunders as on the former occasion, when he placed an Oasis, visited by Sir A. Edmonstone, and afterwards by M. Drovetti, in the direction of north to south, instead of east to west—a difference of only one fourth of the compass, as M. Letronne observes! M. Gau's noble work on the Temples of Nubia has reached the ninth Number; only three are now wanting to complete it. The first Number of another work, equally splendid and interesting with that of M. Gau, and likewise by a German artist, has at length appeared; it is the Description of the Cathedral of Cologne, by M. Sulpice Boisseree, of Stuttgart. This modest title affords but a very incomplete idea of this great work, which will give, for the first time, a complete scientific and philosophical history of what is improperly called *Gothic Architecture*, which has covered Christian Europe with so many magnificent edifices. The beauty and splendour of the execution, correspond with the importance of the subject. The most skillful engravers of France and Germany have been employed to produce a monument worthy of the art to which it is consecrated. The eighth Number of the *Voyage Pittoresque* in Sicily, published by Osterwald, contains Views of the Temple Segesta, of the Ancient Port of Lilybæum, and of Mount Eryx, of the Gulph of Millazo, and the Staircase of the Theatre of Catania. A Description of the Monuments of different Ages, observed in the department of the Upper Vienne, with a Sketch of the Annals of that Country, 1 vol. 4to. by C. N. Allou, was honoured by the Academy of Inscriptions, in one of its late sittings, with a gold medal. The province of Limousin is historically interesting, even to the English reader, on account of the celebrated Abbey of Saint Martial, which baffled the valour of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Classical Literature.—M. Lemaire

has published the 41st and 42d volumes of his Collection of the Latin Classics, viz. Justin, and the 1st volume of Juvenal. For Justin, the editor has followed the text of Wetzel and of Gravius, which he has, however, frequently corrected after the famous MS. in the Royal Library, which is declared to be the best, by Gronovius, in his notes on Arrian. M. Lemaire appears to have taken especial pains with Juvenal, an author whom, next to Virgil and Horace, he has most profoundly studied. A second volume will complete Juvenal, and a third will contain Persius. M. Lemaire promises to give at the end of this third volume a life of Juvenal, and the history of satire among the Romans, that is, among the ancients; for though there are many satirical traits in the Greek authors, yet it was the Latin writers who first determined the nature and form of the little poem which we call satire. *Satira tota nostra est*, says Quintilian.

Theology.—The Bible, translated by Eugene de Genoude, 22 vols. 8vo. The author professes to have followed the Septuagint and the Vulgate, comparing them with the Hebrew text. Four volumes are published; and a *Livraison* of four volumes is to be delivered every month.

Novels.—Letters of Two Lovers, confined during the reign of terror, by Mr. Sedin. 2 vols. 12mo. This, says a French critic, is in some respects an historical novel, conceived in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. The author's opinion of the historical novel is, that the kind of composition which essentially presents a general and faithful picture of the spirit of the age, is preferable to that, in which the author takes celebrated characters, only to bring them on the stage according to his own fancy, to transform history into romance, and to confound real facts with mere fiction. The critic speaks in high terms of this production.

Mechanics, &c.—*Traité de Mécanique Industrielle*, by M. Christian, now completed by the publication of the second volume, is a valuable exposé of the science of mechanics, deduced from experience and observation, chiefly for the use of manufacturers and artists, with many plates. The Dictionary of the Discoveries,

Inventions, Innovations, Improvements, new Observations, and Importations into France, from 1789 to 1820, which is to make fifteen volumes (ten are published), contains many very good articles on mechanics; yet it appears to include many articles which rather belong to a general Encyclopedia, which it does not profess to be, or to Dictionaries of a different description; thus we do not see how the Ruins of Karnac, and Lake Moëris, in Egypt, can be properly referred to any of the above-mentioned heads. M. Chaptal has just published *An Essay on Chemistry applied to Agriculture*.

GERMANY.

As we observed in our last month's Report, we can hardly expect the appearance of any important work till the Michaelmas fair at Leipzig. The classical labours of the Germans are indeed increasing, and new editions and translations of the ancient Greek and Latin authors are constantly appearing, as well as a legion of publications in what we might call everyday, or domestic literature. If any thing does appear, it is long before it finds its way to this country. We can, therefore, only mention the names of a few works which we have seen noticed in the journals, as the most remarkable, or at least the most likely to interest foreigners. Baron Von Schlotthiem's *Petrefacten Kunde*, and the Supplement, having experienced a highly favourable reception from the friends of natural history, he has been induced to publish a Second Supplement, with 16 copperplates. The *Life and Character of the celebrated reformer Ulrich Von Hutten*, from the extracts we have seen, is a very interesting and well-written work (1 vol. 8vo.). The *Life of the late eccentric writer Hoffman*, 2 vols. 8vo. by an anonymous author, but evidently an intimate friend of the deceased, gives a very interesting portrait of this very singular writer; and throws great light on various peculiarities and extravagancies in his works, which are the delight of Germany, but on the whole not calculated to give much pleasure to foreigners, unless they are Germanized by long residence in the country, and have a thorough knowledge of the language. The author announces himself in the title-page as the Au-

thor of a *Life of Zacharias Werner*, author of a drama called *Luther*, and of several other works, whose name has been rendered still more celebrated by his abandoning the Protestant for the Catholic religion. A work really important and interesting to the friends of humanity has just been published at Hamburg; it is *A Description of the Prison for condemned Criminals, called the Spinnhaus, and the other Prisons of the city of Hamburg*, by Martens, Merchant, Alderman, and Superintendent of all the Prisons of that City.—Considering the melancholy truth, founded on experience, that most institutions of this kind are schools of vice, from which the criminal is discharged more corrupt than he entered, and a more dangerous member of society, it is pleasing to accompany the worthy Author, whose views are corroborated by his own observations for 12 years, into his well-regulated establishments, where every thing is calculated to correct both the thoughtless transgressor and the hardened criminal, and to bring them back to the right path. Not fetters, nor the whip, nor other cruel chastisements, but rigour tempered by mildness, strictly just treatment, regular labour, the forming of a fund to be given to those who are discharged, a constant influence on the mind and heart, and the blessed effects of Christian charity, have effected what was thought impossible. The *Constitution and History of the Order of the Guelphs, of the Kingdom of Hanover*, is interesting on account of the lives (or rather anecdotes) of the knights; among whom are many of the most illustrious princes, men of learning, warriors, and statesmen, who were concerned in the wonderful events since 1813, in which many particulars are derived from sources hitherto inaccessible. Though we have neither seen the following work, nor even any account of it, we are induced to mention it, both on account of the remarkable fact on which it is founded and the reputation of the author: *The Conversion of Catholic Christians, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, to the Protestant Religion*, related and commented upon by Dr. H. G. Tzschirner, Professor of Divinity at

Leipzig. Half of the inhabitants of Mülhausen, in Baden, including the Lord of the Manor, Baron Julius Von Gemmingen, and the Rev. Mr. Henhöfer, the Catholic clergyman, left the Catholic for the Protestant church.

ITALY.

The first volume of a new translation of the *Odyssey* in Verse, by the Abbé Eustachio Fiocchi, has been published at Padua; *La Strage degli Innocenti*, (the Murder of the Innocents,) a poem, at Leghorn; *A Topographical and Historical View of the Islands of Ischia, Ponza, &c.*; vol. first, with plates, at Naples; *A History of Vicenza*, by Silvestro Castellini, in 14 vols. 8vo. at Vicenza; *A History of the Lake of Como*, at

Milan; *A History of the Eruptions of Vesuvius in the Years 1821, 1822, and 1823*, at Naples; *A Bibliotheca Canoviana*; or, a Collection of the best Pieces in Verse and Prose on the Life and Works of Canova, vol. first, at Venice. The German Baron, Von Stackelberg, is preparing to publish at Rome two important works; the first is the *Temple of Apollo at Phigalia*, (to which the celebrated frieze now in the British Museum belonged,) which he discovered in company with a party of artists and amateurs; with numerous plates. The second work is an *Essay on the Greek Sepulchral Monuments*; the plates (76 in number, in imperial folio) are already engraved.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

NATIVE COUNTRY OF THE POTATO.

Great doubts have existed with respect to the natural *habitat* of the potato. It was first known in its cultivated state in Virginia, from which place it was brought by Sir W. Raleigh; it is generally supposed, however, that the plants found there had been previously introduced from some of the Spanish territories, in the more southern parts of that quarter of the globe. From Humboldt's observations it seems that it does not occur native in the south-western part of North America; nor is it known as a garden plant in any of the West India islands. According to Mollini, it grows wild in great abundance in the fields of Chili, in which state it is called by the natives *Maglia*, producing small and bitter tubers; and Don Jose Pavon asserts that he has seen it cultivated in Peru. Early in the spring of last year, Mr. Caldecleugh, Secretary to the British Minister at the Court of Rio de Janeiro, in his journey along the west coast of South America, observed the potato in its native state. According to him, it is found in considerable quantity in ravines in the immediate neighbourhood of Valparaiso, in lat. 34° S. It begins to flower in October (the spring of that climate), and is not very prolific, the leaves and flowers being similar to those of the

plants cultivated in England. The roots are small and bitter, some with red, others with yellowish skins, and do not appear to be put to any particular use. Two of the tubers sent to England to Capt. Sabine were planted separately in pots, and speedily vegetated, from which they were afterwards transplanted into a border, at about the distance of two feet from each other. The blossoms were at first sparingly produced, but as the plants were earthed up they bore flowers abundantly, which however were not succeeded by fruit. The flowers and leaves were in most respects similar to those of the cultivated potato. In August, runners from the roots and joints of the covered stems protruded in great abundance from the surface of the ridge, and formed considerable stems, bearing leaves and blossoms. When taken from the ground, the principal stems measured more than seven feet in length. They afforded above six hundred tubers of various sizes, the largest not exceeding that of a pigeon's egg, which when boiled had the flavour of a young potato. It was observed, that so late as the month of August there were no tubers formed, which was supposed to be owing to the mould employed having been much loaded with manure, by which an excessive luxuri-

ance of the stems was occasioned. The tubers obtained also are not fully ripe, nor have they attained the size which they probably might have done, had they been formed earlier; they will however answer perfectly well for the purpose of reproduction, and they are in sufficient quantity to be subjected to the same treatment as that practised for raising a common crop of potatoes, so that there is every reason to expect that they will yield a similar produce.

MORTAR.

M. Berthier has lately given an analysis of the Roman cement of Parker and Wyatt, of London. According to him it is composed of

Carbonate Lime.....	657
———— Magnesia.....	005
———— Iron.....	070
———— Manganese.....	019
Clay Silica.....	180
— Alumina.....	066
Water.....	013

1·000

Berthier thinks, that with one part of common plastic clay, and two and a half of chalk by weight, a very good hydraulic lime could be made, which would set as speedily as the English one; but it is not probable, he allows, that we can obtain by mixtures hydraulic lime, which will acquire as great hardness and solidity as the natural mortar, because these qualities depend not only on the composition, but also on the state of compactness. The greater density the material possesses, and if it slake without changing its volume, the greater facility will its particles have in becoming aggregated, and the less shrinking will there be during its consolidation. Berthier has drawn the following conclusions from a numerous set of experiments. A limestone which contains 6 per cent. of clay affords a lime already perceptibly hydraulic. When the lime amounts to from 15 to 20 per cent. it is very hydraulic, and when from 25 to 30, it sets almost instantly, and may therefore be considered as Roman cement. He conceives that the iron and manganese have no effect whatever in occasioning the hardening.

In a mortar, which owes its solidity to the adhesion of the lime to the alloys, or substances with which it

is mixed, there is evidently an advantage in multiplying as much as possible the surfaces of contact. Thus alloys, with large grains, do not afford mortars so solid as the pulverulent ones, because there are spaces filled with pure lime, which do not present the same resistance to fracture as the other parts. On the contrary, alloys in powder, though they present the greatest surface, yet require a very large proportion of lime. To obtain then, with the smallest possible quantity of lime, mortars possessing the greatest solidity, alloys must be used containing particles of different sizes, avoiding always the mixture of argillaceous substances, which form a paste with water, but have no coherence. These opinions have been put to the test of experiment on a large scale, the sand usually employed at Paris affording a better mortar when merely washed, than when the fine particles are removed by a sieve.

VOLCANO OF BARREN ISLANDS.

This volcano was visited by Captain Webster in March last. When entering the bay they were assailed at the distance of 100 yards from the shore, with puffs of warm wind, and on dipping their fingers into the water it was found to be quite hot. The stones on shore were also warm, and the water bubbling all round them. Having landed, he ascended the precipice towards the cone, which appeared to be about a quarter of a mile distant. The diameter of the base of the volcano is about 300 yards, and about 30 at the top, and there issued from it continually a white thin smoke. In order to examine the crater, Captain Webster ascended 30 or 40 yards, sinking ankle deep in ashes at each step, but he found it impossible to reach the mouth.

MATRIX OF THE BRAZILIAN DIAMOND.

In Mr. Heuland's collection there is a Brazilian diamond imbedded in brown iron ore. Another in the same matter is in the possession of M. Schuch, librarian to the Crown Princess of Portugal. Eschwege has in his cabinet a mass of brown iron ore, in which there is a diamond in a cavity of a green mineral, supposed to be arseniate of iron. From these facts he infers that the

matrix, or original repository of the diamond of Brazil, is brown iron ore which occurs in beds of slaty quartzose micaceous iron ore, or in beds composed of iron glance and magnetic iron ore named by him *Itabirite*.

ACTION OF FLOWERS ON AIR.

Some interesting experiments have been lately performed on this subject by Saussure. The flowers even of aquatic vegetables do not develop themselves in media deprived of oxygen gas; they require for their support a greater proportion of this than the other parts of the plant. Some flowers, as roses, preserve their corolla for a shorter time in air than in vacuo, or in azote; but when removed, their petals exhale an offensive odour, so that though apparently in full vigour, they have actually undergone decay. When a flower is placed under a receiver full of air confined by mercury, the volume of air is very little if at all altered. Oxygen is however absorbed, which is replaced by its own volume of carbonic acid. Saussure has not been able to detect any hydrogen in the air in which the plants were confined, nor does there seem to be any alteration in the volume of nitrogen. The following are a few of the results of his experiments with respect to the difference in the quantity of oxygen consumed by the flowers and by the leaves. The experiments were performed in summer and in the shade, and only when the flowers were fully developed.

Flowers.	Oxygen consumed by flowers.	Oxygen consumed by leaves.
Single gillflower.....	11	4
Passiflora serratifolia.....	18.5	8.5
White lily.....	5	2.5
Carrot (umbels of).....	8.8	7.5
Single tuberose.....	9	3

BAGNE LAKE AND GLACIER.

Our readers must remember that in 1805 and some of the subsequent years, immense masses of ice having fallen into the river Drause, in the valley of Bagne, they became consolidated by the cold, and thus proved a barrier to the passage of the water, by which a lake of great extent was formed. Owing, however, to the pressure of the accumulated fluid, the ice gave way and occasioned prodigious destruction, from the escape of the water into the lands beneath.

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Though thus broken, the barrier has again, by the accumulation of ice, become almost as complete as before, and has given rise to the apprehension of the same dreadful consequences; it has been therefore an important object to prevent a repetition of them, by diminishing, or at least putting a stop to the increase of the barrier. The method adopted by M. Venetz promises the greatest success. He had observed that the glacier could not support itself, where the river is of a certain width, but fell into it and was soon dissolved. He formed and executed the design of bringing the water of the streams from the neighbouring mountains, by a canal to Mauvoisin, opposite the highest part of the glacier, from whence it is conducted in two streams, by wooden troughs, on to the glacier in a direction parallel to the valley, and being warmed by the sun in its course, it soon cuts very deep channels in the ice. By varying the direction of the current, different parts are thus cut, so that the ice is constantly falling into the river, where it is dissolved. When the weather is fine, these streams, which are about five inches in diameter, act with extraordinary power, piercing a hole 200 feet deep, and six feet broad, in 24 hours. They are calculated to remove 100,000 cubic feet of ice from the barrier daily, by which it is expected that, should the weather continue favourable, the whole will be taken away in three years. M. Venetz estimates the quantity removed in the year 1822, between 11 and 12 millions of cubic feet.

THENARD'S BLUE.

Thenard has given the following formula for the preparation of this beautiful substance. Make a solution of nitrate of cobalt, by roasting the cobalt ore, digesting it in diluted nitric acid, evaporating the solution to dryness, and dissolving the residue in water. To this, phosphate of soda is added, and the powder thrown down well washed with water, and, when still moist, intimately mixed with eight times its weight of alumina, prepared by the addition of ammonia to a solution of alum, the alumina being used also before it is dried. The mixture is then spread on thin plates, dried in a stove, and when dry reduced to fine powder,

which is afterwards exposed to a red heat in a covered crucible for half an hour.

ARTIFICIAL HALOES.

The following experiment, described by Dr. Brewster, illustrates in a beautiful manner the actual formation of haloes. Put a few drops of a saturated solution of alum on a plate of glass, and in a little time it will crystallise in minute octohedrons. When this is held between the observer and the sun, or a candle, with the eye close to the smooth side, three beautiful haloes are observed, at different distances from the luminous body. The innermost, which is the whitest, is produced by the images refracted by a pair of faces of the

crystals, not much inclined to each other; the second, which is more coloured, with the blue rays outwards, is formed by a pair of faces more inclined; and the third, which is large, and highly coloured, by still more inclined faces. Each separate crystal forms three images of the luminous object, placed at points 120° distant from each other, in all the haloes; and as the faces are turned in every possible direction, the whole circumference is completely filled up. The same may be produced by other crystals, and the effects may be curiously varied by crystallising together salts of different colours.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

ALTHOUGH nothing actually decisive of the fate of Spain has occurred since our last summary, still events are now in progress which promise a speedy termination, at least of the military affairs of the Peninsula, but really, its political settlement is likely to be left as distant as ever. The defection of Morillo has ended, we are sorry to say, in the premature capitulation of Corunna. The first division of the French army entered the town on the 21st of August, where they report themselves as finding 4,000 troops, a great quantity of warlike stores and provisions in abundance, so that had it not been for the unparalleled defection of the chieftains, a protracted resistance might have been reasonably calculated on. Indeed this appears to have been the opinion of General Bourcke himself, if we may infer any thing from the very favourable conditions attached to the surrender. Of course, the inhabitants have been required to acknowledge the Regency, and to permit the occupation of the town by such French and Spanish troops as the invaders may select; however, the very second article in the treaty stipulates, "that no householder or present inhabitant of Corunna shall be molested or prosecuted for the opinions he may have held, or for the political conduct which he may have hitherto observed. Persons and property shall

be scrupulously respected." (By the 4th article also it is further guaranteed, that "the national militia, who do not belong to Corunna, shall have passports for their homes, or other places convenient for them, the necessary assistance being afforded them; and in no manner shall they be molested or prosecuted for the opinions which they have manifested, nor for the political conduct which they have observed, either as individuals or as a national militia." These terms are certainly conciliatory, and not counteracted by any subsequent stipulation in the treaty, if we except the imposition of the odious presence of the traitor Morillo.

In our last, we mentioned the departure of the Duke d'Angoulême from Madrid; we have now to relate his arrival before Cadiz, and the events consequent thereon. His first step was the mission of a flag of truce to Ferdinand, proposing to make peace on certain terms with the Spanish nation. The answer was no doubt drawn up by the Constitutional ministry, but was written by Ferdinand's own hand; it certainly, considering all things, is a very curious autograph. The letter is addressed to, "Monseigneur le Duc et mon Cousin," and begins by stating, that he is "free, and that if he has suffered any curtailment of his liberty, it has only occurred

since an invading force entered his dominions for the purpose of delivering him from bondage. His Royal Highness, continues Ferdinand, laments the existence of disorders, which he attributes to the work of faction, and professes a desire to save the further effusion of blood. His Royal Highness, his Majesty the king of France, and the French government, who are alone the authors of the war, are alone responsible for the blood which has been already shed, and which may yet be shed." The writer goes on substantially to state that if any calamity should happen to himself or the royal family from the accidents of the threatened attack, or if the "faithful people of Cadiz," so worthy of his royal regards and interest, suffer those disasters which are the usual concomitants of a protracted siege, the King of France and his Royal Highness the Duke would have to answer to the world and to posterity for those calamities and disasters! This letter is allowed universally to be a genuine autograph of Ferdinand; and as he has shown himself obstinate enough in resisting what he does not choose to perform, we must either suppose that he has at length awakened to the miseries he has brought upon his country, or is meditating some fresh master-touch of hypocrisy. The latter supposition is indeed more *in keeping* than the former, though so weathercock a mind as his may be easily supposed capable of continual vacillation. After the receipt of this letter, some ineffectual attempts at negotiation seem to have been made; during the progress of which the French were preparing for an attack on the Trocadero, a strong position, and one of the most important outworks of Cadiz. In this, we regret to say, they were quite successful. The attack, according to the French accounts, which alone we have received, was made on the 31st of August, and was, to them, attended with the most brilliant results, giving them possession of the forts Matagorda and St. Louis, the command of the inner roads, and a vast quantity of ammunition and artillery. The loss of the Spaniards is estimated at 500 killed and 1200 prisoners; but the accounts are silent as to that of the French, which we

may therefore reasonably conclude has been considerable. That the Spaniards fought bravely the French themselves do not pretend to deny, as the following extract from their dispatch will testify: "the Spaniards in vain kept up a vigorous fire of musketry upon our soldiers, who had no other arms than their bayonets, the locks of their muskets and their cartridges having been wetted in crossing the moat. Nothing could resist this first column; whoever attempted to oppose it was immediately put to the bayonet. Under these circumstances, the Constitutionalists sustained a severe loss in their best artillerymen, *all of whom were killed at their guns.*" Though this proves that the brave men who defended the Trocadero deserved well of their country, still it cannot be denied that this position is a most important acquisition to the besiegers, and may much facilitate the fall of Cadiz. The French cannot conceal their delight, and the Gascon dispatch which records it is much more exulting than that which announced the victories of Austerlitz or Jena. "*Those,*" says the Etoile, a first-rate ultra paper, "*who were present in Buonaparte's wars, say they never found in any general the intrepidity they have observed in the Duke D'Angoulême!*" This is well; it is no doubt intended as compliment to old Moncey, who, of course, will testify, after he captures Mina, what mere poltroons Ney and Massena and Murat were, in comparison with the "Son of France," and worthy descendant of Henri Quatre! We suspect, however, that of "those who were present in Buonaparte's wars," there were but few concerned in the fall of the Trocadero. Prince Hilt was much too wise in his selection to suffer the comparison—he is too generous to hurt the fame even of a dead enemy. After the capture of the Trocadero, a mutual tendency to negotiate manifested itself, both on the part of the besieged and the besiegers; several flags of truce passed, but it was at last understood to be a *sine qua non* on the part of the French General, that previous to any treaty the Spanish King and his family should be set at liberty. The Duke de Guiche was the bearer of a letter to Ferdinand, which he personally

delivered to him.—Ferdinand is reported to have acted in the spirit of his first reply, and to have maintained that his freedom was not abridged.—This however the Duke affected to disbelieve.—Ferdinand then demanded what proof the French required of his being free, to which the answer was, that the only receivable proof would be, either the admission of the French troops into Cadiz, or the appearance of the Spanish Royal family at the French head-quarters; and this was accompanied by an intimation, that the town should be bombarded within six hours, if the requisition was not complied with. Thus matters at present remain, but it is quite clear, that a crisis has arrived, which must put the resolution of the Cortes to a test; they will now have to choose between an ultimate and a fatal conflict in defence of their principles or a compromise with the invader. The Duke d'Angoulême has certainly shown every disposition, rather to negotiate than contend—perhaps he is not willing that Ferdinand should encounter the inevitable hazards contingent on an assault; and it may be that the yellow fever, which has already appeared in his army, may render its situation critical. A third cause has indeed recently transpired, which must render the present position of the French general particularly embarrassing; we do not mean in a military point of view, but in a political one, which portends the frustration of all his past achievements. In our last, we adverted to a decree issued by the Duke d'Angoulême, at Andujar, releasing those Spaniards who were confined for political offences, controlling the public press, and assuming, in fact, the complete government of the country. This decree, it cannot be denied, bore towards the Constitutionals a very unexpected character of moderation. Of course the monks, the Ultras, and the whole hornet tribe of the Faith immediately took the alarm, and, incited, as is supposed, by the instrumentality of Russia, loudly demanded the repeal of the decree. No sooner had the French proceeded to act on the decree by the liberation of twenty-two Spaniards confined in Madrid, for alleged political offences, than the Regency issued a protest couched

in very violent terms! It declared that "they learned with surprise an event which attacks the sovereignty of the King, in whose name they govern; and, not being able to endure this encroachment on their dignity, they protest in the face of Europe, whose assistance they implore, against the violence of this act. Upon hearing of this proceeding (they say) the Regency of the kingdom would have been glad, if it had had power, to abandon the reins of government; but reflecting on the situation of the Sovereign, the necessity of preserving union between the two nations, and of maintaining public order in the interior, it felt the duty of continuing its functions in spite of the outrage offered to the authority with which it is invested." This, it must be admitted, is sufficiently strong language, considering that the person to whom it is addressed is a friend and ally; but, strong as it is, it is quite outdone by an address signed by the Count d'Espagne, and fifty of his principal officers composing part of the Spanish Royalist force before Pampluna. This document is addressed to the Madrid Regency; it denounces the Andujar decree as unwarrantable and tyrannical, and declares the readiness of the army of Navarre to defend, by arms, the Regency, against what it denominates "the usurpation" of the Duke. It would seem as if the French were somewhat embarrassed at these proceedings, as a circular note was immediately addressed by Count Guilleminot to all the French and Spanish authorities, professing to explain the decree. It declared that the Duke d'Angoulême had no wish to prevent the Spanish authorities from exercising criminal jurisdiction in ordinary cases, but only wished to secure, according to the terms of his amnesty, the safety of those who had abandoned the enemy's ranks. With respect to the article assuming the control of the press, he declared that its only object was to prevent the insertion of any thing calculated to irritate party feeling or to embarrass the French proceedings. All this, however, would not do, and the French ministers, influenced by the denunciations of the Regency and the interference of Alexander, actually annulled the

formal decree issued by their own Commander in Chief! A more decided insult, we will venture to say, was never before offered by a Bourbon administration to a Prince of the blood-royal. The thing, however, is now done, and it only remains to be seen how it will be received by the person principally concerned. If the Duke d'Angoulême is sincere in the moderation which he professes, it is quite clear he must abandon the *Faith* whose bigotry knows no bounds, and will listen to nothing short of the extermination of their opponents; indeed their addresses sufficiently speak the extravagance of their zeal—one of them emanating from the troops in Catalonia demands “the re-establishment of the inquisition in all the strength and vigour which characterized its first formation, as the only means of exterminating the Liberals.” If however, he does abandon the *Faith*, it is equally clear that from allies they will become enemies, supported in all likelihood by the power of Russia. Their appeal to “all Europe” in their address, is not without its meaning, a meaning which the French Cabinet seem not to have misinterpreted. Thus, amid all their military successes, and to these we have now to add the surrender of Pampeluna and Santona, it is more than probable that the French cannot reasonably calculate upon the attainment of any political object whatsoever—they took up arms to put down the Constitutional system; and now, on the eve of accomplishing that, they find themselves opposed by the very party for whom they originally interfered, and must probably commence the conquest of their friends, or else leave the Peninsula in a state comparatively worse than they found it. In our next we shall have to record, in all probability, the fate of Cadiz, which must be followed by important, if not decisive, results.

Amid the internal convulsions which agitate Spain, it cannot fail to excite some surprise that she is able even still to maintain the contest in South America. Yet that this is the case, we find by late accounts from Peru, which state that the liberation of that country is, at least, postponed by the defeat of the patriot army and their General Alvarado, at a

place called Moquega. This is attributed to some oversight in the ruling government, but it establishes one fact indisputably, and that is, that there are still Spanish royalist troops there capable not only of resistance but of conquest. At Lima also affairs seem very much unsettled. It seems the troops, becoming dissatisfied with the recent measures of their congress, marched one night in a body of three thousand to the sitting, and arbitrarily dissolving the assembly, elected their favourite Chief, Rivahuero, President. Before he accepted the office, he stipulated that Bolivar should be requested to march upon Lima, which was agreed to—an attack, however, from the Spaniards was expected here also, which is reported to have been delayed merely by the rains which fall in the spring months. Accounts from Cuba and Porto Rico state, that these important colonies have determined upon retaining their connexion with the mother country, provided she maintains her own constitution, which they consider would prove the guarantee of their liberties, but that in case absolute power is re-established, they will immediately separate and declare their independence.

The state of Portugal is still far from being settled. A curious contest has arisen between the ruling powers of that country and Sir Robert Wilson, relative to the order of the Tower and Sword, which it appears that officer no longer retains. The Portuguese government have issued a gazette formally depriving him of that distinction; but he has published a letter which he says they had previously received from him, resigning the insignia, on account of the “ungenerous, vindictive, and lawless treatment” he had experienced at their hands. His friends accuse them of ante-dating the gazette, in order to make it appear that they deprived him of the order in place of accepting its resignation. If this be true, its pettiness is inconceivable. Sir Robert, from the accounts published, seems to have suffered much, but he must doubtless have calculated upon this, when he embarked in such an enterprise. Whatever the miserable triumphs of the Portuguese Ultras may be over an individual, it is clear that, in a

national point of view, they have but feeble cause of congratulation. Advices have been received from Bahia, stating the total failure of their grand expedition. General Madeira with about 5,000 troops had been obliged to re-embark for Portugal, leaving the Imperialists in undisputed possession of the place. The Portuguese fleet, amounting to above ninety sail, including merchantmen and men of war, had sailed for the Tagus, but above 30 of them and 1,200 troops had been already captured, and sent back to Bahia by the Brazilian fleet under Lord Cochrane, who had declared his intention either to capture the remainder, or pursue them into the Portuguese waters. This seems the finale of Portuguese sway in the Brazils.

There is not much additional intelligence to be communicated relative to the Greek cause. It seems the Greek Committee had, early in March last, dispatched a literary gentleman of the name of Blaquiere to Greece, to ascertain the precise situation of that people. Mr. Blaquiere has returned, and the Committee have published his report. It states, that the contest was provoked by Turkish atrocity—that the Greek reprisals have been much exaggerated, and that the people are anxious to receive and extend the blessings of freedom and civilization. The report is ably drawn up, and promises the publication of further particulars. In the mean time it calls loudly on the British people to aid this most interesting of all struggles,—a call which every lover of freedom or literature must sincerely echo.

By the last accounts from New York, we learn that the Indians have commenced a warfare against the settlers along the whole western frontier of the United States. It seems that, for some time past, the trading parties on the Missouri have been continually attacked. In the month of June, however, General Ashley having ascended the river to a considerable distance, anchored in front of the Niccaree town, and entered into an amicable commercial barter with those people. Forty of his men, however, were suddenly assailed by the savages, and one half

of his party either shot or drowned. The rest escaped with difficulty to the nearest post, from whence 200 Americans with some native friendly tribes, were sent to avenge the insult. The Niccarees consist of about 600 warriors, most of whom have fire-arms, so that a serious warfare is apprehended. Another expedition belonging to the Missouri fur company was also attacked by the black-foot tribe, and despoiled to the amount of 15,000 dollars. Five men belonging to the company, and the leaders of the expedition, lost their lives. The Americans, jealous of liberty themselves, cannot wonder that these children of the soil, should raise a barrier of graves against the encroachment of their invaders.

Our domestic intelligence is, since the prorogation of Parliament, necessarily limited. The principal source of our supply is from Ireland; and sorry are we to say that it reflects but little credit either upon the morals or the intellect of that wretched country. It is really become quite frightful to peruse the Irish journals, as in the course of our duty we are bound to do, and to reflect upon the mass of crime and superstition which composes them. The very last arrivals present an account of an entire respectable family in the South having been murdered in cold blood, merely for having dared to give evidence in a court of justice against some of the neighbouring depredators! The name of this unfortunate family was Franks—not a soul escaped except a female of tender years, who acted in a menial capacity in the house, and who fortunately evaded the observation of the banditti. Government have offered, hitherto in vain, a reward of 500*l.* for the discovery of the perpetrators of this inhuman murder. In the meantime fresh miracles of the impostor Hohenlohe have issued from the Catholic press, and are studiously disseminated amongst the people by the titular bishops of that persuasion. The person upon whom the last miracle was performed is a lady of the name of Dowell, who is said to be of a respectable family. It is a very cruel thing in the Catholic priesthood to select respectable females for this juggle—the lady in question has been done a serious injury in thus being made a sort of

public character to gratify the vile bigotry of a sect, or answer the base purposes of a party. It is really base thus to advertise the infirmities of females, and make them, as it were, the butts for ridicule, or the objects of vulgar fanaticism. We have heard that these mountebank impositions are intended to awaken the poor deluded peasantry into a belief in the predictions of one Pastorini, who, it seems, prophesied that in the year 1825 Ireland was to acquire independence as a nation. How lamentable is it to the friends of real liberty to reflect that this very faction were bribed, by false assurances of their own selfish aggrandisement, into an interested silence when the interests and name of their country were for ever compromised. Prince Hohenlohe's miracles will not erase this fact from history. By the bye we are glad to find that the Emperor of Austria has promised to find this impostor a lodging whence nothing but his miracles can release him, unless he ceases to disturb the peace of his neighbourhood for the future.

The harvest is now nearly gathered in, in England, and has been abundant. This is almost the only domestic intelligence which we Londoners, deserted, at this season of the year, by all the world, can collect—we are glad it is so gratifying.

The new basins in the dock-yard at Sheerness were opened early last month, amid a great concourse of people, and without any accident.

The ministerial and whig leaders have been severally entertained in different parts of the country by their respective partizans, which, of course, each construes into exclusive proofs of the confidence of the country. Mr. Huskisson, the friend of Mr. Canning, has, we understand, obtained a seat in the cabinet.

The political dinners, the ascent of balloons, and the sale at Fonthill, are at present the topics of public attention. *Sept. 24.*

AGRICULTURE.

The unfavourable weather, which in the latter part of August threatened to destroy the crops, has been succeeded by a brilliant sun and a drying wind; and the apprehensions of an unpropitious season, which caused at that period the rise in the

price of wheat, have been followed by a harvest upon the whole almost unrivalled in rapidity and productiveness. Some of the reports, indeed, from the south and midland counties, complain of considerable damage done to the early cut wheat from two or three succeeding hot wet days. Such of the corn as touched the ground, whether after reaping or previous to it, in a lodged state, began to sprout, while that which was still standing has not been found to have received so much damage as was expected. Many of the young farmers have committed a very common fault by carrying their grain between the showers, and all, with the exception perhaps of a few ricks, got up very early. The greater part thus carried will come out a very soft sample, and indeed, it accounts for the wet rough parcels that have already appeared at market, such being anxiously threshed out. Upon good dry lands the barley and oats yield a full crop, but upon wet soils the appearance is thin and the sample not of the first quality. Generally speaking, the sample of barley even upon the best lands is grey, although productive. This sort of grain has not however fallen so much in price as wheat, in consequence of its being generally understood that the crop of last year is almost entirely consumed; and the present crop not being more than an average, the farmers are unwilling to sell. Those peas which remained on the ground received considerable damage from the rain. No grain becomes dry slower than peas, from their tendency to imbibe the wet; and if carted in a damp state (as is in many instances the case), or if they have laid a considerable time in the field, they will turn black. A few hours' sun after wet will cause the pods to open rapidly, if they are left in the air. Much is thus lost upon the ground, and spoiled before the pigs can be turned on. In the northern parts the harvest is now at its height, or rather nearly concluded. The hay season was uncommonly tedious, and particularly the last cut was got up in a very imperfect state, from the quantity of rain that fell there in common with the rest of the kingdom during the last month. The wheat that was cut early has suffered in the same

manner as the grain in the southern parts, from the close wet weather that succeeded the early reaping. The crop will turn out here much lighter than was expected. Spring crops of all kinds are generally very light and backward. The bean crop in the West Riding of Yorkshire has received considerable injury from the black fly. The weeds have grown to an alarming height, and are a serious injury. Flax is the best that has been grown for many years, and likely to be the most beneficial to the farmers in this district of any on the ground. Those wheats which have been sown after flax have escaped the mildew.

Upon the whole, then, it appears, from the general tenour of the reports from the different counties, that the harvest has been, in those counties where it is finished, most productive in all sorts of grain; and although in the early part of the season great apprehension was expressed for the getting in of the crops, in consequence of the threatening and unsettled state of the weather, those apprehensions have been happily in a great measure groundless. The markets have already fallen, and will probably fall to an extent that cannot now be conjectured. The aggregate decline appears to be in old wheat about 7s. and in the new that has been offered for sale in Mark Lane about 10s. the quarter. Since our last, barley has dropped from 3s. to 4s. per quarter. Oats are 6s. lower, and boiling and grey peas about 4s., and are still on the decline. The average importation of wheat coastwise has been in the last four weeks about 6,304 quarters, barley 506 quarters, oats 6,420 quarters, and of flour 7,621.

The turnip crop, which promised so abundantly, has been almost entirely destroyed, and more especially in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. This is a circumstance replete with incalculable injury to the farmer, and to the community in general, as it threatens a great and rapid advance in all kinds of meat, butter, &c. &c. The loss of the crop of turnips disarranges the entire farming system; it compels the agriculturist to have recourse to corn, oil-cake, and other very expensive food, for grazing; and it is with the great-

est difficulty they can support their dairy and flocks during the winter season. Besides receiving no remuneration for the expences of manure, seed, and hoeing, they are deprived of the tether, which on weak soils generally forebodes a loss of the barley crop, the layers, and the wheat crop for the ensuing year, until the land again becomes fallow. The general opinion as to this rapid destruction of the turnip is, that it originates from a fly; whether a new species or not, is not determined. It appears that the crown of the turnip tops has been impregnated with fly blows, which have produced a dark grey maggot. These maggots have gradually assumed the appearance of a grub. They begin by eating into the crown, and by degrees into the body of the apple; others eat down the rind, and settle at the tap root. Those turnips that are thus attacked are entirely destroyed; and, in instances that have come immediately under our own view, whole fields of the finest plants have nearly all disappeared in a fortnight. The later sown turnips are not so much injured, but there is little chance of their regaining much value. The Swedes are but little damaged.

The hops are said to be affected by an insect which destroys the strig of the hop, and causes it to decay, instead of gaining its weight. The picking has commenced, and there has been rather more doing both in old and new hops than of late. The meat market in Smithfield is lower and very dull; prime beasts barely reaching 3s. 4d. to 4s. The best Downs fetch about 4s. and the Lincolns from 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d. for the prime. Middling beasts and sheep can with great difficulty be disposed of. Sept. 23.

COMMERCE.

(London, September 23.)

The general state of the markets for the last four weeks has not presented any remarkable features, and scarcely any fluctuations worth particularizing; our notice will therefore be short.

Cotton.—From the date of our last report very little was done till the middle of this month, the sales being hardly more than 700 bales weekly; the holders however remaining very

firm: but in the week ending the 16th instant, in consequence of favourable accounts from Liverpool, a brisk speculative demand began, and the sales amounted to 11,000 bales: viz.—6000 Surats, middling, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$; fair, $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ a $6\frac{7}{8}d.$; good fair, $7d.$ a $7\frac{1}{4}d.$; good, $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $7\frac{3}{4}d.$; 3000 Bengals, ordinary, $5\frac{9}{8}d.$ a $5\frac{3}{4}d.$; middling, $5\frac{7}{8}d.$ a $6d.$; fair, $6\frac{1}{8}d.$ a $6\frac{3}{8}d.$; good fair, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $6\frac{5}{8}d.$; 2000 Madras, fair, $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ a $6\frac{5}{8}d.$; good fair, $7d.$ a $7\frac{1}{8}d.$; good, $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ a $7\frac{1}{2}d.$, all in bond; in other descriptions only 120 Boweds, middling to fair, $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $8\frac{3}{4}d.$; and 25 Pernams, $12d.$, also in bond. The sales in the week ending to-day have been trifling, but the holders continue very firm, expecting a speedy improvement. At Liverpool the sales from 16th August to 20th September, were 53,880 bags, the arrivals nearly 46,000.

Sugar.—The business done at the beginning of the month was not considerable, the holders being very firm, and the prices on the whole inclined to rise. The most sales were effected in the week before last, when about 4000 casks of Muscovades were sold. Last week the demand for good and fine Muscovades was considerable, but inferior qualities were rather lower. There was a great demand last week for lumps for Hamburg at an advance of 1s. per cwt. This morning the market looks well.

Coffee.—The sales have on the whole been considerable, and some fluctuations have taken place in the prices, which were rather higher at the beginning of this month; but there has been a considerable reduction (from 4s. to 6s. per cwt.) and the sales this morning went off hea-

vily, the St. Domingo being mostly taken in; the prices of the Coffee which sold were, however, fully as high as last week, but there was no animation in the biddings; good ordinary Jamaica, 80s. a 83s.; fine ordinary, 84s. 6d. a 85s. 6d.; fine fine ordinary, 93s. a 95s.; ordinary middling, 102s. a 102s. 6d.; middling to good middling, 107s. a 110s. 6d.; good ordinary pale St. Domingo was taken in, 83s. a 84s.; the fine ordinary sold at 85s.

Hemp, Flux, and Tallow.—The Tallow market has been very steady, and was very brisk a week ago, yellow candle being at 39s., and in the course of last week it rose to 41s. The favourable accounts of the fisheries have occasioned a fall, and 40s. is now the nearest price. Hemp has been steady in price.

Oils.—The Brunswick, of Hull, arrived with thirty-six Fish, a full ship, gives a general and most favourable account of the other vessels; Whale Oil has been offered at 22l., but there are not any buyers: prices are now expected to go very low. In Seed Oils there is no alteration.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The advertisement of the Government contract for 100,000 gallons caused the demand to become brisker last week, but to day the market is heavy. Brandy, which was heavy on account of the favourable reports of the vintage, has become more firm. For the best marks free on board to arrive, 3s. 2d.; housed, 3s. 3d. to 3s. 4d. is the nearest price.

The East India Company's quarterly sale of Indigo is fixed for 7th October, and the Spice sale for 10th November.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

First Steps to Botany, intended as popular Illustrations of the Science leading to its Study as a Branch of general Education. By James L. Drummond, MD.

A new work from the pen of Miss Porter, Author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *Scottish Chiefs*, &c. in 3 Vols. 12mo. entitled *Duke Christian of Luneberg*; or, *Traditions from the Hartz*.

Mr. Sharpe is preparing Engravings

from Mr. Westall's Designs, for the *British Anthology*, or *Poetical Present*, designed, with considerable variations of materials and arrangement, as an exemplar of the once popular Dodsley's Collection.

The Night before the Bridal, and other Poems. By Miss Garnett, in an octavo volume.

The Eighth Volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposi-

tion of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. de Humboldt. And translated into English under his immediate inspection.

Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand. By Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th Regt. 1 Vol. 8vo.

The Stranger's Grave. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, &c. &c. has nearly ready for publication the first portion of his English Flora.

The Second Edition, with Corrections and Additions, of Miss Benger's Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during her Residence in France. In 2 Vols. 8vo. with a genuine Portrait, never before engraved, and a fac-simile.

Hurstwood; a Tale of the Year 1815. In 3 Vols. 12mo.

Country Belles, or, Gossips outwitted.

Dr. Meyrick's work on Ancient Armour, in three Volumes, Imperial 4to. will be published on the 1st of October.

Memoirs of the late Pope, including the whole of his Private Correspondence with Napoleon Buonaparte, taken from the Archives of the Vatican, with many other hitherto unpublished Particulars of his eventful Reign. By Mr. Bernard Cohen.

The first Number of a Zoological Journal, to be continued quarterly and edited by Thomas Bell, Esq. FLS. John George Children, Esq. FR. and LS. James de Carle Sowerby, Esq. FLS. and G. B. Sowerby, FLS.

Dictionary of English Quotations, in 3 Parts: Part the First, containing quotations from Shakspeare, will appear in a few

days. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts.

The Regular publication of the Encyclopædia Edinensis will be resumed and the work completed within the original limits. Part XIX. will be ready in October.

Blackstone's Commentaries:—a Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Sentences, Phrases, &c. which occur in the above Work, and also in the Notes of Christian, Archbold, and Williams.

A Treatise on the Law of Libel. By Richard Mence, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

Extracts from Various Greek Authors, with English Notes and Lexicon, for the Use of the Junior Greek Class in the University of Glasgow. In 1 Vol. 8vo.

A Panoramic View of the City of Edinburgh, and Surrounding Country, beautifully printed in Chalk by Simoneau, and handsomely coloured on Imperial drawing paper, size 90 inches long by 21 inches wide.

A Critical Analysis of the Rev. E. Irving's Orations and Arguments, &c. interspersed with Remarks on the Composition of a Sermon. By Philonous. Dedicated to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.

Elements of Arithmetic, for the Use of the Grammar School, Leeds, and adapted to the general Object of Education. By George Walker, AM. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Grammar School, Leeds. Second Edition.

The Star in the East, with other Poems. By Josiah Conder. 1 Vol. foolscap 8vo.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society. Vol. 4—for the Years 1821—22—23. Part II. with 7 Engravings. Price 10s. 6d.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1821. Vol. 14. Parts I and II. 8vo. 12. 1s.

The World in Miniature; edited by Frederic Shoberl. Japan, containing Illustrations of the Character, Manners, Customs, &c. of the People of that Empire, with 20 coloured Engravings. 1 Vol. 8s.

Miscellaneous.

The Medea of Euripides, literally translated into English Verse, from the Text of Porson; with the original Greek, the Metres, the Order, and English Accentuation, with Notes for the Use of Students. By J. W. C. Edwards, MA. 8s.

Delineations of Fonthill and its Abbey: richly embellished with numerous highly finished Engravings and spirited Woodcuts. By John Rutter, Shaftesbury. 4to.

11. 5s.; large Paper, 2l. 10s.; India Proofs, 3l. 13s. 6d.

Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, ascertaining the site of the Great Battle fought betwixt Agricola and Galgacus. By the Rev. Andrew Small Edenshead. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Prometheus Chained of Æschylus, literally translated into English Prose; from the Text of Blomfield. By J. W. C. Edwards, MA. 8s.

A Guide to the Giants' Causeway, and the North East Coast of the County of Antrim. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, AM. 6s. foolscap.

Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Casas. Vols. 7 and 8. 8vo. 12. 1s.

A Letter of Advice to his Grand-children—Matthew, Gabriel, Anne, Mary, and Frances Hale. By Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice in the Reign of Charles

11. The Second Edition. Printed from an original Manuscript, and collated with the Copy in the British Museum.

The East India Military Calendar, containing the Services of General and Field Officers of the Indian Army. 4to. 2l. 10s.

Letters to Marianne. By Wm. Combe, Esq. Author of the Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, &c. foolscap. 3s. 6d.

Meteorological Essays and Observations. By J. Frederic Daniel, FRS. 8vo. 16s.

Novels and Tales.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists. Vols.

14, 15, and 16, containing Cecilia; or Memoirs of an Heiress. By Miss Burney. 3 Vols. 9s. boards.

Novels and Tales of Author of Waverley, 12 Vols. 18mo. with 12 Plates, from Leslie. 4l. 4s.

Theology.

Baxter's Practical Works, 8vo. Vol. X. 12s.

Voyages, &c.

Picturesque Tour through the Oberland, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland; illustrated by 17 coloured Engravings, and a Map, royal 8vo. 1l. 8s.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Richard Uvedale, MA. Vicar of Fotherby, presented by the Lord Chancellor, to the Vicarage of Hogsthorpe, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. T. Robinson, MA. presented by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Milford-with-Hordle, Hants, vacant by the death of the Rev. G. Thompson, DD.—The Rev. F. R. Broomfield, AM. Vicar of Napton, to a Prebendal Stall in Litchfield Cathedral.—The

Rev. R. Thomas, to the Perpetual Curacy of Hemswell, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Jackson.—The Rev. G. Greaves of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, appointed Chaplain to the British Factory, at Archangel.—The Rev. J. E. Jones, MA. Curate of St. Nicholas, and Lecturer at St. John's, Gloucester, appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Baroness Dowager Lavington.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 26.—At Basing Park, Hampshire, the lady of Richard Norris, Esq. a daughter.

28. At Barham Court, the Rt. Hon. Lady Barham, a son.

— At Connaught-place, Lady Wigram, a son.

Sept. 1.—At Bath, the lady of the Hon. Charles Clifford, a daughter.

3. At Teddington, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Mercer, of the 3d Regt. of Guards, a son.

— At Basset Down House, in the county of Wilts, the lady of A. M. Storer, Esq. a son and heir.

4. At Teddington, the lady of Andrew Hamilton, Esq. a son and heir.

6. At Paddocks, near Chippenham, the lady of W. H. Andry, Esq. twin sons.

14. In Devonshire-place, the lady of W. Clay, jun. Esq. a daughter.

— At Brentford Butts, the lady of Henry Ronalds, MD. a son.

15. In Russel-square, the lady of Dr. Darling, a daughter.

SCOTLAND.

At Mount Melville, in the county of Fife, Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Kennetty, King's County, the Hon. Mrs. Maud, a son.

In Rutland-street, Dublin, the lady of Charles Knox, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 7.—At Derby, Edward Nicholas Hurt, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law, to Caroline, daughter of Joseph Strutt, Esq. of Derby.

25. At Broadclyst, in the county of Devon, Henry Jenkinson, Esq. RN. eldest son of the late General Jenkinson, to Miss Acland, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, Bart.

26. William Theed, Esq. of Hilton-house, Huntingdonshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of J. Vipan, Esq. of Sutton Gault, in the Isle of Ely.

28. At St. James's Church, Gilbert East Jolliffe, Esq. to Margaret Ellen, daughter of Sir Edward Banks.

— At Lakenham, Norfolk, Charles Edwards, Esq. Solicitor, of that place, to Harriet, second daughter of the late Mr. Francis Smith, of Norwich, and niece to Sir James Edward Smith, MD. FLS. &c.

Sept. 2.—At Walcot Church, Bath, Joseph Martineau, Esq. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Parry, of that city.

4. By the Rev. J. Delafield, the Rev. Charles Bethel Otley, Rector of Tortington, Sussex, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late J. Delafield, Esq.

— At Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, the Rev. W. Ryland Bedford, Rector of that place, to Grace Campbell, youngest daughter of the late C. Sharp, of Haddon Castle, Dumfriesshire.

— At Beddgelert, Carnarvonshire, Hen. Hesketh, Esq. only son of Henry Hesketh, Esq. of Newton, Cheshire, to Margaret, second daughter of the late James Hilton, Esq. of Pennington-hall, and Smedley, Lancashire.

— John W. Bridges, Esq. of Great Coram-street, son of Geo. Bridges, Esq. of Gloucester-place, to Harriet, fifth daughter of John Hanson, Esq. of the Rookery, Woodford, and of Great Bromley-hall, Essex.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Thomas Dundas, eldest son of Lord Dundas, to Sophia Jane, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart.

8. At Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Sir Rob. Peat, Francis Henry Davis, Esq. of his Majesty's Remembrancer's Office, to Lucy Clementine, only daughter of Lord Maurice Drummond.

— At St. Mary's, Gloucester, Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart. of the Rhyd, in the county of Worcester, to Miss Villiers, Bar-maid at the Hop-pole Inn, in the city of Worcester.

— At St. Nicholas', Warwick, the Rev. W. Chambers, BD. Vicar of Ashbury, Berks, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Jane, third daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Peil, Rector of Brereton, in the county of Chester.

9. At Marylebone Church, Capt. M'Alpine. 15th Hussars, eldest son of Coningham M'Alpine, Esq. of Gardiner's-place, in the county of Dublin, to Louisa, second daughter of Thomas Delves Broughton, Esq. of Stratford-place.

— At Marylebone, by the Rev. Wm. Long, Canon of Windsor, H. Seymour Montagu, Esq. to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Beeston Long, Esq. of Combe-house, Surrey; and niece to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long, GCB.

10. At Sidmouth, Codrington Parr, Esq. of Stone-lands, Devon, to Harriet Lyffa, youngest daughter of Henry Manning, Esq. of Sidmouth, and niece to Admiral Sir Robert Barlow, KCB.

11. William Mathieson, Esq. of Finsbury-place, to Miss Jane Hookey, of Alfred-place, Bedford-square, fourth daughter of the late S. Hookey, Esq.

Sept. 11.—At Northfleet, Richard Gilbert, Esq. of St. John's-square, to Anne, only daughter of the Rev. George Whittaker.

— At St. Albans, John, second son of John Smart, Esq. of Trewitt-house, in the county of Northumberland, to Mary-Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Gregory, of Henslow, Bedfordshire.

16. At Bromley Church, by the Hon. and Right Rev. Edward Legge, Lord Bishop of Oxford, William Saunders, Esq. Capt. Royal Horse Artillery, to Eliza Louisa, second daughter of Walter Boyd, Esq. MP. of Plaistow-lodge, and Charles Barry Baldwin, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Secretary to the Commission for Claims on France, to Frances Lydia, third daughter of the same gentleman.

— At St. Pancras, Charles Ellis, Esq. of Verulam-buildings, Gray's-Inn, to Maria, only daughter of Thomas Reilly, Esq. of Holly Terrace, Highgate.

17. At Hackney Church, Edgar Taylor, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Ann, second daughter of John Christie, Esq. of Wick-house, Hackney.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Richard Cowen Chambers, Esq. second son of J. Chambers, Esq. of Lifford, to Caroline, second daughter of the late Robert Warren, Rector of Tuam and Cong. and niece to Sir William and the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.

ABROAD.

At Guernsey, Daniel Tupper, Esq. third son of the late Daniel Tupper, Esq. of Haute Ville, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Major-Gen. J. Gaspard Le Marchant, the first Lieut.-Gen. of the Royal Military College.

DEATHS.

Aug. 19.—At the house of the Rev. J. Bradshaw, with whom he had just returned in a gig from Hornsey, and after partaking of a hearty dinner, the Rev. Charles Rushworth, senior, B.D. Fellow and Steward of St. John's College, Cambridge, aged 45.

21. At Broomham, Sussex, in his 85th year, Sir Wm. Ashburnham, Bart.

22. At Stratton, near Cirencester, the Rev. Thos. Boys, D.D. late Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Rector of Radcliffe-cum-Charmore, Bucks, in the gift of the Wardens of that College.

— At Gedling, near Nottingham, the Rev. Wm. Smelt, A.M. Rector of that valuable living. He married the sister of the late Earl of Chesterfield, by whom he had a numerous offspring. His lady died some years since.

23. At his house, in Upper Brook-street, Major Sneyd.

26. At Richmond, in her 17th year, Isabella Frances, only daughter of John Crispin, Esq. British Consul at Oporto.

28. In Red Lion-square, Mrs. Fawle, relict of the late W. Fawle, Esq. and sister to the late John Lewis, Esq. of Hampton-court, Radnorshire.

Sept. 1.—In consequence of being thrown out of a gig the same day, while returning with a party from Hampton-court, Capt. Mildmay, brother to Sir H. Mildmay, Bart.

2. At Brighton, in his 75th year, the Rev. T. Walsingham Western, of Rivenhall-place, Essex.

— The Rev. T. Winstanley, D.D. Principal of St. Alban's-hall, Oxford, Camden Professor of Ancient History, and Laudean Professor of Arabic, in that University, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

— At Ashton, Warwickshire, in his 80th year, the Rev. B. Spencer, LL.D. for fifty-two years Vicar of the above parish, and Rector of Hatton, Lincolnshire, and more than forty years an active Magistrate for the Counties of Warwick and Stafford.

3. In Guilford-place, in his 77th year, J. Cowley, Esq.

4. In his 83d year, the Rev. J. Cayley, of Low-hall, Brompton, Vicar and Rector of Tarring-ton, near Castle Howard, and Father of John Cayley, Esq.

5. At the Parsonage-house, at Ashe, Hants, in his

42d year, the Rev. J. H. G. Lefroy, of that place, and of Ewshot-house, in the same county.

Sept. 5.—At Gloucester, aged 80, the Rev. R. Raikes, Treasurer and Canon of St. David's, Prebendary of Hereford, and Perpetual Curate of Muisemore, in the county of Gloucester.

8. In his 70th year, John Hartnell, Esq. of Burton Crescent.

— In Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, the Rev. George Stone, aged 28.

— At his apartments, in Upper Conway-street, Fitzroy-square, Richard Ayton, Esq. aged 37, fourth son of the late W. Ayton, Esq. of Macclesfield.

9. At her house in Finsbury-place, Mrs. De Bernales, wife of J. C. De Bernales, Esq.

— At Middleton Cheyney, near Banbury, aged 38, the Rev. E. Ellis, M.A. Vicar of Chippenham, Wilts. formerly Student at Christ's Church, Oxford, and for some time Second Master at Westminster School.

— At Kensington, the Chevalier Hippolyto Da Costa, lately Chargé d'Affaires, in this country, of the new Brazilian Government, and Proprietor of the *Correio Braziliense*, a Portuguese Journal, printed in London, but lately discontinued.

Lately, at Bath, Edward Eyre, Esq. of Lamsdown-crescent.

Lately, the Rev. Richard Porter, Master of the Grammar School at Bristol.

10. In Norfolk-street, Strand, in his 33d year, Capt. J. H. Lister, of the Hon. East India Company's 16th Regt. Bengal Native Infantry.

11. At Salisbury, Lieut. W. Benson, RN. son of the Rev. E. Benson.

— At Bill-hill, near Wokingham, Berks, aged 51, Catherine, wife of John James Cholmondeley, Esq.

— At his seat, Gatcombe, Gloucestershire, David Ricardo, Esq. MP. This able Senator was justly celebrated for his writings on Political Economy, in which arduous science he laid down many new and important principles, and corrected the errors of preceding writers. In Parliament he distinguished himself by his able reasoning.

12. At his house, Tunbridge Wells, in his 77th year, after a long illness, W. Lushington, Esq. formerly one of the Representatives for the City of London.

13. In his 75th year, W. Warre, Esq. of Albany, and of Bradford, in the county of Somerset.

14. At Melfort house, Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Melfort.

— At Cobham Lodge, General Buckley, Governor of Pendennis Castle.

16. In Euston-square, aged 71, Mrs. Luddington, wife of W. Luddington, Esq. and sister to the Rev. Dr. Evans.

23. Dr. Matthew Baillie, Physician to the King, at his seat near Cirencester.

Lately. At Teddington, Mr. Serjeant Marshall, one of the Justices of the Chester Circuit.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, James Stoddart, Esq. of Russell-square.

IN IRELAND.

Arthur Darcy, Esq. of Usher's-street, Dublin.

ABROAD.

At Rome, in his 83d year, his Holiness Pope Pius VII.

At Paris, the Right Hon. John Hope, Earl of Hopetoun, Viscount Airthrie, Lord Hope, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Linlithgowshire, &c. His Lordship succeeded James, the late Earl, his half-brother, in 1816, and was son of John Earl of Hopetoun by his second wife, Jane, daughter of Robert Oliphant, Esq. of Rossie. At the battle of Corunna, the command devolved upon his Lordship. His remains have been removed from Paris for interment in the family vault.

At Tours, in France, Keith Jopp, Esq. late of Bath, and the Island of Jamaica.

At Rumpenheim, the Landgravine of Hesse Rumpenheim, mother to the Duchess of Cambridge.

At Sierra Leone, Edward Fitzgerald, Chief Justice and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court, in that Colony, and Assessor to the mixed Commission established there for the more effectual abolition of the Slave Trade.